

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS

UNDER THE PACIFIC:

THE TREASURE OF SANTA ROSA REEF.

By CLARENCE HERBERT NEW,

Author of "Franc ElHott," "A Constantinople Abduction," etc.

COMPLETE.

FEBRUARY, 1897

LIPPINCOTT'S

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BY

CLARENCE HERBERT NEW,

AUTHOR OF "FRANC ELLIOTT," "CHRONICLES OF MURPHY'S GULCH,"

"A CONSTANTINOPLE ABDUCTION, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1897.

UNDER THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

"HENRY M. STEVENS, Manila (*via* Hong-Kong).
"Business suspended. Cancel unshipped orders. Draw Lar-
rinaga & Co. balance to date, two hundred dollars.
"LANTINE & COMPANY."

I remember as if it happened but yesterday the queer feeling which came over me when I read the foregoing cablegram. It had been an unusually warm day for March, and I was trying to keep cool in the lounging-room of the European Club, on the river-bank, a short distance from the city. My business in Manila was practically finished, and I was anticipating a few days of recreation before the Hong-Kong steamer left, upon the following Tuesday, when the message was handed me by one of the native boys employed by the club.

It was such a thorough surprise that for several moments I did not realize the position in which it placed me. I had been the Eastern representative of Lantine & Company for over two years, and, although my savings had disappeared through a series of ill-advised investments, my position seemed such a secure one that money matters seldom troubled me. Now, however, after drawing from the Manila banking and shipping house the amount mentioned in the despatch, my entire capital consisted of something less than three hundred dollars, and I had no idea which way to look for employment.

Two of the leading Manila merchants happened to be in the club at the time, and, after cancelling the purchases I had made from them on behalf of my house, I cabled to Hong-Kong and Shanghai in the hope of heading off shipments ordered there during the previous month. Then, driving to my hotel in Binondo,—the Oriente,—I settled matters as far as lay in my power, and was ready for dinner before eight o'clock.

The Oriente, being new and progressive, sets one of the best tables

in the East, and, as experience with Oriental life brings the conviction that neither hurry nor worry is conducive to good health, I took my time over the meal. Then, lighting a cheroot, I walked down the Escolta as far as the Puente d'Espafia, which connects Binondo with the old walled citadel of Manila, and, leaning against the hand-rail under a solitary electric light, watched the canoes and bancos on the Pasig while I tried to do a little figuring as to my immediate prospects. Three hundred dollars would land me in New York, by careful management, but there was no certainty of employment when I reached there; and the other foreign houses were so well represented between Yokohama and Singapore that an immediate opening in the East seemed unlikely.

At first I could think of nothing but my uncomfortable predicament. But after a while the influence of a good dinner and the soothing qualities of the climate began to make themselves felt. I found myself watching the motley crowd of all nationalities which passed and repassed across the bridge, the crowds of laughing Mestiza and Visaya girls strolling along through the Paseo to hear the military band at Luneta, groups of Chinamen sauntering about after the day's business, and Spanish officers driving in carromatas with the ladies of their families. Down the river were rows of small coasting steamers and brigs, each spar and funnel outlined distinctly by electric lights on the quays; beyond them, a red spark from the light-house upon the northern mole, and scattered lights from larger vessels which lay at anchor two or three miles out in the bay.

While watching these, I noticed a government launch coming up the river. The landing-steps of the quay were but a few paces below the bridge, and I could easily see the faces of two men as they stepped ashore from her. They were both strange to me, but there was something about the walk of one which seemed familiar. I presume my own face must have been distinct, as I leaned over the rail, for the man glanced searchingly at me as he climbed to the street level. At first he turned and walked away several steps, evidently under the impression that he had made a mistake, then came back, as if to cross the bridge in front of me. We looked each other in the eye for a second; then he stopped, and said,—

"If you're not Harry Stevens, of New York, I've made the biggest mistake of my life."

I grasped the outstretched hand, and began to see something familiar behind the brown beard.

"Yes, I'm Harry Stevens, but—hold on a minute. Weren't you with the Ocean Steamship Company, several years ago? By Jove! It can't be Dick Halstead? What? Well, I'm blessed! Where on earth did you drop from? You *have* changed, and no mistake."

"Possibly. But you haven't, old chap; I'd know you anywhere. Say, look here, we've got a heap to talk about: come up to the club. No, never mind the carromata; it's cooler on the river. We'll go up in the launch."

"But—how the deuce? I thought she belonged to the government?"

"That's right. So do I, for the present." We had taken our seats in the stern, and were gliding up the motionless stream. "I've been in command of that tramp, the Countess of Devon, for over a year,—you can see her lights out there, two miles from the mole,—and the biggest stockholder in the company that owns her is old Leon Ramirez, of Liverpool and this place. So when the Isla de Ponape, that used to carry mail to the Carolines and Ladrones, ran ashore on Espiritu Santo, Ramirez chartered the Countess to the government here until the Compañía could spare another of their own boats with big enough coal-capacity to make the trip. That was last September, and they manage things so slowly that I'm still running supplies out to those islanders, once in three months, with a Scotch engineer and a Spanish crew, connecting with the Messageries boats at Saigon the rest of the time. Now tell me what under the canopy brings you out here."

"Business, of course; you didn't think I was travelling on my money, did you? I've been buying China gods, assorted devils, and Manila matting for Lantine & Company about two years. Up to three o'clock this afternoon I expected to keep on buying them until my liver refused to stand the climate, but about that time this cable changed my plans for me." Halstead looked thoughtful as he read the message which I handed him. We had reached the club quay, and were climbing to the balcony, where the boy presently brought us cigars and coffee.

"M-m-m-m—how long will it take you to close matters up for the company?"

"They're settled now, as far as anything I can do. It will be a month before they can get letters out here, but the orders already shipped will have to be paid for. Larrinaga's people told me this evening that they knew old man Lantine to be individually good for all the house bought. This cable, however, winds up my connection with them for the present."

"And you haven't decided what you're going to do next?"

"Not yet. I'll probably go to Hong-Kong on Tuesday, and see how things look there."

"Why not take a little vacation? You've been working hard, and a rest would do you good. Run out to the Ladrones with me. It's a fine voyage at this time of year, and I'm so sick of talking mixed languages that it'll be a perfect godsend to have an old friend along. Come now, what do you say?"

"Why, I don't know. I'd like nothing better, if—m-m-m-m—there's really no reason why I shouldn't. When do you sail?"

"About midnight."

"What, to-night?"

"Sure. I only came ashore to get my papers from the custom-house, and should be getting down there as soon as I finish this cigar. The mail's on board now, I guess. You're stopping at the Oriente, of course: how long will it take to get your duds together?"

"Fifteen minutes. But how about a passport? The comandante's office closed at noon."

"That's all right. No one'll stop you on a government launch, and I'll take care of the rest. Come along."

In three-quarters of an hour Halstead and I reached the quay with my luggage, and twenty minutes later we were climbing the Countess of Devon's accommodation ladder, out in the bay. The Spanish mate stood at the top and touched his cap. Halstead looked along the gangway, and said,—

"All the passengers aboard, Mr. Diaz?"

"Sí, señor."

"Pilot come off with Mr. McPherson?"

"Sí, señor."

"All right. Get your anchor up and find how much she's drawing. Tell Mr. Moreno to be careful that iron buoy doesn't foul the screw this time, and have the quartermaster bring Mr. Stevens's luggage up to my room. The steward can give the passengers biscuits and coffee if they want it before turning in,—there are only a dozen, I think,—and seat the ladies' party at my table in the morning.—Now, old chap" (turning to me), "I'm going to give you the extra berth in my cabin, and you can do as you please on board. Go to sleep now, if you like, or bring a stool up on the bridge and smoke. I shan't turn in until after breakfast."

"If that's the case, I'll stay with you. Just to humor my fool curiosity, I wish you'd explain why you start at such an ungodly hour. There's no bar to cross, so the tides can't make any difference."

"No: there's plenty of water, but after passing Cape Santiago there isn't another light in the Strait. There are two dim ones on the no'theas' corner of Burias Island, but they're not visible to west'ard, and I want to see where I'm navigating between Burias and Ticao. We'll get there about five o'clock to-morrow morning,—ought to pass Santiago at breakfast-time to-day,—so that during the night we'll have plenty of elbow-room."

"Suppose you strike rain or fog?"

"We won't. This is the morning of March 29th, isn't it? Well, two weeks from to-morrow it'll be sultry, and still, and hot as Tophet. After that the air'll smell like a furnace until April 24th. Then there'll be a hurricane in this bay that will send a pile of ships ashore and spread corrugated iron roofs all over the landscape, and from that time to about the 1st of October the weather'll be simply hellish,—rain, hurricanes, fever, and mud. In other words, the southwest monsoon will have set in for six months. You ought to know when the monsoon changes, if you've been out here two years."

"Well, I suppose I should, but I've spent the summers in Yokohama and Shanghai, and they don't make so much difference up there."

It was a perfect night. The wind had died down until there was scarcely a ripple on the water and each particular star was reflected in it. The lights of Cavité, on our left, were fast dropping astern; and, approaching Corregidor Island at the entrance of the bay, about three o'clock, the mountains of the Piquito on the south head with the Sierra de Mariveles on the north rose like dark blue ghosts four thousand feet in the air. Corregidor itself stood over six hundred feet

above high water, the light on its summit filling the rocks with grotesque shadows as we passed close under it.

Halstead occasionally called my attention to some prominent point, but he was too closely occupied in watching the different bearings to talk very much; and, although we didn't drop the pilot until well past Cape Santiago, I could see that my friend preferred to know himself just how his ship was being navigated. After a six o'clock breakfast we turned in and slept until noon. Then we went below and sat down at our first meal with the passengers, only four of whom spoke our language, so that the conversation was mostly carried on in rudimentary Spanish.

CHAPTER II.

THE captain's cabin was an exceedingly comfortable one, with a large chart table in the middle, cushioned transoms around the sides, and several luxurious rattan chairs. It was situated upon the hurricane deck directly under the wheel-house, and had large windows instead of the usual ports, so that we had an uninterrupted view of everything that was going on. While I smoked an after-dinner cigar and enjoyed the breeze which blew through our quarters, the strange and rapid succession of events that had resulted in my being bound for the most forgotten corner of the earth's surface struck me very forcibly. Every few moments some reminiscence of old times would occur to one or the other of us, and I finally asked Halstead if he were married.

"No," he said; "I'm not. I was just going to ask you the same question. It seems rather odd that we two should have reached the age of—let's see; I'm thirty-five, and you can't be far from it—without settling down. Do you know, old chap, I'm beginning to think I haven't made much of a success in life."

"Oh, I don't know. You're likely to have a ship as long as you want to go to sea, aren't you? And the house would probably offer a fairly good berth ashore, if you felt like taking it."

"I suppose so, as long as the present management remains unchanged. But, even so, there's no chance of making a fortune at it. Here we are, you and I, two men in the prime of life and able thoroughly to enjoy all the good things in it, yet I suppose we are likely to keep on drudging for some one else as long as we live. In the long run the fellow who persistently drudges comes out ahead, but then he's too old to enjoy his good fortune. It takes a young man to appreciate the things that money will buy. Now why can't we strike a bit of luck somewhere, find a buried treasure or something of the sort, and then live like princes in London or New York, instead of frying our gizzards out in the East Indies? Isn't there a fairy godmother that we might propitiate?"

"M-m-m, I don't seem to remember any in my family. But, speaking of treasure, aren't we sailing over pretty much the same track as that followed by the old galleons?"

"That's right: same track, to a mile. To-morrow morning I'll show you Port San Jacinto, on the island of Ticao, where they used to wait for a favorable wind in beating through the San Bernardino Passage. Anson's ships watched for them just outside the 'Embocadero,' as it is called in Spanish, and they all stopped at the Ladrones for pigs and water on the voyage across."

"Well, weren't they usually loaded with a pretty rich cargo?"

"Rich! Why, man, the Acapulco galleon brought between two and three millions—in silver dollars, gold doubloons, and indigo—to Manila, once or twice every year. You see, the junks used to come down from Hong-Kong in March or April, loaded with silk brocades, fine linen, gold ornaments, and jewels, which the Manila Spaniards bought and, after keeping what they wanted for personal use, shipped to Acapulco on speculation. Mexico was a viceregal province then, and the Philippines were a sub-dependency. The return galleon brought the proceeds of these speculations; though, as the boletas, or shipping permits for transportation space, were issued by the gobernadors for revenue, they practically amounted to a Philippine subsidy."

"That's about as I remembered it. There were a good many galleons wrecked on the coral islands, weren't there?"

"Lots of them: they were great unwieldy tubs, always loaded beyond their carrying capacity. And, by the way, that reminds me of an instance which I happen to know about, more or less directly. Last voyage, Padre Julian, who has been in charge of the mission on Saipan for thirty or forty years, came home with me. The old chap is a good deal of a student, and has the history of these islands at his finger-ends—best judge of rum and sherry I ever saw. I used to fill him up with good liquor, just to see him enjoy it and hear the stories he told when the stuff got into his blood. Among other things, he told me one night about the loss of Nuestra Señora de Sevilla in 1769 on the Santa Rosa Reef, somewhere south of Guajan. The padre was pretty mellow, and I guess said more than he meant to, for I never could get another word out of him about the wreck. It seems that a native in one of the flying proas—the island catamarans, you've heard of them—found an unconscious officer lashed to a spar several miles out at sea, and turned him over to Fray Ignacio, who was then running the church at Agana, when he came in. The fray and his brother priests succeeded in restoring the man long enough to get his account of the wreck, together with the approximate position of the galleon when she struck: then he died. Being methodical old chaps, they jotted the story all down, and Fray Ignacio signed it. Then, like the pious old imbeciles that they were, they buried the document, with several others, in the fray's sarcophagus when he got through with life. I believe he and his box are now in the crypt under the church. The story seemed straight enough, and I guess there's no doubt of there being two or three millions of good rusty money lying at the bottom of the ocean, south of Guajan, to this day. It might as well be in the Bank of England as far as we are concerned. Another case of life's little ironies, isn't it?"

"How deep is the water there?"

"Well, the Alert got from two to four thousand fathoms near there in 1881—say two to four miles. Why, were you thinking of diving for it?"

"Not exactly. I meant the depth on that reef."

"Oh, Santa Rosa? I couldn't tell you that. There are no soundings of it, even on the Spanish charts, though it was laid down on Dalrymple's and Cantova's older maps. Dampier said he found it in 1686, four fathoms under water. One of the galleons struck on it in trying to avoid his ships while they were lying at Guajan, and had a deuce of a time getting off; but no captain has seen the slightest indication of a reef there since that time. Most of these islands are volcanic, you know, and it may have sunk to the three or four mile level."

"Very likely. Still, the ships that looked for it might have been there at a time of year when the weather was unfavorable for a search."

"You mean——?"

"That, as is quite probable, they may have been cruising during the summer. That would be the southwest monsoon, wouldn't it?—Rain, fog, hurricanes——"

"That's so."

"And the water might have been so lumpy that careful sounding would have been out of the question."

"Hardly. They wouldn't attempt to sound in bad weather, unless for their own safety. Still, they might not have happened to try it when they were over the exact spot, and the shifting of the monsoon might make anything like an accurate search impossible. Oh, I wouldn't venture to say that there is no reef there: its existence and position are not definitely known, that's all. But suppose there is. Suppose for the sake of argument that its lagoon isn't more than a hundred feet or so deep, how much chance do you think there would be of finding even the fragments of a hulk lost there a hundred and twenty years ago? Why, man, it would have a coral jacket on so thick that you'd have to use dynamite if it were above water. Coral deposit increases at the rate of an eighth of an inch a year, or more, according to Agassiz: that would make a thickness of about fifteen inches. Adding shell-fish and other marine growth, it would be safe to figure two or three feet, wouldn't it?"

"Probably; but I thought that coral, diatomaceæ, and foraminifera deposited perpendicularly on these volcanic atolls?"

"That's so. If the wreck lay in a bold position some of her side timbers might still be exposed, or at least covered very thinly. Harry, what crazy notion have you got in your head? There isn't one chance in a million of an attempt to raise that treasure being successful. It would be folly to think of trying it without a fully equipped wrecking-steamer, and even then you'd have piracy to contend with among your crew."

"Well, I became interested in the story. And then the idea occurred to me that, being out of a job, there would be nothing to hinder my investigating the thing a little. Just for the sake of argument, now,—we might as well amuse ourselves with this as anything,—

suppose I were to leave the steamer at Guajan; that's the biggest and most southerly Ladrone, isn't it? Right. Then suppose I should happen to get hold of Fray Ignacio's account of the shipwrecked officer, and should find in it just where the galleon went down. I'd very likely get myself into a serious scrape, but just suppose I *should* manage to see the document after all. Then suppose I took a little trip some day on one of those flying catamarans—they make twenty-three knots sometimes, if I remember correctly—and succeeded in locating this reef. Suppose I had a diving-suit with me; there probably isn't such a thing between Frisco and the Yokohama Navy Yard, but imagination is cheap. Suppose I actually found something that looked like an old wreck, crusted over with coral, and tried a dynamite cartridge on it. Suppose I found something there, and stowed it away until you could join me: eh?"

Halstead was filling his pipe as I spoke, but his fingers trembled a little. He took several long, meditative puffs without saying a word. Then he got up and began to pace the deck, up and down, back and forth. Presently he cleared the table and spread upon it an Imray chart of the Western Pacific between New Guinea and Japan. After studying this closely for several moments, he took down Findlay's Directory of the North Pacific, which he also consulted. The conversation had drifted casually into this channel from its association with the Ladrone voyage, but the subject was taking hold of us with the grip that such seeming impossibilities often will; and all sorts of wild absurdities flashed through my mind as I watched the captain's face. After what seemed an hour of calculation over the chart and directory, he said,—

"That reef hasn't been found by any vessel since 1740, but it isn't safe to accept the fact as conclusive evidence against its present existence. It is a difficult matter to fix the position of any ship exactly on a chart. Compass deviation, or trifling errors in the adjustment of a sextant, may easily make a difference of several miles. Then, again, these islands are probably the most unfrequented portion of the earth's surface. I don't know of a spot so seldom visited as the Ladrone: the government itself only communicates with them four times a year. Now, that galleon would have been approaching from almost due east, making for Guajan,—Port San Luis d'Apra. The prevailing winds, being no'theas' to eas', would drift the coral fragments over to west'ard, forming a shoal lagoon and breaking an entrance to it on the lee side. In that case, a ship under fair headway would either drive firmly on to the first bold ledge or shove herself over the ridge into the lagoon. So that, reasoning from pure theory, the chances are against her having sunk along the more precipitous face, which may go straight down a thousand fathoms or more. The same prevailing no'theasterly wind and waves which break and scatter the coral grit to leeward would have a tendency to crumble the deposit on a hulk in the same direction, leaving one side, or one end, more or less exposed. If Nuestra Señora de Sevilla was heading about west when she struck, with the intention of just clearing Cocos Reef at the south end of Guajan, and if she lodged firmly in that position when she sank, her for'ard part would

be pretty well sealed in with coral, but the high poop, where most of the specie was carried, might not have more than an inch or two of incrustation. Theoretically, the possibilities of recovering any of that money amount to this: if the Santa Rosa Reef exists to-day as it did in 1769, if that galleon drove upon it as I have been figuring out, if a man were provided with diving-apparatus which would enable him to make a careful and protracted examination of the ledge under water, also pick and cartridges to work with, and if it were possible to preserve absolute secrecy as to his operations, or to transport the stuff without exciting suspicion, there's just about one chance in a thousand that he might get as far as a civilized country with it. As for taking any of the natives into his confidence—well, the old navigators named them 'Ladrones' when the islands were discovered. That means 'thieves' in English, and from my experience there last voyage I should say the hereditary taint is not yet extinct. They're a peaceable lot generally, but you can't depend upon them: in 1888 and '90 the Kanakas at Yap murdered every Spaniard in the place, just after that affair in which the German war-ship *Itis* tried to grab the Carolines for the Kaiser."

"That's a pretty formidable lot of 'ifs,' I should say. How many people do you suppose know anything about this particular wreck?"

"That depends on how often Padre Julian has talked of it in his cups. When he found that he must have said something to me about the affair during one of his irresponsible periods, he attempted to pass it off as a yarn: then he shut up on the subject like a clam. I doubt his having an idea that it would be possible to recover anything from the galleon, or that he thinks the matter anything more than a Church secret which his regulations would forbid him to reveal. In that case, possibly two other priests beside himself may know of the facts; but it isn't likely that they have disturbed the old fray's coffin to verify them. On the other hand, there is a chance that his reason for leaving the island where he has remained so long may be a determination to consult nautical authorities in Manila and figure out the practicability of locating that wreck."

"Then, even if we should consider the matter seriously, there would be no time to procure diving-apparatus from Yokohama or elsewhere? If the padre really has anything of the kind in view he might complete his preparations and return by the next steamer at the latest, mightn't he?"

"Easily. That would give him six months away,—time enough to get almost anything he wanted. But, old chap,—it is the strangest coincidence I ever knew,—there are a complete diving-suit and equipments on this very steamer, now, in the after hold."

"What! You don't mean it! Why, how the dev——" We were glaring at each other excitedly and with an almost superstitious feeling. From mere speculation, the subject was assuming a tangible reality that was fairly startling.

"Yes, I do mean it. It seems as if the fairy godmother had determined to shake our scepticism just when we were denying her existence. Old Appleby, in Singapore, had an idea a year ago that he

wanted one of the best and latest improved diving-suits that money could buy. Whether he intended to go hunting for treasure himself or not, I don't know,—the Malay pirates lost hundreds of their luggers in the strait,—but when we were loading for London he handed me fifty sovereigns to buy one for him, and on reaching port I got the finest thing of the kind to be had. It can be used either with or without an air-pump. There is a knapsack chamber which is provided with chemical arrangements for renewing the oxygen and can be charged with compressed air by means of a geared pump so that the wearer may stay under water for three hours: I believe it's an improvement on the Rouquayrol idea. Well, I was quite pleased with the thing, and knew Appleby would like it; but when I made Singapore again they told me the cholera had been too much for the poor fellow, and his executors refused to accept the package. There was no mention of it in his accounts, and no one wanted to buy the suit: so, as I seemed to have fallen heir to it, I stowed the thing away in the lazaret, and have lugged it around ever since."

"Well, I'll be——! Say, Dick, this seems to pretty effectually dispose of your biggest 'if': how about the others? See here, old fellow: you and I may go to our graves without ever seeing a million of money, or the hundredth part of it; yet I don't believe there are two men on earth who could enjoy life more if they had such a sum. At this moment I don't know where to turn for an immediate income. If you should get into difficulties with your owners you might be pretty short for a while, yourself. Now, the whole combination of circumstances since yesterday afternoon seems providential to me, and I feel like making a determined attempt to get that money. Why, suppose we should have the luck to recover a million each! Do you know what such a sum would mean in London or New York?"

"Do I? Well——! By the great horn spoon, I'm with you, Harry! But how in——? I can't leave the ship, you know. And it would be folly to depend upon being sent out here next trip. The Countess is only chartered, and they hate like the mischief to employ anything but Spanish bottoms——"

"Well, now, hold on: one thing at a time, and we'll get ahead faster. How long before you expect to get through the islands this trip. There may be time enough to do something."

"About seventeen or eighteen days, from the time we arrive at Yap to the day we leave Guajan. But, don't you see, that won't help us any. Guajan is the last stop: I go straight back to Manila from there. You might get from Yap to Guajan on one of the catamarans, but the natives are no navigators, and it would be pretty risky business."

"It would be out of the question to make Guajan first, I suppose?"

"Rather. Of course it might be done, but at the risk of losing my commission and getting into hot water besides. You see, the regular trip for years has been to make Yap first, because the Caroline and Pelew governments there include two lieutenant-colonels as gobernadors, against one in the Ladrões. From Yap the ship goes to Pouynipete, or Ponape, the largest island in the Carolines, and

from there to Guajan. This trip, as it happens, I'm instructed to take in Kusaie also, at the east end of the group: so you see a change of course might raise considerable unpleasantness."

"If these islanders were afflicted with either push or discipline, it might. But they seem to take life pretty easy,—don't trouble themselves about little things. Couldn't we think up a valid excuse for changing the course,—machinery or coal,—something of that kind?"

"Coal wouldn't do. We're carrying more than enough to get back on, and there's little or none in the islands. As for machinery,—m'—w-e-l-l— Look here, Harry; we can't put a thing like this through without assistance. We'll have to take some one into our confidence, though it may not be necessary to do so entirely. Now, McPherson, my engineer, has sailed with me off and on for several years, and is under obligations to me besides. The nature of those obligations I won't discuss: it is sufficient that, while I don't take any stock in average human nature, I can rely upon his doing anything in the world for me; and if we should get hold of that money I'd like Mac to have a share of it, even if it were only a small one. We won't tell him the whole scheme at first, but he can help us more than any one else, and will keep his mouth shut, too. What do you say? Shall we let him in?"

"By all means. From what I've seen of Mac, I like him very much; and, as you say, we need all the assistance we can safely get."

Halstead sent one of the quartermasters below for McPherson, and in a few minutes he appeared in the door-way. Glancing along the deck to see that no one was within hearing, the captain closed the door and said,—

"Mac, I've known you and Stevens so long that I thought you should be better acquainted with each other. We were talking of the voyages you and I have sailed together, and thought we'd like to have you join us in a little speculation. Whether there will be much of anything in it or not, we can't say: in fact, it wouldn't be fair to raise your anticipations by going into particulars. But we are willing to agree that if the scheme should be successful we'll do what's right. I guess you know me pretty well, and I'll answer for Stevens. Now, are you willing to help us with no more of an explanation than that?"

"Aa think ye needna' ask me thit, Haalstead. Ye kin mak' yer-sel' easy thit Aa'll do onything ye saay wi' little adoo aboot it. We be three amang faariners oot in this parrt o' tha warrld, an' Aa fancy we'd best pull tagither."

"That's what I thought you'd say, Mac. Now, it seems to be necessary that Stevens should get to Guajan as soon as he possibly can. He will go ashore there and start things moving. Whether we will be able to communicate with him again this trip is rather doubtful; but if we don't, you and I have got to put it up for another voyage out here when we see Ramirez. If the *Compafia* happen to have the other boat ready, it'll be no fool of a job, either. The question just now is, how are we going to change our course without getting into trouble with the government? With some iron-clad, reasonable excuse, we might do it. How much coal have you?"

"Saemthing oonder a thoosan' ton. Tha goovornment 'ill pay for but nine knots an hoor, an' thit'll leave a plenty for emairgencies; oover an' abuve what Aa'll burrn in tha foor wiks."

"Then you could safely shove her up to twelve or thirteen knots, if we wanted to hustle a little, without running short?"

"Ay; ye can have mair ef neecessairy. She's made her fourteen in smooth water."

"Well, the Yap people are the only ones who would really kick. Even they would stand five or six days all right as far as leaving for Manila goes. But if we happen to have any sea-sick passengers, they'll never forgive the extra days of unpleasantness as long as they live; and I don't remember whether any of them are going to Tomil or not—"

"There's but one for Yap,—tha cura,—tha yoongest of tha twa padres."

"And one padre is fifty times worse to deal with than the ordinary passenger: the chances are that he can turn the whole machinery of government against a fellow if he chooses."

"Ay, thit's verra true. But ef ye've tha padre's eenfluence wi' ye, it's quite anither matter. Aa've a thocht in ma haid thit ye may arrange it wi' these twa."

"Let's have it, Mac. That's what we want to get at."

"Weel, tha oold padre's a verra eenfluential mon. Aa'm toold thit he's tae be tha haid o' all tha Ledrrones, an' he's verra ainxious tae reach Saipan at once: he's bezziness there on Padre Julian's accoot. Tha yoong one says but little, yet Aa nootice thit he's verra deefereential whin th' ither's aroond. Noo, Aa'm thinkin' thit ef Aa wair tae stop th' aingine—say three days from this—an' gaive oot thit ma shaft wair cracked, ye might say ye wair foored tae put in at Apra, where ye'll get a coople o' rings from tha wrickaige o' tha Dutch tramp thit wair cast ashooore there twa year agoo. Aa kin sscratch tha shaft sae 'twill hae th' appearance o' a crrack tae ma Spennish aingineers, an' there's na ither pless where ye'll be laik tae find a bit o' macheenery. Then ye'll aixplain tha seetuation tae tha padre, an' saay thit ef he'll gie a repoort in Maneela hoo tha chenge o' coorse kem aboot, ye'll carry him tae Saipan,—thet he'll not hae tha treep tae mak' on a prooa."

Halstead and I looked at each other. McPherson's idea seemed practical and plausible. There was no question whatever that a padre of sufficiently high standing could smooth over about anything he pleased, and, if an obligation to himself were part of the irregularity, it seemed very likely that he would see there were no questions asked. While we were discussing the matter, I couldn't help mentioning my instinctive dislike to Padre Sebastian. He was one of your plausible, fat and oily men, who study human nature almost from their infancy and read your thoughts in spite of you. In fact, my acquaintance with the Jesuits in the East had given me a wholesome respect for that marvellous penetration which is so important a factor in the influence they exert upon all classes. Both the captain and the engineer agreed with me that the padre was a dangerous man in more ways

than one, but could see no reason why his peculiar influence should be exerted against us.

Having come to a definite understanding that we would investigate the wreck of the galleon as far as lay in our power, it was difficult to get the matter out of our minds. Several times we were on the point of taking McPherson more fully into our confidence, but, while we trusted him as one of ourselves, it seemed that matters were scarcely ripe for that yet; and I don't think he had the faintest suspicion as to the exact nature of the scheme. What the tie was between him and Halstead I never knew, but it was sufficiently strong to make the engineer follow my friend's suggestions blindly; and his assurance that Mac should be squarely treated if the speculation proved successful seemed to have all the weight of a bond. We agreed that it would be unwise for us to be seen in frequent consultation: so, beyond an occasional inspection of the machinery in his company, I saw very little of McPherson.

CHAPTER III.

CULTIVATION of the Padre Sebastian, in a quiet way, seemed an obvious policy in the light of our recent determination; but we found it necessary to be constantly on our guard against his subtle questioning. He seemed unwarrantably curious to ascertain my business on the steamer, and, thinking the bare truth might be the safest thing I could give him under the circumstances, I frankly detailed the severing of my connection with Lantine & Company and the overworked condition which had induced me to take the voyage with my friend. These facts he could easily verify, and, for various reasons, I preferred not to be caught lying.

Among the other passengers were a rich old wine-merchant and his daughter, from Seville, who were making a tour of the Spanish Colonies and intended returning to Manila on the steamer. They were delightful people, the *Señorita Gracia* especially, and, mustering my very best Spanish, I began to cultivate their acquaintance. She was a beautiful girl, and she plied me with all sorts of questions concerning my countrywomen, our American customs, and the differences between our respective countries. Halstead seemed quite taken with her, and, as captain of the steamer, his attentions were highly appreciated. The only other woman, aside from the stewardesses, was going to Pouynipete with her husband; but, being of Philippine birth, she was scarcely in the same caste with the *Palacios*. So, beyond a marked courtesy to each other,—a prominent East Indian trait, by the way,—the two girls had little to say.

We sat over our dinner for quite a while, discussing various subjects; then, excusing ourselves upon the plea of being responsible for the navigation, Halstead and I climbed to our quarters on the hurricane deck. We were then passing Banton Island, in the open strait, and could dimly make out its two thousand feet of rock in the starlight. The whole voyage from Manila Bay to the San Bernardino Passage is

one grand panorama of precipitous volcanic peaks and rocky islands, covered along their bases with luxuriant tropical foliage, which takes on an indescribably rich coloring in the sunlight and fills the air with fragrant odors that lull the senses into an Oriental semi-consciousness which is simply delightful. Even in the half-darkness it seemed like a dream of enchantment as the steamer slipped through the motionless water, softly purring black smoke from her funnel and hissing gently as the spray rippled alongside. It was so still that echoes of voices floated from all parts of the ship; liquid, blackguard *patois* from the crew, lounging about the foc's'le head; limpid Andalusian laughter, with now and then a snatch of song in a clear girlish voice, from somewhere down on the main deck; muffled echoes from the stoke-hold ventilators.

We had made ourselves comfortable at the starboard end of the bridge, and Diaz, the mate, was lounging over the rail to port, humming a love-ditty to himself. Had we grounded on a rock or run into another ship, he probably would have plumped down on the gratings and pattered out prayers to the saints; but outside of emergencies he seemed to be a pretty fair officer.

Dick not only had good taste in the way of cigars, but he knew just where to get them, and the box we had opened that afternoon were a little ahead of anything I had ever smoked,—neither too heavy nor too damp, but of exquisite flavor and thoroughly seasoned.

Almost every one has experienced the rest and momentary inaction which come between periods of excessive mental or physical effort, especially upon the eve of some decisive attempt that is likely to be a severe tax upon the energies. It was something of this feeling which gave additional relish to the tobacco as we two sat there in the starlight, thinking, planning, speculating. Diaz understood but little English, and, with the full length of the bridge between us, there was scarcely a possibility of his comprehending what we said: so now and then we ventured a remark which showed the drift of our thoughts. At first the possibilities and obstacles of the undertaking filled our minds; but after a while the narcotic influence of the tobacco, and our silent gliding along through the tropic night, set us to castle-building. I've been often told by men who are now beyond the possibility of want of the relief and over-confidence which come with the first small successes in fortune-building. They are rays of light which brighten the years of weary effort and discouragement; and the eternal, irrepressible hope that they bring with them often stimulates a belief in continued success which leads to many a bad cropper in the struggles yet to come; yet what would humanity ever accomplish without those same rays of hope and sunshine?

Halstead's tastes, like those of most seafaring men, ran to snug country places on shore, racing studs, and good company, though all within sight and sound of the ocean. Mine, on the contrary, like most men who sail the sea for its witching pleasure and know nothing of tops'l reefing or foc's'le hellishness, were centred upon thousand-ton steam yachts, alternations between delightful cruises and months in a perfectly equipped town house.

He would mutter, between the puffs of smoke, "Gad, old chap, a fellow could have one of the finest places in Surrey and keep house-parties going all the year round on the income of a million!" To which I would grunt an appreciative assent, followed by, "And think of the clipper yacht, triple-expansion and cellular bottom, that a man could keep in commission; yes, and the town house too. I could build one in the middle of Mayfair, with electric lights, modern plumbing, marble baths, and plenty of ground around it, for a hundred and fifty thousand." By which you will see that the captain and I were counting our chickens not only before they were hatched, but even while the eggs lay at the bottom of the Western Pacific. This realization came to us after a while with crushing force, along toward midnight, when the air had become pretty damp and we had smoked too many cigars. I could feel my heart sink down, down, like a lump of lead. But, before turning in, I thought, "Well, the voyage will make a new man of me, anyhow, and the excitement of the attempt will be something worth remembering, whether we succeed or not,"—in which my friend quite agreed with me.

Shortly after four o'clock I heard him tumble out of his bunk, and, being too restless to sleep, I soon followed. It was not yet daylight, but the gray shadows in the east were tinged with a rosy reflection against which were outlined the bold promontories of Point Bugui, the northwesterly limit of Masbate Island, and Point Sur, on Burias, the passage between being about eight miles in width. As we gradually altered our course around Point Sur, heading northeast toward Port Sorsogon, on Luzon, in order to clear San Miguel Islet at the northerly end of Ticao, great flames of red shot up across the eastern horizon. The grayness overhead lifted, like a fog-bank. There was a fresh and exhilarating dampness in the air. Then, as the top rim of the sun appeared, a broad gleam spread across the heavens, tingeing every line of the steamer's rigging and the sides of her funnel a deep crimson. Down on the main deck, the barefooted second mate, Moreno, was directing a stream from the hose over everything in sight, while his men of the starboard watch scrubbed and holystoned the planking.

Although there is plenty of water all through the San Bernardino Passage, it has been but imperfectly surveyed and is thick with submerged rocks, navigation among which is rendered still more dangerous by a rapid current setting in from the Pacific; and a feverish desire to be at work made us doubly anxious to reach open water without accident. Halstead had been through the strait several times and knew his bearings perfectly, but we were well around the end of Ticao before he ventured below for breakfast.

Sailing over smooth water between the different islands, there had been no suggestion of sea-sickness among our passengers, and the ladies had been on deck since sunrise, watching the magnificent scenery: so when we put in an appearance the captain was plied with all sorts of inquiries concerning the different headlands, when we would be finally clear of the shore, whether it would be very rough outside, etc., etc.

At noon we were in the outer passage, between Calantas Rock and

Capul, and by dinner-time were standing due east in the open sea north of Espiritu Santo. As on the previous evening, we stopped to chat with the passengers, the two padres and the Palacios especially, for an hour or so after the meal, then went on deck to size up the situation.

"To begin with," said I, when we were finally secure from interruption in our quarters, "where am I least likely to attract attention when I go ashore at Agana? Will it be advisable to take lodgings in a private house, or had I better go to the best hotel?"

Halstead's eyes opened in amazement, then a broad grin appeared through his beard:

"Oh, I should stop at the best hotel, by all means, if there were such a thing within a thousand miles. You would be far more likely to attract attention in any of the private houses, which are made of bamboo thatched with cocoa leaves and have a pounded mud floor: there's usually but one room, you know, and the whole family live in that quite sociably. Say, old man, what kind of a metropolis did you think you were going to? Why, besides the forts, the church, and government quarters, there aren't a dozen stone buildings in the town. No: being a white and presumably wealthy stranger, you will find yourself a big gun in Agana. And ordnance of your calibre are usually quartered upon the governor himself,—free of charge, mind you. Fortunately, I happen to know Colonel de Garma; Ferdinand José Felipe Jesus de Garma y de Lopez is his every-day name. You want to commit it to memory, too; because if you happened to get it De Something-or-other wrong, it might make considerable hard feeling. I've been thinking over the matter a little, and have concluded that your staying in the government house as his guest will be rather favorable to our plan than otherwise. He's one of the most hospitable men I ever met,—give you anything he's got, except his daughter, and she's pretty enough to eat. Here's a picture of them, with the officers of the colonel's staff, taken in the patio. It's a pretty fair likeness of the crowd, considering the size. What do you think of them?"

I examined the photograph carefully.

"Why, they're full-blooded Spaniards, aren't they? They look like educated people."

"Hmpf! If it comes to blood, De Garma can trace his family back to a branch of the Braganzas on the distaff side: the family are Portuguese, not Spanish, though they've lived in Granada for generations. But what do you think of the girl,—the Señorita Dorotea? Isn't she a peach?"

"She is a beauty, isn't she? What an infernal pity to hide away a girl like that in a forgotten hole where all the advantages she should have are denied her!"

"I think, myself, that Agana is no place for her: yet she won't stay there always, and she isn't by any means the untutored barbarian you imagine her to be. They lived in Granada and Madrid until she was seventeen."

"Then what the devil did they ever——"

"Come to the Ladrones for? Business; all in the line of business. As lieutenant-colonel, the old man's ordinary salary of twenty-seven

hundred a year didn't cut much ice in Madrid. Out here, as Gobernador of the Ladrones, he gets about four hundred more, besides the pickings."

"Pickings?"

"Yes. What he can squeeze out of the barrangays, or tax-districts. Gobernadors don't work for their health, any more than United States Senators. Then Guajan is one of the most delightful islands in the Pacific, and it costs them little or nothing to live there. At the end of his six years they get their passage home at government expense, and carry with them quite a respectable pot of savings, which mean opera, cafés, bull-fights, wine, and innumerable cigarrillos, for several years. It takes a good deal of genius to work an influential relative in the Cortes."

"His six years must have nearly expired by this time: I notice the señorita's gown isn't exactly up to date."

"That's the fault of her blasted cousins in Manila. I lost my temper, the day before we left, when they sent a lot of clothes down to the steamer for me to take to her. There was nothing but a flimsy string around the package, and when the quartermaster accidentally dropped it on deck it busted open: so I had the fun of raking together those female belongings and trying to guess which matched and which didn't. If the girl finds out that I saw some of the things, I'm afraid there'll be a coolness between us. You see, they're—well, mixed gear, I should say. What makes me so mad is the fact that those women in Manila have spent the money she sent last voyage on their own new clothes, and have sent her a lot of duds four years out of style. I suppose they think that, being out of the world in these islands, she'll never know the difference, and that they are plenty good enough."

"What a beastly shame!"

"Yes: isn't it devilish! And that little girl likes to be well dressed just as much as they do. Got a heap better taste, too. Here, just look at these things in the box, will you?—they're almost as antiquated as the dress she's wearing in the picture." We gingerly lifted out one garment after another, speculating as to the use of those we were not sure about.

"Look here, Dick; you don't happen to have any nice, stylish dresses on board, do you?"

"No, I don't. I'm carrying hardware and stores this trip."

Afterward the conversation drifted into a description of the kind of life I might expect to find among the islands, suggestions in regard to the handling of catamarans at sea, and other details of my proposed movements; but I couldn't keep the Señorita de Garma out of my mind. It seemed likely that I should see a good deal of her before I left Agana, and the meanness of her Manila cousins made me speculate somewhat as to the effect of such surroundings upon a girl of refined tastes. Finally an idea occurred to me. But, fearing his objections upon various grounds, I didn't mention it to the captain at the time. It seemed somewhat risky, yet after another look at the photograph—which I absently put in my pocket—I determined to carry it out if possible.

CHAPTER IV.

THE *Señorita* Palacios asked me, at breakfast, if I could play accompaniments on the piano, explaining that she had brought a number of songs and wished to try them. This seemed a favorable opportunity for putting my plan in execution, so we two made a forenoon of it, much to Halstead's disgust, for he was more than a little interested in the *señorita* himself.

After lunch we had our chairs taken to a secluded corner of the after deck, under the awning, and when our acquaintance had reached a sufficiently confidential point—friendships ripen very rapidly in the tropics, particularly in idleness at sea—I told her of the costume affair, showing her the photograph as I did so. She was immediately interested and sympathetic. But presently her manner changed a little. She asked me, curiously, if I were very fond of the *Señorita* Dorotea.

"Fond of her?" I exclaimed, in surprise; "why, I've never even seen the lady. This picture was given to Captain Halstead by the colonel, last voyage: I never saw that until last night. But just put yourself in her place, *Señorita* Gracia: wouldn't you think it rather mean, when you had sent your money to buy nice new gowns, if relatives palmed off a lot of dowdy old things on you, four years out of style?" Neither my Spanish nor her English was perfect, but we managed to get along very well indeed.

"Indeed yes, *Señor* Stefans; but I did think that men never understood how women feel about such matters. I—I've almost an idea——"

"Yes: go on. I was quite sure you would have——"

"Ah, you were quite sure——?" suspiciously.

"Yes; that you er—would be able to suggest something. Now, if I had only known about the matter before we left Manila——"

"Yes——?"

"I'd have purchased a couple of the finest gowns I could find, and—er——"

"Given to the *señorita* them, yourself? *Santísima!* *Señor* Stefans, that 'most too kind of you would be, would it not?"

"Good Lord, no! I've got more sense than that, I hope. I meant that I'd have substituted the new gowns for the old ones in the box; and then, don't you see, she'd probably never discover how it happened."

"And you would money spend like that for a girl you did never see! A woman's *vestida* cost much, *señor*. I did alway hear that los *Americanos* were of money made, but I did never know that they were generoso." (Here, for the first time, I thought of my three hundred dollars, and began to wonder how far they would go.) "Are all los *Americanos* like that? *Señor* Capitán—would he such a thing do? Well, you shall see that the Spanish people are as yourselves! Could you one of the dresses get from the box and to me bring without being observed?"

"What! I—I beg your pardon. I suppose I might; but—but what do you—er——?"

"I wish to put it on, of course, estúpido! How may I the size know unless I do see it? Cuántos said you there were in el caja?"

"Three—of the—er—'m—well—er—outside clothes. You see, there were quite a lot of——" My face must have been as red as a beet: it certainly felt so.

"Santísima María! And you—you looked! Not at all of them?"

"I—I believe so. You see—er—the rest of the—er—things weren't quite so bad as the gowns. In fact, the lace——" By this time the señorita's face and neck were a delicate pink, but, to my relief, she laughed until the tears came in her eyes. Your Spanish girl, of any class, is possessed of considerable sense: she doesn't believe, for instance, that modesty consists in thinking evil and blushing at her thoughts.

"And el Señor Capitán, also, no doubt? What of wretches a pair you are, to be sure! Let me you both give a little warning. Never the señorita let know what you just have told me: if those things mine had been, I you would never forgive. Now do you attempt one of those dresses to bring down to my door. I will there wait for you."

I hurried up to our quarters, where Halstead was deep in the North Pacific Directory again, and somewhat out of humor.

"You're a nice sort of a partner to have, I must say," he growled; "leave me to dig out dry facts for your benefit while you calmly appropriate the only available girl on the ship. But I'll have the cinch after you go ashore,—provided you're not engaged to her before you leave. You wouldn't play a mean trick like that on me, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, Dick; honest Injun. You shall have her all to yourself for the rest of the voyage, and I'll make her believe you're the finest man on salt water. I've been cultivating the señorita with an object. I told her all about the box of clothes, and I think she'll help us: she wants me to bring one of the dresses below, so that she can tell something about the size."

"The devil she does! Between you, you'll get me into a deuce of a scrape before you're through. You'll tear the blamed things, or smut 'em with finger-marks, or get 'em mixed so's they won't go on regular, or some fool thing: see if you don't."

"Nonsense! She's a woman, ain't she? Don't you s'pose she's ever handled 'em before? I'm trying to figure the matter out so's that pretty De Garma girl 'll get something nice next trip, if she don't this one. Besides, the señorita only wants to look at one of the dresses: she didn't ask for the rest of the things."

"You didn't tell her we'd been going through *them*, did you? Oh, the good Lord! And she didn't go below? What did she say?"

"She laughed until I thought she'd choke. Then I believe she said something about your being a wretch: yes, that was the word she used, a 'wretch.' You'll have to be mighty careful what you say to her, but it'll probably come out all right. I had to get out of it somehow, you see."

"Oh, yes, you had to get out of it, of course, and, as I was the

nearest victim, my reputation suffered. Just wait till I have my innings with the young lady: if I don't serve you out! By gravity, I'll—I'll marry you, to keep you out of further mischief."

"Marry me!"

"Exactly; tell her you're a Benedick. But if she's waiting you'd better grab that top gown and get below with it as fast as you can. Don't let any of these East Indians of mine see you with it, either: there's no telling where they might let it out."

Hastily wrapping the garment in a newspaper, I descended to the saloon and hurried along the passage to the door of her state-room. In answer to my muffled knock, it was opened slightly and a pair of laughing eyes peeped around the edge. Then a lovely bare arm reached around for my bundle, and, after whispered instructions that I should wait for her on the after deck, the door closed.

In a few moments she joined me, dressed in a ravishing costume of soft India silk, with puffed sleeves and all the latest London trimmings. Unfurling a dainty lace parasol that went with the outfit, she slowly revolved before me, and then, with a saucy glance over her shoulder, said,—

"How think you this would please la señorita? I do know from the photograph that we the same complexion are, and her dress like a glove does fit me."

"Please her! She'd be as happy as the best-dressed woman in a New York church on Easter morning, if she had a gown like that. And if she looks as sweet as you do in it, the caballeros will have a hard time."

"You—you think it becoming to me is, Señor Enrique?"

"I think that were it not for Captain Dick, I couldn't resist the temptation of kissing you, just as you are."

"Nombre de Dios! los Americanos are bold! But pray you tell me, Señor Enrique, why say you of 'el Capitán Dik'? Qué nombre, 'Dik'?"

"Ricardito in Spanish: it was Captain Halstead I meant. I told him how beautiful I thought you were this afternoon,—beautiful enough to kiss,—and he said that if I ever attempted such a thing he'd punch my head."

"Ai! said he that, the violent man! Ricardito—I like better that than your inglés 'Dik'. But why not should he like to have you me kiss?"

"Oh, I don't know: he's a peculiar man. Possibly he'd rather do it himself."

"Ai, but never would the man dare. He so quiet is,—such a— But we must talk of him not. I shall be afraid. We have the dresses about to decide. I will another one wear at the dinner, and to-morrow another: then shall we see if for la señorita they will do."

"If they will do! You mean if others like them will do?"

"Not so, señor: why should la pobre señorita a whole three months wait for her dresses? She shall three of mine have. We directly home do go, on la vapor Isla de Panay from Manila, and I not shall need them: I plenty of others have—"

"And you will sell me your own dresses for her, señorita! You are even more generous than I hoped."

"I nothing said of selling them, señor. Can you not me allow the pleasure of giving, as yourself?"

"But, señorita! where do the captain and I come in? We can't allow you to make such an expensive present, just to please us!"

"The expense nothing is: many plantations papa has. You and el capitán have yourselves shown los generosos. It will a pleasure be for me to do what you would have done: if your friendship I may count upon, I am the gainer. Every girl it is not with friends that so kind would be to an entire stranger."

She looked so cool and pretty, in the shade under the awning, that I took her little hand in mine and bent over it for a moment. Then I hurried to the upper deck with my bundle, and told Dick he had better take my place before she went below. He relished the suggestion so much that I had considerable difficulty in first getting him into a white duck suit: being a powerfully built fellow, white and gold were exceedingly becoming to Halstead.

After he left, I stretched myself in one of the hammocks we had slung 'thwartships, and felt rather jealous for a few moments. There is a charm about the Spanish temperament which exerts a strong fascination over men of colder nationalities; and the Señorita Palacios, without necessarily being over-fond of either Halstead or myself, had a frank and cousinly friendliness of manner that banished all suggestion of ceremoniousness at the outset and led us into saying things which one usually says to acquaintances of many years' standing only. There is also a peculiarity of tropic life at sea which has often impressed me. Whether it is the result of forced inaction, or the relaxing influence of the climate, is immaterial; but under such conditions the formality which custom has made inviolate in temperate countries is simply out of the question,—as much so as tight or cumbersome clothing.

My day with the señorita had been such a pleasant one that it was difficult to fix my mind upon other matters, but I finally settled down to a careful examination of the charts which Halstead had left upon the table. Those dollars and doubloons beneath the heaving bosom of the Pacific were, after all, chief mistresses of our affections at that time.

CHAPTER V.

I PORED over the charts until the dinner-gong sounded: then the photograph, which lay directly under one of the incandescent globes, caught my eye, and I examined it again. In the solitude of our cabin I had a better opportunity to study the Señorita Dorotea's face, and it attracted me strangely. If she had any of that charm of manner possessed by the Señorita Palacios, I thought, my stay upon the island of Guajan might be anything but unpleasant: so, between the anxiety to

be accomplishing something and my speculations concerning the people at Agana, I was rather preoccupied at the dinner-table.

Padre Sebastian began presently to chaff me a little as being poor company. I noticed that he was watching Dick and the señorita very closely, as if trying to detect a triangular understanding between us three, or at least some indication of rivalry between the captain and myself. The padre had kept track of my movements during the day, but I was positive he could not have overheard anything, so began to ply him with questions concerning social conditions in the islands. He seemed to have accepted my reasons for making the voyage, but my sharing the captain's quarters, also the fact of our being the only Americans on board, evidently led him to favor us with a closer observation than if we had been his own countrymen. Your Spanish priest is the most companionable and interesting man in the world when he wishes to be, and Padre Sebastiano was no exception to the rule. Having overcome my repugnance to him for obvious reasons, I found myself rather liking the man. He spoke so frankly upon even Church matters that I began to consider him harmless, and fancied my first impression a mistake.

Halstead was too reasonable a man to claim more than a fair share of the señorita's society, much as he liked her: so, as Don Silvestre retired to the smoking-room after dinner for tobacco and cards, I took her aft, where we could watch the phosphorescent foam from the screw and talk without being overheard; for I saw she had something to say.

She had been listening attentively to my conversation with the padre, and had been trying to recall sundry scraps of talk which she had overheard between him and his Jesuit companion; but before mentioning them she questioned me in regard to my proposed movements after leaving the steamer.

"I heard you the padre tell, Señor Enrique," she said, "that you were this voyage taking merely as a siesta from your affairs, and I too many of los Americanos have seen to believe they do rest very long. They do work, work, work like slaves, all of the time. And when they rich get—oh, so very rich—still they do work, and no siesta take. Yet the Señor Enrique does one take which will last a month, surely, with his very good friend el capitán; and when he on the land goes at el Guajan, it will three months be—such long, long months—before he will again see la vapor in which he may return. Now, un Americano, the señor will not rest for all of these long months; not so! What then will he do in el Guajan, where one never works? Make love perhaps to la señorita whom he never has seen? But even that work is not. How——"

"One moment, señorita; why should you think I have any intention of staying in Guajan?"

"Oh, but it so simple is! Amigo mío" (here she laid her pretty fingers on my arm), "los Americanos generosos are: it so kind was of you to think of la pobrecita's dresses. I doubt not that it your goodness of heart was, yet even such un hombre could not resist at the least seeing la señorita when she does wear them. And she will not them

wear before the steamer shall go away, do you not see? El Capitán 'Dik' did for her feel, also, but it was not he who to think tried how he la señorita might help at once—ai, but he to see her was not, long enough!"

"Well, that's a pretty clever line of reasoning, *mía señorita*. But don't you think you are giving that photograph the credit of being a pretty strong attraction, to make me think of leaving you to Captain Dick, and burying myself among those out-of-the-way islands for a whole three months, just to get acquainted with the original?"

"That not is so, *Enrique mío*" (blushing warmly at this audacious familiarity). "I—I am alive, and—and you shall to be with me have for two of the weeks yet. I think not you would me leave for but a photograph if I said you should not: have I la gran conceit?" (She looked so bewitching in the moonlight that to save my neck I couldn't avoid giving her waist a gentle squeeze.) "No! you some affair in el Guajan have,—though never could I guess what it may be. It something which of more worth is to you than your affairs in Manila, or you neglect them would not for so long. It something is which you do undertake for el Ricardito as well as yourself, and in which he does you trust as few men do trust each other, or your friendship I could make like a broken thread with jealousy of me. Un gran presunción, is it not, *amigo mío*? But true, not the less. Else you embrace me would not, and el capitán would look at me not with the eyes that talk, oh, so much,—so much that the little shivers he does make come to me sometimes, and I am afraid. Well, then, if this something stronger is than the love of woman, what it can be but the love of gold,—such heaps of glittering, shining gold! Yet gold there is not in el Guajan, else el Gobernador would in Madrid be with much of it. What then it can be?"

"Quién sabe? Perhaps the elixir of life. But if I go ashore there as you imagine, and if I find anything beyond health and rest, I'll come and see you some day,—or, rather, I'll come and see you and Dick. Then I'll tell you both all about it."

"You will come see me and el Ricardito? But I shall in Seville be."

"Exactly: so will Dick, as soon as he can get there."

"Dios! qué temerario! But suppose—suppose I do permit him not—?"

"He'll come all the same: I think I know Dick." (Here she placed the palm of her hand over my mouth, as if to keep me from saying more, but her bright eyes were swimming with delight.)

"Sh! El padre may you hear. It was to speak of him I did wish when we on deck did come. He has been of you speaking to el cura, Enrique, asking the questions all about you,—whether you really un comerciante were in Manila and Hong-Kong,—why this voyage you were making. In some way he seems you to doubt, and he remarks upon the long talks in su cámara you do have with el capitán. He nothing knows of la señorita's vestida, or your destination he would have suspected much sooner than did I, and, surely, your object. You must so very careful be what you do say, no matter

where. Everything the padres do know, and in Madrid much influence has el Sebastiano. You will remember, will you not, Enrique? And you must let him see not that of him you are suspicious, as last night you did: do not you see how quickly did he notice and did you make to him like in spite of yourself? Now take below me, and to el Capitán 'Dik' explain."

The more I thought over what she had told me, the more I felt that my oleaginous clerical friend was likely to make trouble for us sooner or later; and when we were alone I repeated the conversation for Halstead's benefit. He and McPherson, counting upon the padre's good offices, had been inclined to doubt his mischief-making ability, though their experience in the East had taught them better; but after digesting the señorita's warning and recalling several remarks of Sebastiano's, he began to look thoughtful.

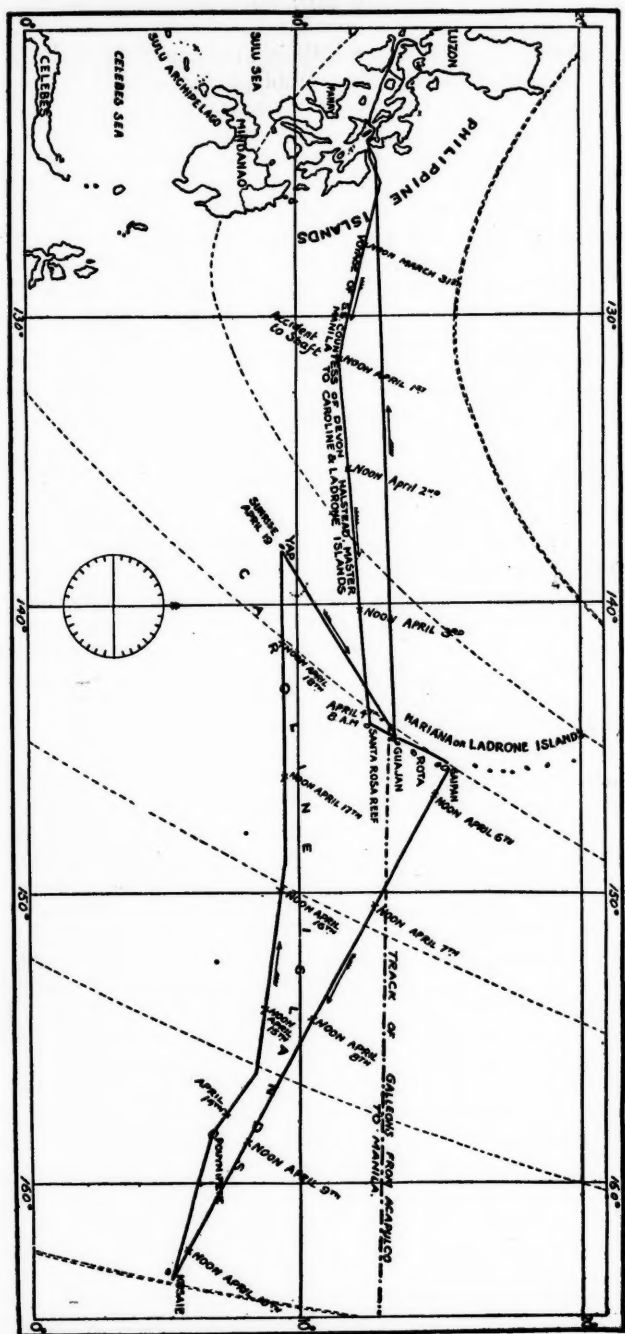
"There's going to be enough difficulty as matters are," he said, "without having a suspicious priest to contend with. It begins to look as if there might be some connection between Padre Julian's absence and Sebastiano's trip out here. If what the señorita told you is true, about his being influential at Madrid, it seems mighty queer that so big a gun should waste his time in the Ladrones. You see, there aren't enough of the heathen to convert, nor are there any opportunities to wield influence in the Philippines from such a base of operations. The cura, now, might easily be coming out to practise on the natives; but neither the pickings nor the political pull are big enough to interest a man of any standing."

"It would be an odd coincidence, wouldn't it, if old Julian and this chap had figured the thing out and were actually upon the same errand as ourselves?"

"Hmpf! It would seem a heap queerer to them if, after the time they must have spent in studying the matter, two casual travellers like ourselves should happen to hit on the same idea, yes, and, by sheer fool luck, to reach the islands better equipped for such a job than they can possibly be. But, by the great green turtle! I'm with you on getting that cash. I didn't take much stock in the idea at first, and when I agreed to go in I was thinking more of you than of myself; but I've been seeing a good deal of Don Silvestre's daughter during the last forty-eight hours, and that makes a heap of difference. The old man owns too many vineyards and plantations to relish sailor-men in his family: so I wouldn't mind having money enough to cruise through Spain like a gentleman when I go ashore."

"Well, I guess we're both interested enough now. We're getting right along, too: Mac told me he was making over eleven knots to-day. When are you going to change the course?"

"That's what I've been figuring on all day, but the padre complicates matters. Draw up your chair and let's have another go at the chart. I'll shut the windows, too: we'd better suffocate for an hour or two than have Diaz and his mates guessing too much. Now let's see. To-night's the 31st: here's where we were at noon. Twelve degrees and thirty minutes no'th latitude; hundred and twenty-seven, thirty-two, eas'. Now, say Mac keeps shoving her ten or eleven knots



through the night and lets up a little in the morning to cool down his bearings,—one of 'em heated considerably, to-day,—we'll be somewhere eas' of hundred and thirty-one by noon, and about a degree further south. Had to lay her on the regular course for Yap, you know,—eas' by sou', quarter sou',—or Diaz and Moreno would have caught on. Well, suppose we stick to that for another day,—noon of the 2d: that'll bring us within sixteen hours' steaming of Yap, and a good forty-five from Guajan, won't it? Here, I'll lay off the runs in pencil-marks. Now even a fool landsman would think it mighty queer to tackle a forty-five-hour run with disabled machinery, no matter how much refitting he might do at the end of it, when there happens to be a safe harbor within a hundred and sixty miles."

This was a facer for me. The pencilled course on the chart showed the absurdity of the proposition, but while I was puzzling over it the captain drew another line which gave the problem a more favorable aspect.

"Suppose we should change about to-morrow," he said. "Call it a hundred and thirty-one, twenty, eas', by 'leven, fifty, no'th. On straight runs from there, we'd have forty-two hours to Yap and seventy-five or eighty to Guajan; that is, on a twelve-knot basis. But the mates are calculating upon the regular easy runs,—Diaz thinks Mac raced her to-day in order to get the stiffness out of that fresh Babbitt metal,—and they figure on at least sixty hours from the noon position, to-morrow, into Tomil Bay. Moreno told the cura, Juan, that he couldn't possibly get ashore before ten o'clock Friday night: so it's safe to say fifty-eight hours. On the other hand, Mac could cut the eighty hours to Guajan down to sixty-eight if he shoved her."

"And that cura, Juan, is not only a chap who seems to take things about as he finds them, but a pretty good sailor into the bargain. So that if any row comes of this it is most likely to be from people at Yap who are expecting mail and supplies, or who are waiting to leave for Manila. How long before you will get back there?"

"Well, let's see." (We figured out the approximate runs, penciling them on the chart, until the whole voyage lay diagrammed before us.) "We would anchor off the landing wharf at Apra about noon on Saturday; that's the 4th of April. We ought to get away from there Sunday and drop the padre at Saipan Monday morning. Then, running straight for Kusaie, with the no'theas' trades helping us on our port beam, she'd make Chabrol Harbor some time Saturday forenoon. It's a short run from Kusaie to Pouynipete: we'd strike Kittie Harbor about noon on Monday and leave there next day; that's the 14th. The navigation among these atolls in the Carolines is too dangerous to risk,—the group has never been surveyed, you see,—so we go to the no'th'ard of them; but we ought to fetch into Yap by the following Sunday, easy enough. That would be the 19th, wouldn't it? Suppose us to be due there next Friday night, something under sixteen days late. As a matter of actual fact, the regular steamer used often to leave Manila several days over time; and, as the Colonies are run on the 'á mañana' principle, the mere being a couple of weeks behind

wouldn't make much difference. But if any of the gobernador's party should happen to be waiting for a comfortable trip on the steamer, with good meals and baths, between Yap and Pouynipete or Guajan, they'd kick a good deal on having to wait until after the wet monsoon had set in."

"Well, but wait a bit. How many hours is it from Yap to Guajan?"

"Let's see. Four hundred and fifty-two miles: call it thirty-six hours' easy steaming."

"That isn't so very much, and Mac has coal enough to make up a heap of lost time over the regular nine-knot rate. Suppose you find that any of these Caroline people do want to run up to the Ladrões: what's the matter with taking them from Yap? It would make but little more than two days' difference on the round voyage, and Mac could reduce that materially. Then they'd be under obligations to you, as well as the padre."

"That's a pretty good suggestion, Harry: I hadn't thought of it. You would have nearly three weeks to work in, and could return with me if you were unsuccessful. But you'd have to take your chances on there being no one who wanted to reach Guajan: in that case I wouldn't have an excuse for coming back, you know."

"Oh, I understand that, of course. I'm prepared to stay on that island for six months, if necessary: it might take all of that time to really accomplish anything. When are you going to offer the padre his passage to Saipan? after Mac's little arrangement?"

"No. I don't propose making any advances at all to him: he's too slippery. I'm captain of this steamer, and if anything occurs which seems to necessitate a change in the navigation, I am supposed to use my own judgment. Any owner or any chartering company would be obliged to accept my decision in such a case, unless they could prove that the necessity did not exist. This is really where I lay myself open, if there should be a hitch in Mac's bluff. But he generally knows what he's about, and has set the thing up pretty well; though until the engine actually stops it is impossible to say whether his scratch will look serious enough to warrant the change of course. The only way to handle the padre is to keep still, listen closely to what he says, and work the bluff for all it's worth. Unless I am very much mistaken, he'll make some kind of suggestion to me himself, especially if we mind our own business and are not seen much together. You'd better hang around the lower deck and smoking-room all day tomorrow. Cultivate Don Silvestre as if you were trying to get solid with him on his daughter's account, and spend the rest of the time with the señorita. If she notices anything suspicious about the padre, she'll certainly tell you."

After going over the prospective runs on the chart again, we both turned in; but I found it difficult to sleep. The next day seemed likely to be an eventful one, and I was worried by the conviction that my friend was taking big chances of losing his command through the crazy speculation into which I had drawn him. Once I even got out of my bunk with the intention of waking him to advise the relinquishment

of the whole affair, but he was muttering about red lips, and Spain, and millions, in his sleep: so I thought better of it, and turned in again.

CHAPTER VI.

HALSTEAD spent the morning purposely in giving Diaz orders about breaking out the Yap cargo, going over the bills of lading with him as if he confidently expected to reach Tomil Bay on Friday. As for myself, I followed his suggestions to the extent of winning over forty of Don Silvestre's dollars at Sancho Pedro, in the smoking-room, and then losing nearly all back to him. This put the old gentleman in high good humor. We were getting quite chummy, when the señorita came along forward and asked me to tell her how observations were taken: she had noticed Moreno on the bridge with his sextant, and made that an excuse to get me out for a chat.

It still lacked ten minutes of noon, so I fetched a spare instrument from Halstead's locker and held it so that she could see the sun, like a red ball, through the smoked glass. She couldn't seem to keep it from wabbling out of sight, but persistently squinted through the lens while she scolded me for leaving her alone the whole morning.

"Ai," she said, "I did my new shoes put on before el desayuno because I the promenade did expect with el capitán or el Señor Enrique. See, are they not pretty?" She placed the little toe of one in a mesh of the netting, drawing up her skirt a trifle so that I could see the whole of the dainty tie, and, above it, a few inches of beautifully rounded ankle in open-work silk stocking, which disappeared in a cloud of lace edging. "And then, when I did with that stupid cura have to walk, what saw I but el capitán the tiresome ocupación talking with el primero. El Señor Enrique was in sight nowhere; but presently I am told he does mi padre's doubloons win at the Pedro, en la cámara de fumar. So I did think that it was bad for my father that his doubloons he should lose to a young man like el Señor Enrique, and that I should know if offended him I have, or el capitán, that neglect me they should."

"Captain Dick is responsible for the safety of the ship and all our lives, señorita mía, and I—well, do you not think it is well that I should be good friends with your father?"

"Oh, yes, good friends, Enriquito mío; but not so noticeable you should it make. The Spanish etiquette you do not understand. When particular attention the gentleman has paid to the young girl, as but yesterday and the days before you have done, he so boldly should not go to her father. On the land, the liberty to see you so much alone of the time as on la vapor we have done I never should have: it is not the custom. That is why las señoritas the gentlemen like to be so friendly when the—the opportunity they do have; it so seldom is. But when to the señorita's father the gentleman so boldly does go, people do think that for his wife he does wish her."

"Well, suppose they do. I guess I can stand it if you can."

"Ah, but, Enriquito mío, you do not me wish. Not now, I am quite sure. But if the people you do make to think so, you would me have to take or else the duello to fight with mi padre. They would say, 'Behold, el señor the gran admiración has for la señorita. But un honorable he is: the respects he does pay to su padre; much alone it is permitido that he does her see. Then he does find that she is not as he did think; remain he will not with her; and su padre must the señor then kill por la honra de la familia.' Do you not see, Enriquito mío?"

"I'm beginning to, dimly. You know I'm not as familiar with your Andalusian customs as I should be. But see, the sun must be at the zenith. Here, let me adjust the sextant for you. Now look. Isn't the lower edge just touching the water?"

As she peeped through the glass, Halstead, on the bridge, took the sextant from his eye and said, "Strike eight bells, quartermaster." Then he and the mates went into the wheel-house to figure up the reckoning.

For perhaps half an hour longer we stood talking in the shadow of the forward life-boat. Then, just as the steward came along with the lunch-gong, there was the muffled sound of a crash from the engine-room gratings, and the machinery stopped. In an instant heads appeared at various windows and doors: the passengers, with pale faces and questioning looks, crowded out upon the decks. Echoes of voices shouting excited orders came from somewhere below, and the good old ship, having lost her headway, rolled uneasily upon the long, glassy swell. Halstead stepped quickly down the starboard ladder and aft to the engine-room gangway. The señorita clung tightly to my arm with one hand while with the other she fished her beads from their warm concealment and held them ready for instant use. Her bosom was pressed so closely against my side that I could feel her heart beating about a hundred and forty to the minute. She looked aft with dilated eyes toward where the captain had disappeared, then beseechingly into my face, as she whispered,—

"Madre de Dios, Enriquito! what is it? Shall la vapor in the water sink? Is it la muerte? Ricardito—why goes he below into the danger? tell me! Por Dios, tell me!"

I was beginning to think, myself, that for a bluff it was pretty realistic. Perhaps I may have caught some of the señorita's nervousness. The crash below was what puzzled me: that hadn't been on the programme. I comforted the girl as well as I could by saying I didn't think the steamer was likely to sink right away, though there was certainly something wrong with the machinery, and then suggested our going along to the engine-room, where we might look down and see what the trouble was. I was considerably more shaken up than I cared to admit, especially as the quartermasters and stewards, in obedience to the discipline which Halstead always enforced at sea, had taken their stations for the signal, "All hands stand by to abandon ship."

When it came to actually approaching the vicinity of danger, the señorita's curiosity, with possibly an unconfessed anxiety for the cap-

tain, got the better of her fears, and she followed me as far as the gratings over the cylinders. No one else had the temerity to accompany us, if, indeed, they knew where the gangway led to.

From the depths under our feet we could hear McPherson and the captain in earnest conversation, broken now and then by a dull tapping, as of a hammer on hollow or fractured steel. Occasionally one of the Spanish assistants would shout some order to the oilers, at work upon the high-pressure cross-head. Presently we heard Halstead say, "Turn her over once or twice, Mac, while I keep my hand on the shaft;" and in a moment one of the great oily pistons stretched itself up to within a foot of Gracia's pretty nose, as she leaned over the steel rail, startling a subdued squeal of surprise from the girl, who had no idea the thing moved. Up and down, greasily, insinuatingly, they slid, while we could hear a little sharper tapping from the shaft-alley; then, with a slippery sough of content, they rested again. Another period of consultation below, while the steamer rolled in the trough of the sea; after which we heard the captain say, "Well, keep her at about sixty turns for half an hour and see how she feels. Then report to me." In another moment we saw him coming up.

He smiled reassuringly as he reached the grating where we stood, but looked thoughtful. As soon as he stepped out on deck the passengers crowded about with anxious questions; and he told them, briefly, that there had been an accident to the shaft, how serious a one it was impossible to say at present, but that the ship was in no immediate danger, and that they had better go below for lunch. Then he called to the mate, on the bridge, "Pipe your men down, Mr. Diaz, and come to my room as soon as you are relieved." I was very anxious to question him, but, by an almost imperceptible motion, he signalled me to go below with the *señorita*.

When we reached the saloon every one was talking excitedly about the accident and speculating as to whether the steamer would be obliged to lay up for repairs at Yap. The pulsation of the screw was noticeably slower; and the second mate, after hastily finishing his meal, hurried on deck to relieve Diaz, so that he might consult with the captain. The engineer's chair was empty: he did not put in an appearance until dinner-time. About the time we reached the dessert, the screw stopped again. The stewards continued to wait upon us as if nothing had happened, and this alone kept several from rushing on deck again. When we did finally leave the table, McPherson came down from the captain's quarters and assured Padre Sebastiano that the danger was not serious. But as bell after bell struck without the engines being started, a vague uneasiness spread through the ship, and every one talked in subdued tones. Three of the passengers went below to make up small bundles of their valuables in case it should be necessary to take to the boats.

Late in the afternoon, Halstead came down from his room, followed by the mate, and told those on deck that, owing to the accident, he had decided to head for the island of Guajan in the *Ladrones*, where he hoped to obtain spare machinery which would enable the steamer to make the remainder of the voyage in safety. Then he asked the

señorita, Padre Sebastiano, and me if we would like to go down into the engine-room and see the damaged shaft. I fancy the padre would have preferred remaining on deck, but, as it was against his principles to miss anything, we went, holding bunches of cotton waste as a protection against grease on the hand-rails and machinery. The captain naturally went first, and the señorita followed, blushing like a peony at the revelations for which the steepness of the iron ladder was responsible. Down, down, grating after grating, until we were twelve feet below the water-line and the cylinders towered above us like grotesque monsters; then through a tiny door into the long tunnel, or shaft-alley, lighted at intervals by hanging incandescents and extending clear to the inboard bearing at the stern of the ship. Four of the assistants and oilers were leaning against the wall-plates, like navvies waiting for the ore-car in a coal-mine; while down at one side, obstructing the passage, was the wreck of an iron tank which had been lashed on brackets to hold lubricating oil, and which evidently, fetching loose as the steamer rolled, had fallen upon the shaft with sufficient force to start the crack that we could see distinctly as Halstead swung a torch over it. There was quite a perceptible dent where the tank had struck, and, leading from it, the finer line of a fracture in the steel which extended two-thirds of the distance around the shaft, slanting spirally toward the stern. To our inexperienced eyes it seemed that anything over the normal resistance upon the screw might easily twist it apart, but the captain said it was not quite as bad as it looked, tapping the steel with a hammer and calling our attention to the sound as he did so. He said that in ordinarily smooth weather he might get back to Manila without an actual break, but that, as the risk would be great in squalls or heavy seas, it would be foolhardy to proceed without the strengthening rings and clamps which he expected to find at Guajan.

With that ominous fracture before us, the wisdom of his decision seemed undeniable, and the whole affair had been managed in so realistic a manner that I thought the engineer had done his work a little too well. Having seen all there was to see, we made our way back to the engine-room, where Halstead scared Gracia nearly out of her wits by placing her hand upon the throttle-lever and telling her to push it down, slowly, the answering plunge of the great connecting rods making her think that something was about to explode. Then we climbed to the deck, the señorita insisting that Sebastiano should go first with me, and accepting Halstead's support in order to keep him on a level with herself.

During the remainder of the afternoon, Sebastiano appeared to be in a brown study, planking a secluded corner of the deck with Cura Juan. At dinner he started a discussion concerning the change of route by joking the cura upon the unexpected length of his voyage, and hoping that it would not inconvenience the other passengers; adding that as far as he personally was concerned the accident had been a fortunate one, inasmuch as it would enable him to reach his destination at least two weeks sooner than he expected. I noticed that he was questioning Diaz during the meal, so was not surprised at their coming on deck together,

or when they approached Halstead and myself as we were enjoying our after-dinner cigars on the bridge. Diaz merely touched his cap and retired to port, but the padre, remaining upon the ladder until he should receive permission to invade the official precincts, said that he'd like to have a little chat about the voyage.

Halstead sent one of the quartermasters below for another stool, and courteously offered him a cigar. When we were settled comfortably, the padre said,—

"Señor Capitán, this my first voyage is to the Ladrões; but much of the interés I have for them, and the intención have to un gran descripción write while among las Islas I do remain. You the knowledge have that I go to Saipan, I believe. Yes? And Saipan is how far from Agana?"

"M'—well, let me see. I presume you'll stop in Garapang, that's Tanapag Harbor. About a hundred and twenty-five miles, padre."

"And the transportación, capitan? I am told that nothing they have but the—the proas, the native boats; and that very wet they sometimes are,—muy descómodo."

"Well, they *are* rather cramped for room, and, I guess, when there's much of a wind, rather sloppy. Still, they are very fast: if you have a good wind you could make the run in nine or ten hours, I should say."

"'Nine or ten of the hours!' Santísima! In the one posición! What does one not do por la servicio pío! He is not the voyage dangerous, is he, capitano?"

"Dangerous? Oh, I don't think so, at this time of year. You might strike a hurricane in July or August, but you could put in at one of the islands if the weather looked threatening: they're none of them very far apart. You're familiar with the general position of the archipelago, are you not, padre?"

"Sí, señor; I have them seen upon the atlas. Like the string of little pin-points."

"Shucks! You can't tell anything about them from an atlas; the scale's too small, and they're miles out of the true position. Haven't you ever seen a chart of the Ladrões? Would you like to look at one?"

"No—sí—he mucho interés por las Islas. I fear it will you incomodar."

"Not at all, padre; not at all. If you and Mr. Stevens will come below, I'd be pleased to show it to you. I'm obliged to refer to the charts constantly, you know."

The Imray chart of the Western Pacific was still upon the table in our quarters, and Halstead took from the locker another, on a larger scale, of the archipelago itself, showing the exact shape and bearing of each island. From the absorbed way in which the padre bent over them and listened to the captain's remarks, it was easy to see that his education had been a broad one, comprehending readily, as he did, marks and measurements that would have puzzled most landmen. Halstead had carefully erased our pencillings from the larger chart, leaving only the course as actually sailed up to noon of that day; and

at Sebastiano's request he drew a line to indicate the direction in which we were then sailing—east, half north—in order to make Point Orote, on Guajan. When he removed the ruler, Sebastiano said,—

"I was told, capitán, that el Guajan the most southerly island was; but here I do one more see,—la Isla Santa Rosa, with five little crosses marked in its circle. Ai! entiendo: he is una isla de coral,—una laguna. Is it not so?"

"Well, it may have been a good while ago, padre; but it's all under water now, and has been for several hundred years. We call it a reef in English,—'una roca sumergida,' I guess you'd say. There's no doubt but that it was there once,—several of the old navigators mention it,—but, you see, these islands are volcanic, and it has probably sunk, because no captain has found it since 1740."

"Ah! entiendo. Each of the capitanos who do sail near it do make the sounding, and when find they do not, behold, it no longer must there be. I suppose many the examinación must have made, that los geógrafos so sure are that it is now gone?"

"Well, not very many. The Challenger didn't get as far east as the Ladrões, and the American cruiser Alert is the only one that really made much of a search. You see, the supply-boat only comes out here four times a year, and the place is not in the track of any other ships."

"And the capitanos de los vapores de la Compañía—yourself also—have been unsuccessful?"

"Why, personally, I've never looked for it. You see, there's plenty of sea-room to keep clear of the place, and I don't see the use of risking my ship by fooling around where a shoal certainly existed at some time or other. As for the other captains who run out here, I doubt if they would bother about it either."

"But would not you much honra gain, and una gran recompensa from la sociedad geográfica, if the correct report of su posición you did send them?"

"Oh, the Royal Society are always glad to get anything of the kind, and they like to have every captain send in what information he can: still, a merchant skipper wouldn't be expected to go out of his course for such a search. The war-ships are supposed to do most of the surveying, you know, padre."

"Ah, sí, that I do know, of course. But, as you say, they come not often to the Ladrões. Well, perhaps while I la gran narración de las Islas am writing, I may be able to make un examinación with those native proas you did speak of. If so, the true posición of every roca y isla in the archipelago I will send to you. Then los capitanos the name of el Padre Sebastiano will bless: is it not so?"

"Why, padre, if you're really going to write a book on the group, I've no objection to helping you out all I can. Bound as we are for Guajan, it wouldn't take us more than a few hours out of our way to pass the position of that reef and take a sounding or two, if you think it would be worth while. But you'd have to make it right with my primero, Mr. Diaz. He feels pretty sore about having to overhaul his cargo on account of our shifting about: you see, Guajan has always been our last stop, and all the Agana stuff is in the lower hold. But

if you can persuade him that there's a chance of glory and thanks in it, he may feel in better humor. You go talk to Diaz and Moreno: say that it'll give them five or six hours more to get their stuff up, and work it in as a favor to the Church. Then if they come to me and say they'd like to take a whack at Santa Rosa, I'll head her a quarter further east in the morning."

"Ah, capitán, I have the fear you are un hereje; you do make the joke upon the padres. But you are un benévolo, so I you forgive. El primero I will see and him absolve. Buenas noches."

When Padre Sebastiano was out of hearing, Halstead and I looked at each other. His expression must have been a reflection of my own, for it said as plainly as words,—

"Well, what do you think of that?"

I shook my head. It was a little too much for me. We smoked in silence for several minutes. Then the captain sauntered out on deck, to be sure there was no one near, and carefully closed the door when he returned.

"What I'm trying to figure out," he said, "is whether that oily old duck is convinced that we are interested in the reef, or whether his suspicions have been so completely lulled by the accident that he thinks it safe to meddle on his own account."

"Your impression is, then, that his book on the islands is nothing but a fake?"

"M'—blessed if I know what my impression is. If he were really planning such a work, nothing would be more natural than the questions he asked, or his anxiety to obtain all possible information. These islands have never been written up; there isn't even a cyclo-pædia that devotes more than a thousand words to them, mostly relating to their discovery and nothing else; and it would be a natural explanation of such a trip undertaken by a man of his position and learning. On the other hand, every word and action might easily be construed as indications of a secret purpose connected with that reef. I guess the only safe thing is to accept the last supposition and keep him from making anything out of it. We fooled him on the accident, anyhow."

"H'm—fooled ourselves a little, too, didn't we? You didn't count upon an actual crack in that shaft, did you?"

"What! Do you mean to say that, knowing all about it, you— Well, I'm —! That's a compliment to Mac. Why, man alive, he made that scratch with a Cape chisel while she was making ninety turns, then filled it with lamp-black and oil. He took the screws out of the tank-brackets and fixed them with wooden plugs, so's it would fall straight when she rolled to leeward, and the hammer he used—that made it sound so hollow—had a wooden head blackened with plumbago. The shaft is as sound as a new dollar, but we'll have to put a few of those clamps on it to carry out the deception."

"Well, you fooled me completely. For an impromptu accident, it was a howling success. Old Palacios won't move six feet from a life-preserver for the rest of the voyage. But how about those soundings? Are you really going to take them?"

"Well, I rather guess I am, as a particular favor to my friend el Padre Sebastiano. And, being quite interested in his forthcoming book, I shall use every endeavor, within the time that I can spare, to make a thorough search for it. But I'm very much afraid—very—that he'll be no wiser than he was before. Why, Harry, I'd have steered straight for the place myself, if I'd dared. But further irregularities so soon after the accident wouldn't do. Now I'm obliging the padre; and, by thunder, I've got him just where I want him."

CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning the result of Padre Sebastiano's discussion with the two mates was apparent, for Diaz came to the captain and broached the subject of heading for Santa Rosa. Halstead demurred a little at first,—said the change of course would make him late, as it was, etc.,—but finally admitted that it would take only a few hours more, and said that he had no objections. This was Thursday. I spent the afternoon and most of Friday with the Señorita Gracia, liking her better the more I saw of her. I was pretty sure that Halstead had a little the advantage of me in her regard, but she never showed it while we were together. In fact, as the time drew near when I was to leave the steamer, she seemed disposed, by unmistakable evidences of liking for me, to produce an impression that neither years nor absence could efface; and she certainly succeeded. When I said good-night at the door of her state-room, Friday evening, I wondered a little what the result would be should I throw up the enterprise and remain on board. But the captain was poring over the chart again when I reached our quarters, and one glance at his face was sufficient to banish all indecision. On my part, the affair had been, so far, merely speculative: there had been no opportunity for action. Halstead, on the other hand, was now fully committed. He and McPherson had taken a definite step which there was no retracing,—which might cost them their positions whether we were successful or not,—and, while he had certainly gone into the affair with the hope of bettering his condition, I knew that but for my persistence he wouldn't have attempted it. He looked up as I came in, and motioned me to close the door. Six bells had just struck, and all the passengers were below, so we were not likely to be disturbed. He asked me where I had seen the padre last.

"In the saloon, drinking rum and water. Why?"

"You haven't noticed him around the after deck this evening, have you?"

"No, not once."

"I've had a patent log towing astern since eight bells, and I'm in hopes that no one has seen it. Here's where we were at noon" (pointing to a pencilled cross on the chart), "and we've been running twelve knots ever since. Now, Findlay fixes the Santa Rosa at about twelve-thirty no'th, by a hundred and forty-four, fifteen, eas'. And it is laid down here a mile or two each side of that. The wind has been so

light that we won't have to figure much on leeway, and we've held her right on the point of eas', quarter no'th, all day : so that she ought to make the shoal some time in the morning watch, say, six bells, or before. Diaz figured, this afternoon, that his watch would be on deck before we struck the position, and told the padre it would be around breakfast-time. If no one sees that log, he isn't likely to change his mind. Now, if by any lucky chance we do find bottom there, I'll want your assistance; and you'll have to keep your wits about you. Watch my actions closely. When I order the quartermaster to steer for Guajan, go below as quickly as you can and make your way aft, on the lower deck, to the cable lockers at the stern. Take the new log, in this box here, and pay it out through the bitt port, say about thirty fathom, being mighty careful you don't foul the screw with it. You'll find a cross-brace of angle iron, down there, that Mac fixed athwart the port to fasten the register on. It's a taffrail log,—not like the one I've got astern now; you've got to haul that one in to read it. 'Tain't likely that any one'll notice the line, but you'll have to haul it in when we get abreast of Cocos Reef, so's the men won't notice it when they go below to clear away the cable at Apra."

Before turning in, he took the log from its box and showed me exactly how it worked, making me repeat the instructions until he felt sure I wouldn't botch the experiment. In fact, my mind was so full of it all that I slept badly, and dressed before sunrise. Halstead was as anxious as myself, but he had his nerves under perfect control and reserved his energies until they were needed. Diaz, though confident we would not reach the reef before breakfast, had turned out at five bells and was searching the horizon with his glass, on the bridge, Moreno taking an occasional squint also. At about half-past six the captain sang out to him,—

"Guess you'd better let one of the quartermasters get the lead ready, Moreno."

"Sí, señor. Do you think we are near the posición?"

"Very close to it, now. Mr. McPherson says we've been making twelve knots through the night. Just figure it up, will you, Diaz, and see what you make it."

"Sí, señor." Diaz disappeared in the wheel-house, but came out again presently, exclaiming, "Por Dios, capitano, we are within three miles at this moment!"

"That's what I thought. Get your leadsman out there right away, Moreno. You'd better try a 'dipsey' line at first and see if you can strike anything at a hundred fathom. Be all ready when I give the word."

In less than five minutes the leadsman was on his grating, outside the starboard rail, with a seventy-five pound lead and three hundred fathoms of line. Halstead stood by the engine-room telephone, watch in hand, and Diaz was perched in the fore rigging where he could watch the sounding. In about ten minutes the captain shoved the lever over to the signals, "Stop"—"Half speed astern"—"Stop." And when the foam from the screw was abreast of us, he sang out, "Let her go."

There was a big splash, and the lead disappeared, whipping coil after coil of the line after it from the reel on the taffrail. Fifty fathoms, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, and no bottom. Slowly the two men at the reel hauled in the line, and the captain signalled, "Half speed ahead." About a mile further, he stopped and tried it again, but with the same result. Then he steered, successively, due south for three miles, and north, six, taking soundings at each limit. At eight bells, Padre Sebastiano came on deck and became so absorbed in the proceedings that he actually forgot his breakfast. Each time the lead was hauled up he would examine the tallow at the lower end to make sure that no sand or coral fragments were embedded in it, and as sounding after sounding proved unsuccessful at the full three-hundred fathom depth, he couldn't keep the disappointment from showing in his face. Finally the captain told him that further search was useless, and when the steamer was headed for Guajan he went below.

Halstead treated the whole matter as if it possessed but little interest for him, yet when he glanced at me I could see that he was thoroughly discouraged. The engines had just started full speed ahead, and we were preparing to go below for breakfast, when I noticed a little bunch of cumulus cloud a few miles to the southeastward, and called his attention to them.

"Well, what about them?" he said. "They're just ordinary clouds, aren't they?"

"That's all, but I was thinking of what Maury says about atmospheric condensation in the neighborhood of all these coral islands, even the lowest atoll having a tendency to collect vapor over it at times. Now, whether a few fathoms of water over a reef would absolutely prevent such condensation or not, I don't know. I should say the chances were that it would; but—well, the atmosphere does queer things sometimes. What do you think?"

Halstead watched the bunch of cloud for a second or two, noticed that there was nothing else of the kind in that direction, and then ordered the man at the wheel to head southeast. I saw that he considered the search hopeless, but he was determined to leave no chance untried. Diaz had gone down into the fore-hold with some of his men, to overhaul the last cases for Agana, and Moreno was below at breakfast: so that no one but the helmsman noticed our again heading about, and he was dreaming of Visaya girls in Manila too deeply to do more than obey orders in a purely mechanical way.

It took less than half an hour to reach the position. Then Halstead himself climbed out upon the sounding-perch with a hand-lead and thirty fathoms of line. He had stationed me at the telephones on the bridge, hastily arranging a series of signals, and, after watching the water's surface closely for a while, waved his hand for "Half speed."

In about two minutes I saw him swing the lead forward, paying out the line rapidly as it tautened under his feet. Five times more he cast it, hauling in the entire length after each one, then signalled, "Full speed, ahead." After which, mounting the bridge, he ordered the helmsman to put her about and steer north by east, quarter east. I

noticed great beads of perspiration upon his forehead, and was wondering if heaving a lead were really violent exercise, when, beckoning me to the end of the bridge as if to point out the position of Guajan, he whispered,—

"Get below, quick, and pay out that patent log : I took the box down myself at four bells. Then eat your breakfast as if nothing had happened, and chat with the señorita for a while, but be back here by six bells at the latest : we've got a heap to talk about."

The change in feeling from despondency to well-grounded hope almost made me lose my head, especially as I saw that we now had the game largely in our own hands. I watched my opportunity, and was paying out the log line astern, through the bitt port, in about ten minutes. Then, I spent a good half-hour over my meal, discussing with the padre, who remained to keep me company, the probability of Santa Rosa Reef having sunk to the bottom, but advising him not to state this as a fact in his forthcoming book until he had persuaded the government to make a more exhaustive search with one of the cruisers. Then, after a delightful *tête-à-tête* with the señorita, I returned to Halstead, whom I found removing the fastenings from a large bundle which one of the men had just brought up from the lazaret. There was also a sea-chest, marked with my name, upon one of the transoms. He nodded toward this, and said,—

"I suppose you don't remember bringing that on board, do you?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't. And I think I was pretty sober, too. Where did I get it? What's inside?"

"Nothing at present. This diving-suit is going in if I can make it. Now draw the curtains and strip to your shirt and drawers."

"What for?"

"To try the thing on, of course. Hustle, now; we'll be in by two o'clock. I've read the directions over until I know them by heart, but I want you to be boxed up in it once while I'm by to help you. It's pretty risky business, no matter how often a man does it, and I don't want your death on my hands. You see, it will be simply out of the question to depend upon a pumper above water,—you can't trust any one,—and it's going to take all the nerve you've got to go down without."

I put the suit on, piece by piece, obeying the printed instructions to the letter and fastening every clamp myself; for I knew assistance would be unobtainable when I came to actually use it. The screws at the back of the helmet collar were the most difficult to tighten, but I finally adjusted them to even Halstead's satisfaction. Fortunately, I had not screwed on the front lens of the helmet until the last, else I think I should have been suffocated before the compressed air in the reservoir began to work. The sickening nervousness I felt at being shut up in such a rig made me dread the attempt to go under water with it, but the captain assured me that, having had the thing on, it wouldn't trouble me as much next time. Then we packed it carefully away in the chest, together with several dynamite cartridges, two light but powerful steel bars, a couple of strong hatchets, and some saws and knives.

From another locker Halstead took a square mahogany box, covered with rubber and having a lens in one side. It looked something like a kodak, but proved to be a powerful reflecting light, the electricity for which was supplied by a chemical cartridge that lasted six hours and produced a brilliant illumination. He said he had used it when mate of an oil-tank running to Batoum, the insurance regulations prohibiting anything in the shape of an open lantern on board. A small but reliable compass, a thousand feet of half-inch braided linen line, a spare sextant, the taffrail log then towing astern, and a chart of the two archipelagoes, completed the equipment. The chart we spread upon the table, but the other articles were securely locked in the chest. Then we sat down to figure the exact position of the reef.

"To begin with," said the captain, "we took that first sounding as squarely upon the charted position as it would be possible for a ship to strike it. I got the sun at six bells in the forenoon watch and calculated backwards, so I'm dead sure of it. Then, under half speed, we made just about a mile further eas',—those two soundings I've marked with crosses, as you see. After that, three miles due sou', to this other cross, and six miles due no'th, to this one. No bottom anywhere at three hundred fathom. While you were telling me about those clouds, we made about half a mile before we turned; then, as closely as I can figure it, just about six miles to where I took that first cast. Well, you know how much water she's drawing, don't you?"

"Fifteen feet?"

"Sixteen and a half, aft; and the lead struck rock at an even three fathom, first heave! I saw the line jerk as the leather strips went under, and every hair of my head felt as though it were standing on end. It scared me so that I dropped the whole coil from my arm,—luckily,—and I had a mighty hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach. During the next sixty seconds I did more thinking than I ever did in an hour of my life. I knew you were watching me, and I was afraid others might be, too. By every law of prudence and seamanship I should have signalled you, 'Stop her! Hard astern!'—but if I did, I knew we'd have the deck full of people in a few seconds. Diaz and Moreno would have been up in two jumps, and what we knew about the reef every one would know. Sebastiano would have sufficient data to chase you down there the first time you started. But I remembered that Dampier, and the other old navigators who found the place, gave an average depth of four fathoms. The galleon that struck in avoiding Dampier's ships was undoubtedly loaded down to her channel plates, and probably hit an isolated point. So there seemed to me an even chance of steaming across the ledge in safety and without giving the snap away. On the other hand, if we struck, there would be an end of my business prospects for a good many years to come. It was a tighter spot than I ever care to be in again, but inside of two minutes I decided to risk it. At the second cast I got 'quarter less four.' Five minutes after, I struck bottom at 'half three;' then 'deep four;' and at the last heave the calico was just above the water when she touched."

"But, how the devil! I'll swear I saw you pulling up the whole length of line each time."

"Well, rather! You didn't suppose I was fool enough to give away what I was getting, did you? When a man's been chucking lead for fifteen odd years, it don't take more'n a fraction of a second to tell when he strikes bottom. No, I let the slack fall when the lead was under me, and we had way enough to carry it well astern. If any one had been watching closely, of course I couldn't have done it; but, as it was, it worked to a charm, and I don't believe another soul on board suspects there's a bit of rock there within two thousand feet of the surface. Now, I was heaving upwards of twenty minutes from first to last. At half speed, that would be about two miles, wouldn't it? Well, this little star shows just where I struck it, and the other two would be a mile apart: so that we have the reef stretching from nor'-nor'-wes' to sou'-sou'-eas'. Then, from the glassy look of the water, I'm positive that it takes a curve to the sou'-wes' for a good four miles further. The actual position of that three-fathom sounding is twelve thirty-three no'th, by hundred and forty-four, twenty-two, eas',—a good eight knots eas' of the Findlay and Imray approximates. And the true bearing from Point Orote, Harry, is the exact opposite of our present course; in other words, sou' by wes', quarter wes', or exactly fourteen degrees wes' of sou'. The magnetic variation this year is one degree and thirty minutes eas': so in shaping your course from Orote it should be fifteen degrees thirty minutes to the west'ard of sou'. As for leeway, running down, the no'theas' trades'll be within a few points of dead astern, so you won't have to make much allowance; and, once at the reef, it'll be easy enough beating back, because you can see the island twenty miles away at least. When we get abreast of Cocos, you can pull up your log, which will give you the exact number of miles on this course to a fraction: from Cocos to Orote the chart distances are near enough, because you've got land bearings."

"Then, if it should be impossible to get at old Fray Ignacio's document, we can practically do without it?"

"You can certainly find the reef in anything like fair weather, but you won't want to travel any further under water, looking for the wreck, than you are obliged to. I wouldn't, anyhow."

In this and our previous discussions we seemed to have covered every contingency; but now that we were upon the point of making a beginning in sober earnest, our conflicting hopes and fears suggested innumerable complications. Presently I noticed that Halstead was looking at me intently.

"Harry," he said, "it has been a good many years since we saw each other last. We were scarcely more than boys then; yet, to the best of my recollection, you were always square in everything you did. I'm not worrying for an instant over your taking advantage of Mac and me in this deal. But I am afraid that you may be inclined to take unnecessary risks in putting it through. Now, whatever happens, don't. We want that money, and we want it badly, but we'd both rather have you back on the Countess here, safe and sound, even if you came empty-handed, than feel that you were likely to throw your

life away in trying to make us rich. You won't do it, will you, old chap?"

"No, I won't, Dick; and if I make a go of it, you and Mac will find me, as I used to be, 'dead square.'" We gripped hands across the table, and felt better for doing so.

In a few moments he got up, looked through one of the forward windows, and called my attention to what seemed like a cloud-bank on the horizon, straight ahead.

"There's old Guajan," he said. "The white patch you see in the middle is the surf on Cocos, and that furthest point to the left is Orote: Apra lies just behind it, and Agana beyond. There's nothing but an open roadstead, with no holding ground, in front of the town: so we generally lie inside the reefs at Apra, about two miles from a little wharf at the end of the Agana road. We'll be abreast of Cocos in something over an hour. Wait until you can just see the surf through the starboard port, down aft, and then haul in your log. It's an even twelve miles from Cocos to Orote."

My feeling of anxiety may be imagined as I stood waiting, below decks, for that tip of coast-line to come in sight. The loss of a taffrail log screw, from various causes, is a frequent occurrence; and I was greatly relieved to find the line still whirling every time the screw twisted it taut. To haul it in an instant too soon would be to throw me more or less out of my reckoning, and each time the recording swivel buzzed I feared the end of Cocos might appear before it could register again; but luck was on my side. The patch of white surf and the registering twist came together, and after hauling in the line the dial marked exactly forty-three miles. So that, adding the distance to Point Orote, I now knew the northerly limit of the reef lay just fifty-five geographical miles from the outer head of Port Apra. I stowed my log carefully away in its box, knowing that if others had happened to see the record they were sure to be fifteen miles out of their reckoning.

Then I hunted up the señorita for a farewell chat, pointing out Umata Bay and the different points alongshore as we passed. It was mid-afternoon when we rounded the point and began to whistle off a pilot. Either the captain or myself could have taken the steamer in with reasonable safety, from our knowledge of the soundings; but we were running no risks whatever.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE port of San Luis d'Apra was depopulated during the small-pox epidemic of 1859, not a hut being left to show where the town stood; and had not one of the native pilots been fishing, two miles off shore, we might have wasted considerable steam before we could have summoned one from Agana, four and a half miles away. The islanders were not expecting our arrival for another two weeks at least.

We anchored safely, however, in seventeen fathoms of water, and

presently saw a boat putting off from the landing-pier. The señorita and I were leaning over the rail near the accommodation ladder when the party pulled alongside, and we noticed with considerable interest that there were two ladies among them. The first gentleman to come aboard we judged, by his gold-laced uniform, to be the gobernador, Colonel de Garma; and in this we were not mistaken. The ladies, with two of his staff, followed; and in one of them we recognized the original of Halstead's picture,—which, by the way, failed to do her justice. Then the party went below for wine and cigars while they chatted over port regulations, the cargo, and the latest Manila gossip. After the formalities had been concluded, one of the stewards was sent on deck for the Palacios, Padre Sebastiano, and myself; and our cordial greeting by the colonel's party left nothing to be desired.

Halstead must have been telling the Señorita de Garma something about me, for she seemed to be making a shy but friendly examination of my face when we were introduced, and when her father heard that I was to remain in Agana the hospitable manner in which he placed his belongings at my disposal was too sincere to be misunderstood. Visitors from the outside world were at a premium. I noticed that the Señorita Palacios seemed rather preoccupied during the conversation, and when she presently carried the colonel's daughter off to her state-room—for a mutual exchange of gossip and confidences, I suppose—she must have dropped a few hints which opened her visitor's eyes to certain things later.

Padre Sebastiano was more surprised than he cared to admit when he found that I had accepted an invitation to remain with the gobernador, on the island, and Diaz also wondered why an active Americano should wish to bury himself in such a place for three months; but it afterward came out that I was credited with being more of a *savant* than a business man, my interest in navigation having strengthened this belief. What conclusion the padre arrived at, I neither knew nor cared: if we were to be adversaries, muy bueno: we were at our destination, and would soon know where we stood.

My luggage, including the wooden chest, went ashore before dark, and, as the steamer could scarcely get away before the next evening, we made up a party to accept De Garma's hospitality overnight. The drive to Agana, from the pier, we made in a bullock-cart resembling a *carromata*, but much larger and thatched with palm-leaves, and upon our arrival found a most appetizing supper awaiting us. There is a tradition that Magellan and his fellow-navigators left pigs and fowls upon every island in the Pacific, and the plentiful supply to this day rather confirms it. When the time came for retiring, I was shown to comfortable quarters on the upper floor of the gobernador's house, between San Ramon barracks and the church of San Juan Letran, Señorita Dorotea accompanying me as far as the door to assure herself that all my wants were provided for.

She was a charming creature, that girl, in spite of her ridiculously old-fashioned costume; and I was impatient to see her in more becoming clothes, as I knew I should when she had time to examine the contents of her box. We had left the original gowns where they

were, fearing that her Manila letters might contain a description of them.

Sunday morning we attended mass in the church and had a delightful drive across the hills to Umata. A ceremonious dinner at San Ramon quarters followed; then we all went aboard the steamer for a final visit with our friends before they left. I found an opportunity to steal down into the engine-room, after supper, for a talk with Mac. His men had been busy all night unshipping odd bits of machinery from the wreck of the German tramp, which lay, a quarter of a mile away, fast upon Luminan Reef, and bolting three straps, so obtained, around the Countess's shaft. When we went into the alley to look at the repairs, he asked, with a comical wink, if I thought they would hold until the ship returned to Manila. Then, when we ascended to his room for a parting glass, he said, "Weel, Maister Stevvans, Haalstead an' Aa hae done ower parrt sae weel as we c'u'd; an' Aa trrust ye'll be sicsaisfu' wi' yer ain. Aa dinna ken muckle aboot th' maetter, but Aa'm aye reddy tae stan' by ye baith whiles there's braith left tae me. We'll be seein' ye soon, Aa hoop. Here's tae ye, mon."

What Mac said he meant; he was the kind of friend a man likes to keep through life. When I rejoined the company in the saloon, they were chaffing Padre Sebastião upon his coming trip to Saipan in a proa; and the gobernador unconsciously gave Halstead the opening he was looking for by commenting upon the incivility of government in not providing for the padre's passage in a more comfortable manner. He agreed with the colonel, and, after a little hesitation, said that it might possibly be arranged without direct instructions from head-quarters. In reply to their questions, he said,—

"If both the gobernador and Padre Sebastião will agree to hold me harmless in the matter, I think we might drop him at Saipan tomorrow morning. We completed our repairs several hours sooner than I expected, and I should be glad to accommodate our friend if he doesn't mind writing to Manila a brief account of the accident."

"Señor Capitán, you are un generoso! I will the letter write tonight. You shall have no fear of un examinación at Manila. Santísima! have not I the casualidad myself seen?"

"Muy bueno, padre; I will land you safely at Tanapag in the morning. And, gobernador, I hope to see Guajan again before the Compañía's regular boat resumes the service. I feel as though you people were old friends now, and when the Countess is withdrawn I may never happen to return: so I'd like to keep on running here until your term expires, anyhow."

"You do us la gran honra, capitano mío. We are made rich by your friendship; and it shall be that a word is spoken in l'administración de la Compañía. Villabos will cable Barcelona, perhaps"—and so on, with many assurances of regard and influence, until Halstead seemed in a fair way toward arranging matters as he chose. It was exceedingly well handled, the whole affair.

Finally the whistle sounded, and we stepped into the boat alongside. Halstead said merely, "So long, old man: be good to yourself;" but there was a good deal in our parting hand-shake. Much was to

happen before we saw each other again. The pilot was so cautious in getting clear of the port that we were driving to Agana before he rounded Calalan Bank; but as we approached the town the good old Countess, her lights reflected in the water, caught up with us and blew three long whistles by way of good-by.

That night, in my quarters at the gobernador's house, I tried to arrange a plan of action, going over and over the various points until my brain was in a whirl. I had little doubt of being able to find the reef, but it was a matter of considerable importance that I should do so as near the wreck as possible. For this reason it seemed obvious that an examination of the document in Fray Ignacio's coffin was necessary. The church was in charge of Padre Bartolomeo and three brother priests: good-natured, easy-going churchmen they were, who could sing, drink rum, or wager their pesos upon a cock-fight with the next man; and, as some one had mentioned a mass which was to be held at sunrise, I determined to hear it. Anxious to be on time, I rose half an hour too early, but was amply repaid by the freshness and quiet beauty of the little town.

Looking north, a spur of hills cut off the view of the bay; and at their base flowed a little creek which bounded the town on the east and north sides, crossed by two stone bridges, near the lower of which stood Fort San Rafael. Beyond the fort, and alongshore to Port Apra, the view was open to the sea. On account of the shoal water for half a mile out, there was no surf, only ripples which showed the direction of the breeze. Between the church and the infantry quarters there was a small open square; and west of the barracks, between them and the artillery magazine, was a broad plaza which separated the bamboo native huts from the more pretentious buildings of coquina, or coral limestone, inhabited by the Spanish element. Outside of the town, the valley and hills were covered with tropical vegetation indescribably beautiful in its wealth of color and delicate tracery against the sky-line. The streets, laid out in regular pattern, were wide and clean. At the right of the gobernador's house, looking east, stood the church, a small chapel, and the College of San Juan de Letran; at the left, between it and the plaza, were San Ramon quarters, the administrator's office, the pharmacy, and the tribunal; on the southerly side of the plaza, the military hospital and prison. A few miles back of the town and its foot-hills rose the peak of Mount Tiniquio; and at the southwest the peninsula of Orote poked its nose into the ocean. I looked at Orote, its rocks and palm-trees glowing red in the early sunrise, for several moments. It was to be the base and starting-point of all my calculations.

A few of the natives were lazily sauntering into the church as I stepped across the square, and mass was just beginning. There was a girlish form kneeling by the pillar nearest me, and I recognized the Señorita Dorotea, who greeted me demurely as she rose from her devotions, expressing surprise and pleasure that I should have wakened early to attend mass. My appearance that morning was a fortunate one in several ways. Padre Bartolomeo was complimented, for one thing, and exhibited his satisfaction at my supposed Catholic tendencies by

showing me what there was to be seen about the place as soon as the service was over.

After inspecting the college buildings and cloisters, we went through a narrow door into a room back of the chancel, where there were a number of votive images in wax, representing either miraculous escapes from violent death, recoveries from mortal illnesses, or the cures of foul diseases. Although it was as thoroughly unpleasant a collection as one could look upon, some horrid fascination induced me to examine many of the figures. One, for instance, was dressed in cotton breeches and shirt, over which gouts of blood from a fearful knife-cut in the side were flowing, the supposition being that it represented the donor at a moment when the blessed Santa Catalina interfered in his behalf and enabled him to recover from a wound that would have killed an ox, exaggeration of the injury being presumably the essence of compliment to the blessed saint. Another recumbent figure had a gangrened sore over its wish-bone that would have made death from blood-poisoning a certainty in a civilized country; yet the blessed San Ambrosio had attended to this little matter for the victim and had got him a baran-gay to collect from in the bargain; though, as it usually took the form of a remitted consideration in which Bartolomeo was the medium, no embarrassing recognition of the latter service appeared. Hanging upon the walls were arms with festering sores upon them, legs with slashes which laid them open to the bone, torsos rotting with leprosy, etc., each with its appropriate saint ticketed thereon. It didn't occur to me at the time that I should have occasion to remember these things: so when Padre Bartolomeo lifted an iron trap in the floor, and descended a short flight of steps, I was more than willing to follow him without further examination.

The steps led to a series of vaults which seemed to be directly under the chancel, some of them being stored with various church appurtenances and others having the appearance of secret tribunals. I afterward learned that in former days a faint reflection of the Inquisition had given the island a nameless horror to sundry travellers between Acapulco and the Philippines,—gobernadors who had grown too suddenly rich, and the like. The vaults were connected by narrow and foul passages, after going through several of which we came to a chamber that apparently served as the church catacomb. There were a number of niches around the walls, and in each was the mummified figure of a padre in a semi-reclining position, similar to those in the Capuchin cemetery at Rome: the cowls and gray robes indicated their connection with the Franciscan order, so I was not surprised at this; though, from Halstead's story, I had expected to find the bodies enclosed in sarcophagi.

While we were looking about the place, Padre Bartolomeo gave me a general introduction to the figures in the niches, as brothers who had held his position in former years. It was an easy matter to appear interested,—I was really afraid of seeming too much so,—and I asked the name of a venerable mummy with an iron-bound chest, rusted and blistered with age, resting upon his attenuated stomach.

"That is the blessed Fray Ignacio, señor," he said, "the most

worthy of all the brothers who have lived in the islands. Because of his great goodness and his labors among the natives, it was ordered by the Lord Bishop, at Manila, that he should forever be the guardian of our sacerdotal records. We do not make history very rapidly here: so that box which he holds is sufficient to contain them all. Possibly, a hundred years from now we shall construct for him a larger chest upon which he may recline."

"But have you no fear that your documents may some day be stolen, under the impression that the chest contains valuables? These islands were named, as you know, with some reason."

"Very true, señor; but he would be a rash man who would brave the vengeance of Holy Mother Church by such a sacrilege. There are none in the archipelago who would attempt such a thing; besides, the records would be of no value to un herético; they are but our secret history."

"And that, I presume, your orders would forbid your showing to even so profound a student and churchman as the Padre Sebastiano, unless you were so directed by the bishop?"

"Well, one would scarcely say so much as that. To a layman, or un herético, no—under no circumstances. But el Padre Sebastiano,—that, you see, is different. It is la gran honra that he does visit us."

"I see, I see. I had forgotten for the moment how near he stood to the bishop." This was a chance shot, but I could see by the padre's deferential manner that it had gone home.

We presently retraced our steps to the upper world, and when we sauntered out into the sunlight I had plenty of food for thought. A document, for instance, which would be utterly beyond my reach for consultation, seemed to be at Sebastian's disposal whenever he chose to call for it. That there had been no time for him to do so while the steamer was in port, I felt sure; but that he might return from Saipan at any moment was something more than a possibility.

The sight of that box lying across the dead fray's lap would keep running through my mind, and I thought of innumerable excuses which might induce Padre Bartolomeo to give me a peep at its contents, especially if a sufficient quantity of good wine were under his skin. But one and all seemed too risky to attempt. The finding and recovering of the treasure were but minor difficulties: the secreting of and the getting away with it, afterward, constituted the most serious details of the undertaking. Sauntering along toward the plaza, I became more and more convinced that I must search that box without either the knowledge or the permission of my fat ecclesiastical friend; and the dangers involved in such an attempt so filled my mind that I scarcely heard the señorita calling me from the portico. She must have been embarrassed by the effort to make me hear, for her face was scarlet when I approached the house.

"Is it because el padre would not absolve the señor," she said, "that he has no appetite, and would walk away when the breakfast does wait? Ai, but he must be the sinful man! Perhaps he did not present el padre with una contribución for the good of the Church? It is the custom."

"Well, I'm afraid I did overlook that, señorita. But I'll make it all right with him later. Joking aside, though, the padre treated me very nicely,—showed me all over the place. He seems to be a very learned man. No: I was thinking of other matters when you called. Please forgive me."

"Possibly it is that the señor feels sad because la Señorita Palacios has gone away in el vapor? She is muy hermosa."

"Yes, but not more so than the Señorita Dorotea. I often compared them from the photograph which you gave el capitán."

"Ai, but how can I believe the señor? Come, let us see if you have el apetito; and afterward you shall spend the day with me as you like. Come."

I often look back to those breakfasts at Agana as among the most delightful hours of my life. Kipling has echoed the heart-felt longing of many a man to get for a while outside the bounds of civilization,—to exist where society is still in a rudimentary state, "where the best is like the worst; where there ain't no ten commandments, and a man can raise a thirst."

If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else but them spicy garlic smells,
An' the sunshine, an' the palm-trees, an' the tinkly temple bells.

Until the wet monsoon set in, the table was usually placed under a clump of banana-trees, in the patio, opposite a grilled gate-way through which there was a glimpse of the sea. Sometimes we were joined by the two sub-lieutenants and their ladies, sometimes by the Padre Bartolomeo and his brother priests. Often the colonel, the Señorita Dorotea, and I dined by ourselves, idling deliciously over the coffee and cigarrillos as we talked. It was a lazy little town. The natives worked as seldom as possible, and spent most of their time day-dreaming in the shade, fishing from the proas, swimming like so many fish, and occasionally going off on catamaran visits to such islands as could be seen while the peak of Tiniquio was still above the horizon. They seldom took the chance of navigating beyond sight of land.

The señorita seemed to consider me her personal charge, and the gobernador placed the entire ménage at my disposal with a courtesy as charming as it was rare. If I chose to stroll by myself, I might have owned the island, so entirely was I left to my own free will. If I wished for company, I had but to clap my hands, and the colonel's orderly, Pépe, would appear somewhere in the near distance, with the information that I would find the colonel or the señorita in such a place. It seems, as I look back upon it, that I must have idled away a great deal of precious time; but this was really not the case. When they asked me what I would like to do, that first Monday morning, I mentioned being very fond of sailing; and in a few moments we were in one of the proas, with a native who sailed the thing like an arrow across the smooth water and along the coast to Orote.

It was rather a primitive affair, as far as construction went, but strong enough to stand pretty heavy weather. The hull had been

hollowed out of a tree-trunk and was pointed at each end. On the lee side it was rounded like any other boat; but to windward it was perpendicularly flat. Lashed across the gunwales, about four feet from each end, were two straight limbs of a tree that looked like teak, eight feet long; and these at their outer extremity were lashed to a rounded and sharpened boom of the same wood. The sail, of cocoa matting, was a triangular one, which seemed out of all proportion to the narrow hull beneath it. There was a stout bamboo mast in the middle, and from this hung a smaller and a longer pole which formed the upper side of the sail's triangle, meeting the lower one in a point at the bow, where they were secured like a jib. The immense spread of sail pulled us through the water at such a rate that I feared we might upset, but the colonel laughed at me.

"Eet ees imposseeble to upset him, Señor Stefans," he said. "I haf seen the wind lift him clear out of the water, even the outrigger also, but he does come down every time upon his feet. The hull so light is that the outrigger booms cannot tear of themselves loose."

"But isn't it very difficult to sail in anything like a straight line? I should think she'd make an awful lot of leeway."

"Not so, señor; eet ees not so. Turn you yourself around and watch the top of Santa Rosa Mountain. You will see a piece of yellow rock on Punta de los Anantes, just below. Pedro will sail him ten miles into the sea, yet the peak and that rock shall be exactly in line all of the time. Do you but watch him verra close."

For half an hour I did watch, and I am bound to say the two points didn't budge an inch to the right or left of the vertical line. This settled the leeway question in my mind, and I took such a liking to the craft that I determined to own one. I asked the colonel what they were worth.

"What, one like this? But a few pesos, señor. But I never have heard of one being sold. Each man builds his own."

"Hmpf. Did you ever build one, colonel?"

"I,—el gobernador! Por Dios, you do but laugh at me! Pedro, how many of the proas have I at Agana?"

"All are the gobernador's, Excelencia."

"And how many has el Señor Stefans while he remains at Agana?"

"All of the gobernador's, Excelencia."

"Por Dios, it is true, señor."

"Well, that is exceedingly kind, I must say. But, you see, colonel, I am very fond of sailing, and I should like to have one always ready—one that I was used to—in case I wanted to go off fishing with you, or in which I could take the ladies for a day upon the water. Sometimes I have un melancolia and I like to go away by myself, lest I prove bad company. So I'd like to have one of these boats that I could use whenever I pleased. And I don't think it's quite fair to take it without paying something."

"None but un Americano would think of it, señor. Give Pedro a bundle of cigars, if you like, and he will find you the best one on the island."

That settled the boat question. I had a perfect little beauty before

night, and in a few days I was able to handle it almost as expertly as the natives. Being practically unsinkable, and drawing but ten inches of water, it was only necessary to look out for the sail in sudden squalls; otherwise a child could have handled it.

That evening saw a marvellous transformation in the señorita. She had reached the bottom of her Manila box at last, and one of the prettiest of the three gowns had gone on in a twinkling. The memory of the Señorita Palacios's appearance was fresh enough in her mind to show instantly the difference in style between the new and the old ones. Her unaccountable possession of the extra finery was something she put off for later and more deliberate consideration, being satisfied, for the time being, to despatch hasty dinner invitations to the other ladies and shyly watch the impression produced when she descended among us. I was horribly conscious of my previous meddling in her affairs, and feared I might betray myself; but the gown was so much more becoming to her than it had been to the original owner that I was lost in admiration. She wasn't one of your unsophisticated girls, either. Her life in Madrid had taught her how to wear even antiquated frocks like a princess, and it needed no stretch of the imagination to fancy ourselves within sight of the Plaza del Oriente, as we looked at our hostess.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAD determined to lose no time in attempting to see the document in Fray Ignacio's box, and, as it proved, the dinner-party helped me materially. Bartolomeo and the other priests dropped in upon us before the close of the meal, and were prevailed upon to spend the evening. Whether my liking for the señorita had at that time awakened a reciprocal feeling, I didn't know; but she seemed aware of my desire to get the padres in a happy frame of mind, and aided me in every way she could, ordering Pépe to bring bottles, and more bottles, for the delectation of the company. Palm brandy, or aguardiente, is the only brand known in the Ladrões, and that seldom appears upon a gentleman's table. But light wines, and, for stronger heads, rum and water, are freely indulged in. The result is rarely drunkenness: the stuff doesn't act that way in warm climates. But for early-drooping eyelids and dreamless sleep that works like anæsthetics, give me two bottles of Spanish wine that have made the voyage to Manila or Guajan. The padres were built upon the cistern principle, all of them; but they were practically asleep before eleven, at which time they accepted the colonel's hospitality and fell to snoring peacefully upon the floor or the rattan sofas, wherever they happened to drop.

It was such a perfect night that the señorita strolled down to the beach with me before retiring, and I have a hazy recollection of kissing her. Something of the sort, anyway, for she left her cool fingers in mine for half a minute before she disappeared.

This, and her personal loveliness in the moonlight, came near to interfering with my progress; for upon reaching my room I took an

easy-chair out upon the balcony and smoked for over an hour, thinking of her. The windows of her room were diagonally opposite my own, across the patio; and I fancied once or twice that I could detect her figure among the shadows. After a while, however, it struck me that if I were really going to do anything it was about time to get at it. So I opened the sea-chest and took out the electric safety lantern, then silently made my way along the corridors and down to the room where the padres were snoring.

I have been told by doctors that fat men usually sleep more soundly than their skinny brethren, and my experience that night seemed to clinch the assertion; for, though I had to feel over several square feet of Bartolomeo's anatomy in my search for his bunch of keys, he never even wiggled. It would have been possible, of course, to force the locks; but that was too risky an operation when simpler methods were available.

Stepping across the little square, the air was so still that I could hear the lapping of the ripples on the beach, a quarter of a mile away; and I seemed to be the only living creature awake. I had no difficulty in finding the key which opened the postern door at the rear of the church, and easily stole through the cloisters as far as the passage leading into the chamber of horrors. This was so pitchy dark that I turned on the current in my lamp and was startled at the brilliancy of the light which shot from its lens. When it fell upon the ghastly figure with the diseased wish-bone, a cold chill started the goose-flesh all over me: the contrast between the señorita's warm, breathing loveliness, of which I had been dreaming, and this semblance of rotting carrion, was something horrible. I had to take a good pull at my flask before I could unlock the iron trap and descend into the vaults. There, also, the foul dampness, and the company of real bodies, made my scalp creep until it felt as though each individual hair were squirming.

When Bartolomeo introduced me to the remains of Fray Ignacio, that morning, I felt more or less of a friendly interest in the old chap: we hadn't been near enough to appreciate the ghastliness of the grinning skull, half hidden by its gray cowl. But now, when I placed my light between his toes and attempted gently to ease his stomach of that heavy box, the bony fingers clung to it with gruesome strength: the old bones cracked and wheezed as I tugged at it. How I managed to keep from fainting outright, I never knew. My efforts to remove the chest from the old fellow's lap seemed to threaten a disarrangement of his skeleton so seriously that I gave up the attempt and unlocked it where it lay. To this he made no objections: he even appeared to take a mild interest in the proceedings, wagging and wabbling his old skull, with horrid whisperings and creakings, every time I leaned against him.

The papers in the box were covered with a thick layer of dust, and, after another pull at the flask,—in which the fray, by a sorrowful wag of the cowl, refused to join me,—I gently lifted the top ones with a pair of pocket pliers so as to show the least possible disturbance. Realizing that every moment was precious, I hastily scanned the other

documents until one bearing the fray's signature appeared, which proved to be the shipwrecked officer's statement. I wanted to read every word; but it was in old Spanish, the parchment was so brittle that it rattled like fire-crackers, and there was really but one sentence that I needed. So, glancing rapidly from line to line, I finally came upon one which, translated, read, "Position of ledge, approximately, $12^{\circ} 30' 30''$ N. lat., $144^{\circ} 23' 00''$ E. lon." This I hastily pencilled upon the wrist-band of my shirt; then, considering the advisability of destroying the document, I had decided that its absence might be discovered at any time, and was about to replace it, when I thought of Sebastiano. I couldn't afford to leave accurate information for him to find. In a second or two an idea occurred to me, and, striking a match, I held it over the parchment in such a way that it charred the figures completely out, yet looked as though a cinder had fallen accidentally upon the page. It was, of course, likely that the padre would have his suspicions if he ever saw it; but if I succeeded in getting safely out of the church, I thought, he'd have a sweet time verifying them.

To replace all of the documents was a work of some moments, so careful was I not to disturb the coatings of dust with which they were covered. Then I locked the box, while the fray sadly wobbled his head at my temerity, and started to return. The floor of the vaults was of pounded clay, and each step I took produced a vibration which filled the air with echoes of other creeping footsteps. My nerve was worn to a thin edge by this time, and had it not been for the brandy I probably should have lost consciousness. Yet, standing there in that foul, subterranean passage, in an island practically unknown to the world and thousands of miles from civilization, I couldn't help grinning to myself—a chattering, nervous grin it was, too—at the incongruity of a prosaic commercial man, who had worried through thirty-five years of humdrum existence, being in such a position. What an unmitigated liar my acquaintances in the club at Hong-Kong would think me if I merely detailed the bare facts!

Ascending to the image-chamber, my hand trembled so that I couldn't hold the light steady; and this erratic illumination gave the figures a ghastly appearance of life. I was hastily crossing toward the narrow entrance which led to the cloisters, when the murmur of a voice in the chancel, on the other side of the wall, made me shut off the current in my lamp and gasp for breath. In an instant I was in darkness so thick I could feel it, though a very faint reflection from the waning moon made a sort of grayness up where the windows were; but, looking toward the chancel wall, I noticed a faint luminousness in one particular spot, and it was from this quarter that the voice seemed to come.

It took but a moment to figure out that this spot must be approximately in the rear of the crucifix head over the altar. There was a pile of boxes just under it, on my side, so I cautiously climbed to where I could look through. Then my nervousness left me. For on his knees before the altar was lay-brother Felipe, pattering out prayers for the repose of the good dead fathers below. It afterward came out

that he had been asleep in his cell, and, awaking suddenly, had heard footsteps and echoes in the catacomb which fairly curdled his blood: so, by the light of the only candle he could find, he was doing his best to lay the restless spirits.

How recklessness got the upper hand of me would be hard to say; but, without giving the danger a second thought, I lifted my lantern to the aperture and turned on the current. I would have given a large sum to have seen the effect from the church side: it must have been more than startling. I could tell the exact instant when the lay brother raised his eyes to the top of the crucifix by the way his murmuring stopped short. There was a gasp of astonishment too great for louder articulation, a shiver of ecstatic fear; and when I squinted through the hole, after shutting off the current, he was grovelling, face down, upon the chancel floor.

This was my opportunity. Calculating that he wouldn't dare raise his eyes for several moments, no matter what strange noises echoed through the church, I slipped around through the postern and succeeded in restoring to the Padre Bartolomeo's snoring torso his bunch of keys without being seen. Once back in my room, I locked the door and put a chair against it; for I was considerably shaken up, and looked as though I had spent a week in the infernal regions.

Breakfast was fortunately late, so I had time to bathe and make myself a little more presentable; but I must have looked seedy even then. This, however, was naturally laid to the dinner-party of the previous evening, none of the gentlemen feeling very positive as to when, or just how, he had parted from the others. I thought that when the padres got thoroughly waked up, and had time to get the lay brother's experience through their heads, there was likely to be more of a sensation than the little town had known in many moons: so, complaining of a severe headache, I invited the colonel and his daughter to sail with me in the new proa. Having to hear a few cases at the tribunal that morning, he politely declined, but assured me that Dorotea would be pleased to go.

This was better than I had bargained for. Knowing the strict ideas in regard to chaperonage which regulate Spanish society, it never occurred to me that such a *tête-à-tête* would be permitted; but I found that Guajan, like a steamer at sea, was more or less outside of social restrictions, a law unto itself.

The señorita seemed to have perfect confidence in my seamanship, and was evidently glad of such an opportunity to ask questions. As we skimmed along over the blue water I satisfied her curiosity regarding American women, and gave radical opinions on men of various nationalities,—chief among which was a caution against believing what any man said to her unless she knew him very well, because they were not all truthful and honorable like myself. I wonder how many men have solemnly worked this gray-bearded old warning on girls whose society they selfishly wished to monopolize. And I also wonder what curious train of thought must run through a woman's mind when she hears it from the hundredth man.

It is unnecessary to detail the progressive steps by which our talk

became more confidential, or to describe the periods of satisfactory silence when we floated along in delicious idleness under shortened sail, the northeast trade wind gently fanning our cheeks and the cottony clouds reflected in the broad Pacific. We two were alone between sky and water, and the island was a mere bank upon the horizon. Under such circumstances it is exceedingly difficult to keep one's thoughts from showing in the face, and I began to feel that I could trust this girl as I had never trusted a woman before.

She knew that I had some ulterior object in remaining at Agana, and her manner led me to believe that she would further it as far as lay in her power, at least while I showed a preference for her society over that of other women. This wasn't expressed in so many words, but she confessed to the knowledge that I had left the house on some adventure during the night, and to an impression that I wanted the padre out of the way, though her surmising went no further than that.

We had taken a lunch with us, so it was well toward evening when we returned, to find the town in a commotion over the strange and terrible miracle which had been witnessed by lay-brother Felipe. I've often thought that I was an innocent means of giving the Holy Roman Church a deeper root in the Ladrões than it ever had before. Even Padre Bartolomeo, who was too wily a bird, and too well educated, to be fooled by an ordinary every-day miracle, was a good deal shaken up by the lay brother's yarn. His superior learning had fostered a laxity in his principles, an impression that he could drink and gamble with impunity; but after a thorough examination of the chancel, together with unavailing cross-questioning of his entranced associate, he began to wonder if there were not more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in his philosophy. However, as the offerings which began to pour in exceeded anything in his recollection, he kept his head, and continued to look upon himself as a blessed, though humble, medium.

CHAPTER X.

By Thursday morning I was ready to start for the reef, but thought it best to wait a couple of days longer, in order to avoid rousing suspicion by an all-day absence alone.

Nearly all of my new acquaintances had sailed with me, at odd times, and my reputation as an enthusiastic yachtsman was pretty well established. So, early Saturday morning, I had Pépe wheel my chest down to the beach, telling him that I was taking my tarpaulins and lunch, with the intention of sailing off and on around the island. I also said that I would camp somewhere if I found it impossible to get back that evening.

Pépe was a pretty decent old chap, as orderlies go, and seemed to have taken a fancy to me for reasons of his own,—possibly my habit of giving him cigars now and then. He had been in the islands long enough to be something of a weather prophet, and insisted upon bring-

ing down an extra supply of provisions in case the wind should fail when I was too far out. He also cautioned me against losing sight of the mountain, as otherwise I might steer clear of it and never be able to find my way back. I assured him that I would be careful, and felt easier at this indication that my knowledge of navigation was unsuspected. The study had always been a fascinating one, and in my voyages between Frisco and Yokohama I had improved the opportunities to know all I could of it. Without the aid of a Nautical Almanac it might have been difficult for me to fix a ship's position accurately at sea, but Halstead had coached me on the voyage from Manila until I felt reasonably confident.

It was an ideal morning for the experiment. The breeze was just fresh enough to send the proa scudding before it, and the sky was clear blue from horizon to horizon. McPherson had made for me a slot, from two pieces of copper, riveted to a strip of flat iron, to hold the log register; and this I secured, by lashings, to the aftermost outrigger while I was running from Agana to Point Orote, steering with a long, flat-bladed paddle which I held between my knees. When a sufficient distance from the shore, I took out the compass and placed it between my feet. Fortunately, the gobernador had got it into his head that my luggage contained delicate scientific instruments, so he had given strict orders that it should be handled carefully in transit from the steamer.

As the catamaran approached Orote I took out the log, slipped the register into its slot, and coiled up the line so that it could be instantly eased away, then steered within a hundred yards of the rocks so as to get an exact bearing. When near enough, I let the bow fall off a little until the proa was heading exactly fifteen degrees and twenty-seven minutes to the westward of south,—the odd three minutes being an allowance I thought best to make for leeway. My compass being but six inches in diameter, it was practically impossible to keep it exactly on a hair-line between fifteen and sixteen degrees when the proa was crossing a long swell; but by keeping it somewhere between the south by west quarter west and the south by west half west points I felt sure of holding on a fairly true course.

When Orote rock was precisely under the third northerly spur of Mount Tiniquio, I knew the bearing they formed was exactly at right angles with an air-line to the reef, and, dropping the log screw overboard, commenced paying out the line, being careful that it shouldn't fall low enough to foul the rocks. Then, with the great sail skimming over the water like an albatross, the proa flew straight for the open sea.

For over an hour I scarcely lifted my eyes from the compass; and the way that frail catamaran held to her course would have shamed many a deep-keeled steamer. Looking back toward the island, the peak of Tiniquio was the only thing visible above the horizon. Twenty minutes more, and there was nothing in sight but sky and water, the log dial indicating thirty-eight miles: so that in a little while I might expect to be near the reef. For several minutes more I looked at nothing, thought of nothing, but the compass and log.

Forty miles,—forty-five miles,—fifty miles, with scarcely a devia-

tion from my fifteen and a half degrees. Fifty-one miles: I was trembling a little with excitement now. Fifty-two miles: I held the paddle between my knees while I got out the sounding-line and placed it by my side. Fifty-three miles: the water certainly seemed flatter, just ahead. Fifty-four miles: I hauled in my log line and screw, lest they should catch on the rocks and be lost. Two minutes more; I lowered away the sail until there was just enough pulling to give the proa a gentle headway. Over went the lead: my heart was in my mouth as I watched the line disappear. At twelve feet the two leather strips went under, then the three strips; then there was a jerk, a series of gentle taps as the lead dragged along the rock, and I knew that at last I had found the Santa Rosa Shoal. I was absolutely alone upon the broad expanse of ocean,—not even a gull in sight. There was nothing to indicate that the ocean bottom was any nearer me than the three-mile depth over which I had just sailed, and I could have tossed a pebble into that from where I sat. Yet I had actually found, and under the impenetrable mask of those long, glassy waves was touching, through the lead-line, a mystery of the sea which for nearly a century and a half had baffled all investigation. The fact seemed so wonderful that for some time I sat there letting it soak in where my mind could grasp it.

According to Halstead's figures, my position was then about twelve thirty-three north, by one-forty-four, twenty-two, east. The figures in Fray Ignacio's document had been $12^{\circ} 30' 30''$ north by $144^{\circ} 23' 00''$ east. So the approximate position of the wreck was one mile farther east, and two and a half miles to the southward, from where I then was. From the drag of my lead on bottom, I calculated the headway to be about six miles an hour, and steered due south for twenty minutes; then I headed east until it seemed as though the proa had gone an even mile, and was just about to stow away the sail, when the lead-line flashed over the side like lightning, as if a shark were making off with it. But upon grasping the coil I found only the natural resistance of its own weight, and knew I must have reached the weather side of the ledge. I paid out the whole thirty fathoms, but the pull was as strong as ever. Then, taking the linen line from the chest, I bent it on to the other and kept paying out for several minutes; but no bottom. Being afraid to lose it, I began hauling in, measuring on the gunwale as I did so, and found that it had gone down over nine hundred feet. Well, when a man is alone in mid-ocean, on nothing but a few sticks, and finds himself over an unfathomable abyss, the sensation is something like that of worms crawling around in his gizzard,—a sort of ticklish feeling through his insides.

Heading about to the westward, I crept slowly back over my course, leaving the lead five fathoms under water. In three minutes it struck bottom and dragged. Then I lowered away the lump of coquina which served as an anchor,—leaving fifty feet of slack line, which I secured to the mast with running loops,—after which I ate an orange, took a few swallows of wine, and fished out the diving-suit.

I remember once, when a boy of eighteen, being invited to a very swell ball at which I expected to meet a girl who had produced a

strong impression upon me, and spending, in consequence, nearly two hours over my toilet before I was satisfied with it. But that wasn't a circumstance to the care with which I got into that diving-suit, though the time consumed was appreciably less. The recollection of my sensations when first trying it on gave me a feeling of apprehensiveness which it was impossible to shake off. I pumped air into the knapsack until it wouldn't stand another inch. I examined every rivet and clamp, every seam and strengthening hoop, before putting it on. But at last I was completely bottled up, with the sole exception of the lens in front of my face. This I left open to get another bite of orange and at least half the bottle of wine, realizing that no matter how much I might want either, under water, they would be simply out of the question.

Then I screwed on the lens, opened the valve from the knapsack, and started to step over the gunwale; but my feet seemed glued fast: I had forgotten that the leaden soles of my shoes weighed sixteen pounds each, and that there were weights attached to my shoulders and belt as well. They got themselves over at last, however, and, letting the line slip through my hand, I sank rapidly to the bottom.

At first the sensation was similar to diving, naked, in deep water. There was the same bubbling numbness in the ears, the impression of light, faintly penetrating through an opaque green substance, and grotesque, shadowy objects which caught at the feet and made it difficult to step. The absence of buoyant feeling was strange and very uncomfortable. Had it not been for Halstead's precaution in making me try the suit on, I might easily have lost my head during the first five minutes. There was a rushing of air from the knapsack which made me gasp for breath, and the continual pop-pop-pop-popping of air-bubbles from the top of the copper helmet filled me with a horrible dread that the water was pressing in upon me through some unsuspected leak in the armor.

Presently, however, it seemed evident that I was neither drowning nor suffocating yet, and I tried to look about me. Everything had the shadowy appearance that objects will take on in a room from which the sunlight has been excluded by window-shades,—a sort of cool twilight. But as my eyes became accustomed to it, and as confidence began to return, I could see more distinctly. My body was protected by copper hoops which allowed me to breathe in comparative freedom, but my limbs felt as though the sleeves and breeches were fourteen sizes too tight and were likely to split whenever they moved.

As nearly as one might calculate, the range of sight extended in a radius of about fifty feet,—though at that distance objects had merely the appearance of blurred masses,—and in a few moments I commenced making my way along the reef to the s'uth'ard, keeping as near the easterly edge as I dared, but being careful to plant each foot firmly before taking a step. It must have been instinct which led me down the reef instead of up, for when I had walked a couple of hundred yards I stumbled against a dark mass which seemed to be an abrupt rise of the shoal. The side toward me was so steep that I was afraid to climb it, so I walked carefully around, wondering at its odd over-

hanging formation on the westerly end. At the southerly side it sloped away in a gentle declivity, which I mounted with ease.

The rock must have been at least fifteen feet higher than the surrounding ledge, for I could see the sun through the water overhead. It was longest from east to west, and in the middle was a small projection as high as my shoulders. It was this which sent a shivering conviction through me that I had found the wreck at last, and I eagerly searched for another projection at the westerly end. After taking about twenty steps, I found it, or rather I found a small lump of rock where it should have been; and this settled my last doubt. My first impression, that the foremast had broken off shorter than the main, was accounted for by the fact that the whole westerly end of the mound was two or three feet higher than the middle. Walking east, to the other end, I found it several feet lower yet: so our theory as to the drift of the coral fragments had been absolutely correct. It now remained but to ascertain how thick the coating was on the northerly side, and I rapidly scrambled down to where I had first stumbled against the wreck.

I had brought the smaller steel bar with me from the proa, and this I began driving against the perpendicular incrustation of coral at a spot near the stern. At the second blow, however, I slightly lost my equilibrium, and found that the rock upon which I stood shelved rapidly. A horror of the unfathomable depth which lay but a few feet beyond made me throw myself flat upon the bottom, digging my nails into the coral lest I should slip and sink to I knew not where. Lying there until the beating of my heart slowed down to something like a normal pulsation, I saw a faint reflection of light beneath the keel,—enough to show that several feet of the stern hung sheer over the precipice.

It must have been at least ten minutes before I recovered strength enough to crawl back upon the higher portion of the ledge; then, realizing that my supply of air was nearly exhausted, I braced myself firmly and began driving away with the steel bar again. The coral easily crumbled under the blows, though at that depth it was filled with live animalcula, and in a few moments the bar had penetrated several inches; then it struck something soft and spongy, in which it stuck. Rapidly enlarging the hole until I could put my hand into it without tearing the skin, I felt about for a second or two and succeeded in detaching a splinter of water-logged wood,—a piece of the hull itself.

This was enough for one day. I had found the reef. I had actually found the wreck of a ship which, from its coral deposit, must have lain in the one position for over a hundred years at least,—presumably the galleon *Nuestra Señora de Sevilla*. And I had found that the coral jacket on the northerly side of her hull was less than six inches in thickness! I wanted to dance from sheer satisfaction; but it occurred to me that it might be safer to do so in the proa, above water, so I started back toward her.

Now my mind was so filled with exultation at having accomplished seeming impossibilities that I tried to put my hands in my pockets and whistle as I strode along. But there were no pockets in the confounded

rig, and the whistle was a mistake,—a big mistake. It not only exhausted my breathing-air, but it produced a concussion in that copper helmet which nearly lifted the roof off my skull. It shook my confidence so much that, when the ringing partially subsided in my ears, I hurried along even faster toward the proa. After walking considerably farther than what should have been the proper distance, I began to curse my thoughtlessness in not towing the thing along after me, instead of leaving it to be hunted up when even seconds were precious. In my nervousness I must have gone too far. Finally I turned back, looking right and left for the line which had been fastened to the lump of coquina. Just when hope had almost left me, I stumbled upon the piece of rock and grasped the rope to ascend. But things seemed to be turned around. Instead of slanting to the westward, as it should have done, the line hung over toward the precipice.

Thinking that I had surely lost my bearings, I took a step or two under it in an attempt to haul the proa directly overhead, but the rock shelved abruptly. In another second I lost my footing. I pulled frantically at the end which was fast to the rock, but only started it rolling after me. Then I clutched at the bare coral; but it was too late. Over I went, and the rock after me, with a jerk which nearly pulled the line from my grasp. Feeling sure that the line would hold at fifty feet, I clung to it desperately. For just the fraction of a second it did hold. Then I could feel those loops slowly, but remorselessly, pulling loose, and I shot downward.

Down, down, until the pressure gripped my arms and legs in an iron vice,—until the blood gushed from my nose and ears. The water grew icy cold, and darker,—darker. The helmet seemed filled with rushing noises, with whisperings and mocking laughter. I tried to tear away the lead weights which hung from my belt and shoulders, but they wouldn't budge. For a moment or two I must have become delirious: I was kissing Dorotea's sweet lips, McPherson was talking about Gladstone in his broadest Scotch, Sam Hung Foo was making bobbery about a pink devil with red stomach and gilded ears, every face I ever knew flashed before my eyes as if the lens were a kinetoscope. Then—there came a jerk at the line! It must have caught on something: I knew I hadn't fastened the other end. To stay at that depth another second would have meant unconsciousness and death. Fearing with every tug that my weight, added to that of the rock, would pull the line loose, I hauled myself up, hand over hand, though the exertion was so great on account of the pressure that every motion seemed likely to burst a blood-vessel. Of course, in doing this, the air in the knapsack counted for a good deal: in all probability, I couldn't have sunk much lower unless it had exploded; but the weights would have held me at that depth had it not been for that slender bit of rope. For several fathoms it needed but the slightest tug to send me shooting upward, and as the pressure decreased I was better able to use my arms. My strength was going fast, however, and nothing but the animal instinct to fight for life saved me. Approaching the surface, I became weaker,—or it required more strength to haul the extra weight,—and when I finally got my arms across the gunwale and outrigger it

was impossible to move another inch. The supply of air had given out, and my last conscious motion was to unscrew the helmet lens.

In a few moments the fresh air revived me, and I succeeded in crawling into the proa. Then I got out of the diving-suit, took a strong pull at the brandy-flask, and hauled in my line. It had run out so rapidly, after fetching loose from the mast, that a snarl had caught the other steel bar and jammed it under the outrigger. Otherwise—well, I didn't like to think of that.

It is curious what an affection one will sometimes feel for inanimate objects. I petted that coquina anchor as if it had been a living creature. You see we had gone down into the valley of the shadow together, and but for a direct interposition of Providence would have been likely to remain there. I must have been altogether upset by the experience, for, after hauling the rock on board, I held it in my lap and almost cried over it.

The position of the proa, over deep water, was explained by the light puffs of wind, which for an hour or two had shifted to the west'ard, as it will sometimes do shortly before the change of monsoon. But in half an hour it was again blowing steadily from the northeast, and I started on my return to Agana.

It was then two o'clock. Having the breeze well forward, I calculated that it would take me at least six hours to get back; but the witch of a boat made good headway within five points of the wind, and I sighted Tiniquio, bearing a little north of east, at four o'clock. Holding on the same course for half an hour, Agana then lay to the southeast'ard; and I put the proa about for a straight run in.

When about ten miles off shore, however, I discovered that I had company; for bearing down from the north'ard was the biggest catamaran I ever saw. The hull must have been at least a hundred feet long, and the sail looked like a gigantic balloon. The instant I noticed it, two words flashed through my mind,—“Padre Sebastiano,”—and I was convinced that my oleaginous shipmate was coming to pay Guajan a visit.

Now, any companions, native or Spanish, who might accompany the padre were likely to be either in his confidence or under his influence; and it struck me that the sea-chest might excite more curiosity than was really safe. So I did considerable hard thinking over what had been told me about the sparsely settled portions of the island, in the effort to decide upon a safe place for the concealment of both chest and treasure if it should become necessary. There was but one spot that I felt sure about,—Port Tarofoto, on the southeast coast. This was a land-locked bay, surrounded by bold, rocky bluffs, and was uninhabited. In an air-line, it was nine and a half miles south of Agana; but, as the islanders never walked or rode that distance when they could travel in proas, there was but one chance in a thousand of any boat's being seen beating in,—especially as the place had the unsavory reputation of being haunted. On the land side there had been an old sugar-plantation known as Mount Tarofoto farm, but the gobernador had mentioned it as being abandoned; and the mountain, or bluff, shut out all view of the sea.

The more I thought of it, the more it seemed exactly the place I wanted. It needed but the falling off a few points to head for Cocos Island instead of Agana, and by half-past six I passed it as close in shore as it was safe to go. By seven I had reached sufficiently to the east'ard for a straight run into Tarofoto, and, going about, rounded Point Paicpou just at dusk. As the depth of water and the exact bearing of the bluffs were accurately shown upon my chart, I had no difficulty in running ashore at the westerly head of Paicpou Cove, which I judged to be completely sheltered from observation on the land side. After lowering the sail, I noticed that the rocks descended abruptly into the water at the spot I had selected, and was on the point of running along to where the chart showed a small creek, when a slight opening attracted my attention. The precipice was so close that I could have tossed a pebble against it, and the spot so perfectly sheltered that I felt safe in using my lantern. Outlines were becoming indistinct in the gathering darkness, but the moment I turned on the current it revealed a fissure, about four feet wide, which led diagonally into the face of the rock. There was a good three feet of water right up to the opening, and upon throwing the light inside I could see that it ended in a cul-de-sac with perpendicular walls.

If I had searched the entire archipelago it would have been difficult to find a place more perfectly suited to my requirements: when I came again, in broad daylight, the fissure was invisible a hundred feet away. It was something of a task to unload the contents of the big chest, but in a short time I had them stowed away under a tarpaulin, sixty feet from the opening, and was ready to leave the cove. The moon was not yet up, but the starlight was sufficient to navigate by, and I reached Agana by eleven o'clock. As the big proa I had seen was of too heavy draught to run across the shoal in front of the town, I was not surprised at her absence. The lights about the gobernador's quarters were sufficient indication that visitors had arrived, and I managed to sneak up the back steps to my room without attracting attention. It was well that I did so, for my face was a sight. Little rivulets of clotted blood covered the lobes of my ears and my upper lip; my eyes looked like burnt holes in a blanket; and, altogether, I presented a most dissipated appearance.

Padre Sebastiano was cordiality itself, but I could see that lay-brother Felipe's miracle was working in his mind, and that he was trying to figure it out upon natural grounds. I was upon the point of asking him how he happened to find the big proa so conveniently forthcoming when he decided to proceed down the islands, but reflected in time that, if I had been fishing to the east'ard, as I had explained, it would have been obviously impossible to see his flag-ship: so I pumped him dry upon Ladrone data instead.

The Agana padres regarded his visit as complimentary in the highest degree, respectfully swallowing his yarn about collecting materials for island history; but I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I pictured his examination of Fray Ignacio's mummy and its precious charge. Sebastiano and I were adversaries: there now seemed but little doubt of this fact. And the more I thought of it the more cer-

tain I felt that my motions were likely to be watched during every hour of the twenty-four. Every time I went sailing alone, there was a strong probability that the big proa would keep me well in sight. Making me the cat's-paw to secure his chestnuts would comfort Sebastiano's very liver.

CHAPTER XI.

THAT the combination against me had strong odds in its favor seemed obvious; and I began to speculate upon how far it was safe to trust the *Señorita Dorotea*. Strolling down to the beach with her, before retiring,—just to throw Sebastiano off his guard,—I learned with intense satisfaction that she both feared and detested the man. She whispered also that her father had reason to suspect the *padres* Julian and Sebastiano of using their influence against him in Manila. For a moment or two I had a suspicion that she and the *gobernador* might be under the *padre's* influence and trying to work themselves into my confidence with the intention of betraying me afterward. But the more I thought of this the more improbable it seemed. In the first place, relations between the educated classes and the priesthood in Spain are rapidly approaching those which obtain in Italy,—neutrality on the surface, distrust beneath. Then, it seemed as though the *señorita* must know too much to look upon Sebastiano in other than his priestly character; and if the friendship between us was warming as rapidly as I thought, it was reasonably safe to stake her woman's heart against her head.

Finally, deciding to risk it, I asked her if she cared to spend Monday upon the water with me; and she accepted the invitation with such evident pleasure that I shoved all worry about the *padre* clear of my mind for the time.

When Monday morning came, we breakfasted in the patio and made an early start before Sebastiano appeared, sailing leisurely around Cocos Reef as if we had the day before us and were disposed to take things easy. When I asked Dorotea if she had ever sailed into the bays on the east side, she said that, as it was usually rough and windy there, few of the islanders cared about it, only remaining in the little villages during the wet monsoon or while they were gathering rice and sugar crops. She was willing to go anywhere I chose to take her, however, and had no suspicion of my object until we headed into Paicpouc Cove for the instruments and diving apparatus. Then, before taking them from the fissure, I told her of my intention to search for something under the sea at Santa Rosa Reef, and asked if she would help me. Looking straight into my face for a moment, she said,—

"Does not the *Señor Enrique* know of a reason why I would do anything in the world for him?"

"Nothing more than the evidence of your friendliness, *señorita mía*."

"So! But you do have the bad memory. It may seem nothing that you try to give great pleasure to la *señorita* whom you never have

seen. I suppose men do think it matters little to a woman whether she does appear like other women or like una bárbara? Yet you must have known, Enriquito, or you would not have tried to do me la gran benevolencia on el vapor, when mias primas despreciables did me defraudar ignominiosamente——”

“Why, how the dickens did you find out? Who told you?”

“Yourself, señor.”

“I? How? Impossible!”

“You did just tell me, by your exclamación. I but guessed before. True, the Señorita Palacios did say that you were un generoso,—that you did like my picture all of the time,—also that if I did find anything which I could not understand, you all about it would know. Then, mias primas in Manila did write the letter about the trimming they did have put upon las vestidas. Y contemplar! they were as described. But there were others, not of the style antiguo. And of them there is no explanación in the letter.”

“Oh, well, don’t say any more about it. You caught me nicely, I must say. It was the señorita’s generosity, not mine. She was very kind, and it was all her doing. Now make yourself comfortable, and we’ll try to find Santa Rosa.”

The dress business was dangerous ground, and I didn’t want to discuss it: there was the possibility of her resenting an implication that her appearance in the picture wasn’t perfect. Then, again, I couldn’t tell how the other girl’s having made such a present, merely from the desire to please Halstead and myself, would strike her.

A return to Point Orote, to get my bearings, would have cost a good hour and a half: so I determined to trust the chart, which was laid out on a scale of three-sixty-fourths of an inch to the mile, and make a straight run from Tarofoto. Knowing as I now did the exact position of the reef, it was a simple matter to figure the distance exactly—forty-nine miles, south-southwest quarter west—and steer accordingly.

My calculations proved correct, the lead touching bottom at about half-past eleven. With my former dangerous experience in mind, I determined to locate the wreck, if possible, before going down, and steered directly along the precipitous face of the shoal with a firm grip on the sounding-line, which told the instant that we edged off over deep water. Proceeding in this way, the lead was pretty sure to strike the wreck and drag when we came to it; but, as an extra precaution, I lowered away the rock anchor and let it hang six feet under water. This experiment was an entire success, for in a few moments it caught so sharply against the perpendicular side of the hulk as almost to snap its line: had there been more than a rag of the sail up, it would have done so.

As we needed all the time there was, I told Dorotea to turn around and gaze upon the wonders of the vasty deep while I got into that diving-suit. It was just as well, however, that curiosity got the better of her before I put on the helmet, or my appearance might have scared her into a fit. The rig certainly made an uncouth monster of me, but it didn’t frighten her half so much as did the idea of my remaining under water in it. She clung to me for several moments, letting me

kiss her as much as I pleased, before I could bottle myself up. Her nervousness was contagious ; but I impressed upon her mind the necessity of keeping a sharp lookout for other proas, and showed her how to signal with the line if it should be necessary.

The descent was accompanied by the same uncomfortable sensation that had been a feature of my former experience ; but, regaining confidence a little more quickly, I carefully examined the wreck with the electric lantern. I dreaded to use dynamite, lest it might dislodge the stern and send it crashing down to unfathomable depths ; but there was no choice in the matter. It would have taken all the afternoon to cut through the coral and timbers. So, fixing one of the cartridges in a hole drilled by the steel bar, I arranged the line so as to detach a heavy sledge-hammer, which we had brought, and drop it upon the mercury capsule.

There was considerable doubt in my mind whether the thing would explode ; but when I ascended to the proa and, after paddling a hundred feet away, pulled the line, the doubt was removed. Two or three square rods of water rose in a gigantic bubble, as if from a boiling spring, accompanied by a rumbling which sounded very like "un terremoto," as Dorotea said.

I lost no time in descending again when the commotion subsided, and found a gaping eight-foot hole in the hull. For a moment or two I hesitated about entering. All the stories about divers who had been caught and suffocated in old wrecks flashed through my mind. But finally, mustering courage enough to crawl inside, I began to investigate. The space evidently had been an after hold in the galleon, for it was filled with packages done up in hides : they and their contents were now hard as coral rock, but had once been indigo-bales, without doubt. A number of them must have been stove through the planking when the galleon struck, for I could almost stand upright without touching the deck-beams overhead.

Cautiously making my way aft, I came to a bulkhead separating the hold from a lazaretto directly beneath the captain's cabin. This I feared would be solid, in order to prevent communication from the forward part of the ship ; and so it proved. As it presumably fenced in the strong room, or treasure-chamber, there was nothing to do but force an opening through it without delay. (It must be understood that even a diver who has spent years at the business, and has an attendant pumping fresh air down to him, cannot afford to waste an instant of time or undertake anything requiring violent exertion while he is inside of a wreck, under water. The slightest miscalculation, the displacement of some heavy object, may cause him either to lose his head or to become entangled beyond the possibility of escape.) I hated to use another cartridge : the chances were even that it might blow the treasure into Father Neptune's sub-cellar. But the effects of the first explosion appeared to be merely local, there being no indication of radial splits in the coral incrustation ; and that decided the question.

The sledge had disappeared, so the shorter steel bar had to take its place as an explosive agent. Calculating that the force would be mostly

Then
inside, I descended as soon as the rumbling had ceased; but the water in the hull was still violently agitated, and the current forced me back when I attempted to enter. After this had subsided, I crawled into a place so changed in appearance that it made me feel queer. The great lumps which had once been indigo were hurled in all directions, mostly forward. In some places they were piled even with the deck-timbers: toward the after bulkhead they were scooped away to a depth of six feet, and the planking beyond was completely crushed through, leaving a large hole into the lazaretto.

I was exceedingly careful where I stepped, but lost no time crawling in. The moment had come at last when our hopes were destined to be realized or finally destroyed. I cast the light slowly about the place. Along the after side there were several tiers of small boxes, piled one above the other, and there seemed to have been an even larger number against the bulkhead; but the explosion had thrown them all about the place. Wondering why none of them had smashed open, I presently noticed that several had gone to pieces a little beyond where I was standing, scattering their contents in drifts over the floor.

With a sense of unreality numbing my brain, I stooped and took some of the objects in my hand. They were round and flat, smaller than a silver dollar. They were covered with a thin film of corrosion, through which I had no difficulty in making out the castles and rampant lions of the Spanish royal arms. I scratched with my knife at the corrosive film: the bright yellow gleam beneath proved conclusively that the coin was an old double-doubloon, or doubloon onza, worth fifteen dollars and a half, troy weight, and probably something more on account of its antiquity, for it was dated 1761 (reign of Charles III.) and bore the mint mark of Mexico City,—M°. It was impossible to estimate the number of these doubloons in sight: there were tiers upon tiers of the boxes, and they were all full.

Stepping toward the side wall, to see how deep they were piled against it, I stumbled over the combing of a hatchway in the floor. The cover was unfastened; and, after raising it, the light revealed a short ladder, which I cautiously descended. At the bottom I found myself in a lower hold which had been used as a second and larger treasure-chamber. The forward end was piled solid with bars, three inches square by fourteen inches long, which proved to be ingots of pure silver; and in boxes, all around, were globe dollars of Charles III.'s time (bearing date of 1768 and fresh from the Seville mint when the galleon was lost), eight-real pieces of Philip V., dollars from the Mexican mint, bearing simply the Spanish arms, and even four-real pieces. I remember wishing that all the treasure had been gold, on account of its bulk; but, after ascending to the upper chamber, I knew pretty well how Edmund Dantes must have felt.

I had provided myself with a stout bag of cocoa matting, and was raking handfuls of the doubloons into it, when there came a sharp tug at the line fastened around my waist. This was the danger-signal agreed upon with Dorotea: so, dragging the heavy sack, I scrambled out through the hulk and pulled myself up to the proa. It took our united efforts to get my burden over the gunwale; then Dorotea

pointed off to the west'ard, where a gigantic sail was moving swiftly along.

To unscrew the helmet-clamps and take it off was but the work of a few seconds; then I grabbed the glass and focussed it upon the other craft. It was the padre's big proa, as I had suspected,—his corpulent figure near the helmsman was unmistakable,—but so far away as to be all but hull down; and, making to the s'uth'ard as she was, it was highly improbable that he had seen our mast. For a good half-hour I watched the proa, not daring to raise our own sail, lest it should be seen; then Sebastiano put about to the west'ard and almost disappeared. This was our opportunity, so we were quickly off in the opposite direction. I calculated that by making forty miles due east we should have the wind about right for a straight reach into Tarofoto, and could probably get there by six o'clock. It was actually a little before that when I concealed the gold and other articles in the fissure, so that, catching enough sea-bass on the way to account for our long sail, we arrived at Agana by eight. In all my experience with sailing craft, extending over many years and gathered upon every sea of the globe, I have never found anything to equal the island proas of the Western Pacific in either speed or safety. On account of their strength and lightness they are practically indestructible, and their enormous sail-area makes them the fastest things upon salt water. That my statement of having made twenty-six statute miles an hour with one, before the wind, is no exaggeration, any one who has ever sailed in one will admit.

Sebastiano returned about nine o'clock, having left the big proa at Apra, and, while satisfying his voracious appetite, told us quite frankly that he had spent the day looking for the Santa Rosa Shoal. Recalling, for Colonel de Garma's benefit, the conversations which had induced Captain Halstead to sound for the shoal, the padre asked if I could remember the position given upon the Imray chart. When I repeated it, he said that an older Spanish chart, which he had seen in Manila, located the reef at least twenty miles farther west; that he had supposed at the time, and in fact until Halstead explained its nature, it was really a small islet which showed above water, and the most southerly one of the archipelago. This statement didn't exactly tally with the questions he had asked on the steamer when looking at Halstead's chart, but I could hardly repress a grin of satisfaction, nevertheless. If my fat friend pinned his faith upon this last theory, it would keep him at least thirty miles away from me whenever he pursued his investigations.

The fact, however, that he intended making a systematic search for the shoal complicated matters a good deal. He was likely to overhaul me, sooner or later, and find that I was actually removing the treasure. He might have spies all over the island, for all I knew, and some day my visits to Port Tarofoto might be reported to him. Then, again, if I succeeded in getting all the money as far as my rocky fissure, it was sure to be spirited away by Sebastiano or the natives if they were successful in tracking me; and, cudgel my wits as I might, there seemed no way in which I could secrete it until the steamer returned

without exciting suspicion,—suspicion which might cause it to disappear at any moment. It seemed imperative that I should consult Halstead before getting any more of the stuff above water: yet in case there were no passengers for Guajan, as we had talked, there wasn't a chance of seeing him for nearly four months, and there was some doubt of his returning even then. There was a possibility of my reaching Yap in the proa before he left that island, but it was a pretty formidable undertaking. After spending considerable thought over the situation, however, it seemed unsafe to attempt any other move; and I determined to risk it.

There was practically little danger that Sebastiano would succeed in accomplishing anything: not being a navigator, his investigations were pure guess-work and dead reckoning from Guajan. Even if he did locate the reef, I was positive that he had no diving-apparatus; and he couldn't do much without: that I knew from my own experience. The principal thing that worried me was the chance of his running across my equipment in the fissure, and taking it with me was out of the question. While thinking the matter over, I wondered if the padre had investigated Fray Ignacio's box. A scrap of conversation with Bartolomeo, which I had overheard, implied that he had: it indicated considerable displeasure with the resident padre for some reason or other. If such were really the case, it might be months before any one connected with the church would have occasion to visit either the crypt or the room containing the votive offerings again; and this gave me an idea.

The islanders are intensely superstitious, and it has always been a policy of the Church to foster this characteristic. So that, if I could add to the already bad reputation of Tarofoto Bay, neither threats, bribes, nor persuasion would avail to get a native within miles of the place. In view of this fact, my friend with the diseased wish-bone seemed peculiarly fitted for the purpose, if I could only spirit him away. Sebastiano had partaken heartily of his late supper that evening, and, between them, the padres had punished a vast quantity of wine. Aside from this, they were thoroughly tired out by their day upon the water, and in all probability would sleep like logs. So, an hour or so after they had retired, I cautiously slipped into the church through the little postern, as I had done before.

Not a soul appeared to be stirring. The fact of the door being unlocked was suspicious,—I had expected to pick it with a piece of wire,—but, as there was no time for investigation, I stole into the cloisters and through the passage which led to the chamber containing the horrible images. The figure I was after had been well put together, and was heavier than it should have been, besides; but, though the ghastly thing gave me cold shivers, I pulled it from the fastenings with little ceremony.

Holding the dummy upright before me, I quietly returned, and was about to open the postern, when the door suddenly swung wide, revealing a burly form in the moonlight outside. It was Sebastiano; but, fortunately for me, his head was not as clear as usual. Being an inveterate smoker, his nerves often went back upon him; and no

mortal digestion could stand the abuse he had given his that evening without protesting. Altogether, he was in a bad way. Nothing but an object of vital importance could have forced him to venture upon a nocturnal prowling in such a condition. The moonlight must have given that wax figure an aspect of blood-curdling horror, for, with a gasp of surprise and mortal terror, the padre turned and ran across the little square, around the tribunal, through the plaza, then over the bridge to the beach. I had seen my advantage in an instant, and, holding the figure so that it covered me entirely, glided rapidly after him. When we struck the beach he dodged around a proa which lay hauled up on the sand, and, with a screech of fright, doubled back over the lower bridge. Picking up a good-sized lump of coral, I threw it with all my might and struck him fairly between the shoulders. That settled it: he ran as if the devil were after him, not daring to look round.

Since arriving at Agana, I had become acquainted with the islander Miguel, who had presented the church with his effigy in wax after recovering from his strange and terrible disease, well enough to remember the proa in which he always sailed. This lay not far from my own; and it seemed eminently fitting that the owner's ghost should put to sea in it. Lest any one should have nerve enough to watch the proceedings, I propped the figure in the stern, where, concealing me, it would show distinctly, then sailed around the island to Tarofoto as fast as the craft would travel. Upon reaching the cove, I secured Br'er Miguel among the rocks on Point Paicpouc in such a way that, while invisible from the outside, no one could enter the bay without seeing him. Considering the possibility of discovery by some one with sufficient education and courage to investigate the thing, it seemed risky to put it on the point where my fissure was.

There was no time to reach the town again before daybreak: so, running up the east coast to a point where the island was less than four miles across, I lashed the steering-paddle in such a way that it would carry the proa straight out to sea, and set it adrift.

A valley which lay along the easterly base of Tiniquio opened out in the neighborhood of Agana, and by six o'clock I pushed through a banana-patch directly in the rear of the gobernador's house. As it happened, there was no one in the patio, and, mounting to my room unobserved, I came down again directly with a couple of towels. Having had no sleep, and considerable hard work, I felt just rocky enough for a good swim: it also seemed an excellent excuse for early rising in case any one should have noticed my movements.

CHAPTER XII.

SEBASTIANO looked like a wreck when he appeared that morning. He accounted for this upon the ground of illness to which he was occasionally subject, and said that he would be obliged to rest for several days,—that he had been working too hard upon his book. But in some

mysterious way the story of his night experience leaked out. The disappearance of Miguel's proa started the inquiries; then another islander, who had himself received a bad scare, testified to having been wakened by a blood-curdling scream in time to see the Padre Sebastiano running before Miguel's ghost, which subsequently embarked in his own boat and put to sea. This yarn was ridiculed by Bartolomeo until he investigated his figure-chamber and found the gruesome company one apparition short; then he told Sebastiano about it and partook of his uncomfortable feelings. Their common sense told them that a wax figure couldn't transport itself without help,—malicious, human help; but their conviction that every door had been locked, and Sebastiano's positive assertion that the thing had certainly chased him of its own accord and absolutely without assistance or visible mechanism, simply couldn't be explained away. At first the churchmen were at a loss whether to feel complimented or alarmed by the various and peculiar manifestations with which they had been favored; but the more they failed to account for them on natural or scientific grounds the more they became impressed with a sense of unworthiness. As for Miguel, the native who had been at such expense to import a suitable effigy of himself, he thought his time had come. But after reflecting upon his ghost's departure from the island, which could be interpreted in no other light than as a solemn warning, he moved his entire family to Saipan, where, having no barangay to live upon, they were occasionally forced to work.

Judging that it would now be safe to leave Guajan for a few days, I told Dorotea of my intention. At first the attempt to reach Yap in an open boat seemed little short of madness to her, but after explaining that I was able to find my position from the sun, as she had seen officers do aboard ship, she reluctantly admitted that it might be done. We were beginning to understand each other pretty well by this time. Making me look straight into her beautiful eyes, she let me see why the thought of my possible danger tormented her.

Miguel's ghost had sailed away on Tuesday morning, the 14th, and, according to our previous calculations, Halstead would arrive in Tomil Bay about daybreak of the following Sunday. Figuring that, before the wind, my proa would cover the four hundred and fifty-two miles between Guajan and Yap in twenty-three hours at the outside, and not wishing to hang about Tomil among strangers who might ask dangerous questions concerning my strange appearance, I postponed the start until Saturday morning. There was, of course, an element of risk in this,—a possibility that I might fail to reach the island on time; but I had a good deal of confidence both in my ability as a navigator and in the proa itself.

His nerves being completely upset, the padre was resting in good earnest: so, with Dorotea, I made two more trips to the wreck, bringing back heavy loads of silver ingots, which we stowed in the fissure. Then, early Saturday morning, after telling the gobernador of my intention to sail among the islands for a day or two and being most hospitably provisioned for the cruise, I headed the proa out to sea.

All day long the boat sailed like a witch, holding beautifully to her

course, and it was not until after dark that a realization of my position impressed me. I had then made, according to my log, over two hundred and fifty miles, and was consequently over two hundred miles from the nearest land,—a mere pin-point upon the open sea, with nothing but a hollow tree-trunk and a few sticks between me and eternity. It was a peculiar feeling, yet there was nothing of fear in it: the sense of exhilaration was too great for that. My chief danger lay in the possibility of falling asleep. This I provided against by drinking half a bottle of wine and a pint of cold, strong coffee; besides which, I smoked incessantly: cigars were good company about that time, and stimulated the imagination. My eyelids were pretty heavy toward daybreak, in spite of these precautions; but, lowering the sail for a few moments, I undressed and jumped overboard, rolling and floating in the cool water until thoroughly refreshed.

Pretty soon it began to get gray in the east, and when the sun poked its rim above the horizon I drew a great breath of relief; for there, twenty miles to the southward, was the peak of Yap, rising over a thousand feet from the sea-level. It was impossible to mistake it. With the exception of one or two reefs which scarcely showed above their surf, there were no other islands within a hundred miles.

But still another stroke of good fortune was in store for me that morning. I had noticed a peculiar haze across the sun when it first came up; and, looking again after heading for Tomil, I could plainly distinguish the smoke from a steamer's funnel: there being no other in that vicinity, I knew it must be the good old Countess. My proa was going through the water nearly two knots to her one; so, holding on until I was directly in her course, I took in sail and let her overhaul me. On she came, nearer and nearer: I could make out her yards, the boats at the davits, one of the mates on the bridge; then I could see Halstead come out of his room, climb to the bridge, and fix his glass on the island. As the steamer came nearer, I waved my helmet and shouted. They recognized this with a salute from the whistle, but paid no further attention, which put me quite out of patience: I would show them their old tub wasn't in it with an island proa. Up went my sail, and in a few moments I was alongside, near enough to shout,—

"What's the matter with you fellows? Can't you be civil enough to stop and pass the time of day with a friend? You needn't be so stuck up, Dick: I'll bet a doubloon onza that I can give the Countess five knots and beat her into Tomil from here."

I could see the color fade out of Halstead's face as he leaned far over the rail and looked at me. As for Diaz, his eyes almost started from his head.

"Harry, old man, it isn't really you, is it? For God's sake grab a line and come aboard. No, I'm not fool enough to race your proa.—Here, Diaz, swing your starboard tackle over that catamaran and make fast to her, then lay her up on the to'gall'nt fo'c'sle. Stevens'll tell us all about it after he's had something to eat."

The compass, log, sextant, and bag of doubloons I hastily stowed in a canvas sack which Halstead himself lowered to me at the end of a

stout line; then, mounting to our old quarters, we hugged each other like two grizzlies before saying a word.

With the bag of doubloons upon the table between us, I told him what I had accomplished. It was all too good to be true. He couldn't sit still, but kept getting up and walking about, excitedly throwing away his cigars half smoked and lighting fresh ones. When I had brought the yarn down to my coming aboard half an hour before, he spread a handful of the doubloons upon the table and scraped one with a file to make sure of its genuineness. Taking his pencil out, he asked,—

"How many have you in this bag?"

"A little under thirteen hundred. I figured the weight at something like eighty pounds troy."

"And they're worth more than fifteen dollars and a half each. Why, man, there must be nearly twenty thousand dollars right here on this table!"

"About that. It was rather bulky luggage, but I thought we'd have to use money in getting the stuff away from Guajan, so brought it along. Now, how in blazes are we going to manage it? I've thought of a dozen schemes, but there's a hitch in every one of them. If I wait three months for you, we stand a chance of losing every dollar before the steamer shows up,—always providing she is sent out here again. Sebastiano can't get the money where it is now, in the wreck: that's practically certain. But he's more than likely to keep on with his fool soundings in the big proa until he finally strikes the reef. If he does, I may not have another opportunity to get anything up: he'll watch the place night and day. Just at present he's badly scared, and isn't likely to do much for a week or two, especially if he sees no necessity for immediate action: so I might easily store all the stuff in Tarofoto before he tackles the shoal again. The chances are that it would be safe in that fissure, unless I were spotted going there too often. But suppose I managed to keep it all right until your return, he would have strong suspicions about the packages when they were being shipped. Of course, if we got the treasure as far as Manila, he couldn't do much——"

"That's where you're very much mistaken. I'm more afraid of what he could do in Manila than here in the islands."

"Why so?"

"Because our fat friend the Padre Sebastiano happens to be the Bishop of Mindanao. The cura let that out the other night when he had taken too much rum and water. It would be an easy matter for him to have me arrested upon some trumped-up charge as soon as the steamer reached port, and have all her cargo stored ashore pending my examination. So, even if they failed to hold me, there would be time and opportunity for him to spirit away anything he wanted."

"The devil! Well, any way you look at it, Dick, we've got to remove that stuff inside of thirty days. If it can't be done one way, it must another. There's money enough on that reef to buy a fleet of steamers, or to settle any indebtedness we may incur. Can't you charter a vessel in Manila?"

"I was just thinking of that. Yes, I could, of course. Yet it wouldn't be safe to take anything but an English or Dutch bottom. I'd want to pick my own crew and know pretty well who were on board; couldn't do that with one of the Compañía's boats, and there might happen to be nothing else in port. There's one thing that might be done, and—I guess—it would work."

"What's that?"

"Charter the Countess herself from the government, for a month. You know she connects with the Saigon Messageries boat, taking in Yloilo on the return trip, between the island voyages; at least, that is the temporary arrangement. Now, between each trip we usually lay up at Cavite for two weeks; and Ramirez has twice tried to charter her for a quick run to Hong-Kong in that time. The Countess would easily make Guajan and Hong-Kong, out of Manila, in sixteen days at the outside, allowing a day and a half to load at the island, if we needed it. Then we could reach Saigon in five days more, and turn her over to the government in time to make the Messageries connection all right."

"What would it cost to charter her?"

"Well, probably a little more than what the Compañía pays. She'll register over three thousand tons, gross, and can do fourteen knots when she wants to: that's pretty stiff travelling for compound engines of this size. But the government don't care for more'n ten knots: so they pay Ramirez & Co. fifty-five hundred dollars a month. I guess we could have her at six thousand, easy enough."

"Any expenses besides that?"

"Of course there are. Coal-bills, at least nine thousand dollars a month, if you keep shoving fourteen knots out of her. She'll burn over thirty-six tons a day at that speed, and you can't get decent, free-burning coal in Manila for less than eight dollars. Then there are port charges, consuls' fees, demurrage, and numerous incidentals, all of which fall upon the charterer. The owner pays the salaries of officers and crew, repairs, and the special expenses of the ship."

"So that we'd blow in the whole twenty thousand on the mere use of the steamer for a month?"

"H'm, well, at least eighteen, I should say. A three-thousand-ton yacht is a pretty expensive luxury; and she'd be practically nothing more than a yacht for our purpose. There's no cargo at Guajan worth handling."

"Seems to me a steamer ought to be a pretty good investment."

"That depends a great deal upon the cargo and the time of year she's in commission. Freights are so low, at present, that half of them don't pay expenses: still, the tramps that make over twelve knots are doing most of the business, and at something of a profit."

"Dick, we've got to *buy* the Countess; that's what we've got to do. How much would Ramirez take for her?"

"H'm, she cost forty-five thousand pounds to build, on the Clyde; and she's as good a 'compound' tramp as there is on salt water. But the triple expansion boats that they're turning out carry more cargo with less coal, and he couldn't begin to get that for her now. If we

were to offer a hundred thousand dollars—ten thousand down and the balance within six months—and he were satisfied as to our responsibility, I think he'd let us have her."

"Then we'll take her. If you don't care about the investment, I'll buy her myself. Now, how soon can you get back to Agana?"

"I'd want at least six days in Manila to discharge, coal up, and settle matters with Ramirez. The government may kick a little if they want the steamer for another trip, but I guess the old man can fix that: we'll pay them a few thousand rather than have any hitch about it. Say eighteen days from now: how would that do? Will you be able to manage it, and beat the padre, for that length of time?"

"Y-e-s, that's fairly safe. No matter what he may discover, it will be impossible for him to head you off in Manila, this trip; and when we own the ship the passenger list will be as limited as the mail contract. Then, again, you'll have an entirely new crew, regularly shipped for our own voyage. By the way, why did you speak of making Hong-Kong first?"

"Because the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation will undoubtedly be able to handle the silver for us. They have a capital of ten millions, a reserve fund of four and a half, and Mexican dollars, coined even as far back as 1700, are the current medium of exchange in China to-day. Anywhere else the discount on silver—especially old silver—would be so heavy that we'd have to sell the stuff by weight: so we would get more for them on the Chinese coast than in any other locality."

"Guess you're right: I didn't think of that. Now, how about getting it on board without showing what the cargo really is?"

"Well, let's see. Have you noticed whether any of the fishermen stay overnight around Apra Bay?"

"Don't believe there's one. Even the Kanakas that Sebastiano brought down on the big proa walk over to town as soon as they've made fast for the night, and those who belong in Agat sail away up to the neck of the peninsula, so they'll only have a mile to tramp."

"That's what I thought. You've noticed the stone building and sheds belonging to the harbor-master, haven't you?—about five hundred yards from the landing-pier at Punta Piti?"

"On the road to Agana? Yes, frequently."

"Well, have you also seen the big lot of copra, in bags, under another shed about half-way between them and the pier?"

"I remember the bags, but I didn't know what was in them: copra's dried cocoanut-meat, isn't it, ready to have the oil tried out when it gets to civilization?"

"That's right. There wasn't a full shipment of the stuff when we arrived, on the 4th, so I told De Garma that I'd take all he could get together next trip. It'll come dribbling along, two or three bags at a time, according to how the islanders happen to feel about working; and there isn't a man in the Western Pacific who would steal the stuff, or handle any more of it than he was actually obliged to,—that is, among the native population. Where those bags are dumped, under that shed, there they stay until the steamer comes to ship them. I don't

believe Sebastiano himself could induce a native to disturb them; and the whites, out here, don't believe in manual labor at all."

"Oh! I begin to catch the idea. Pack the treasure inside of them at night, and let it lie in those innocent-looking copra-bags until you come back, eh? By Jove, old chap, that beats my ghost-haunted fissure all hollow. We'll call that settled. I guess we've covered everything likely to come up before you get back. Now, what day shall I look for you?"

"This is Sunday, the 19th. I'll get away from here by Tuesday morning at the latest,—the 21st. Two weeks from that would be May 5,—and four days more? You can look for the steamer off Orote Saturday morning, May 9, about sunrise. And be mighty careful you don't let any one suspect she's coming before the middle of July; not even the Señorita Dorotea. By the way, what are you going to do about that young lady?"

"For instance?"

"Oh, shucks, Harry! don't beat about the bush. If that girl continues to help you as she has, and keeps her mouth shut, she's a trump. Are you going to sail away and leave her at the end of the world with merely a conventional promise to call if you ever happen to be in Spain when she's living there?"

"No, I'm not, old one. When the Countess of Devon changes owners, it is possible that the Señorita Dorotea may have an interest in her. My mind has been pretty well occupied with this speculation of ours for the past two weeks, but—well—How's Gracia?"

"You'll see for yourself when we go below for breakfast. She thinks a good deal of the Señor Enriquito,—tells me all the time that I don't half appreciate his friendship for me: so you're welcome to be as brotherly or cousinly as you please with her, especially as she's likely to sail with us on the Hong-Kong voyage."

"Really? Good! The girls ought to be very chummy together. But, I say, suppose anything were to happen to me, or, through some unforeseen misfortune, I should lose the stuff? If you'd contracted to buy the ship, and support a wife in the bargain, you'd be in a good deal of a hole. After all, Dick, it's a frightfully big gamble. And I don't know that you're justified in taking the chances."

"Oh, bosh! I'd like to know what chances I've taken, or am likely to take, compared with yours. I've got twenty thousand dollars in gold, right here on this table, to do with as I see fit: I could get married and skip with even that much, couldn't I? And I'm likely to sit up nights worrying about a partner who went under water for me in mid-ocean, bottled up in a diving-suit, who tumbled off a submarine precipice and managed to get on top again, who's been prowling about with ghosts and skeletons, and who hit an island, four hundred and fifty miles away, with a proa, as plumb as if he'd had it fast to a cable: ain't I? Why, man, you've got more lives than a Kilkenny cat! I reckon I can stand the chances if you can."

"Well, we'll do our level best and hope that everything'll come out all right. I'm not particularly interested in Yap, so I'll start back in an hour or two and get down to business."

"Not much you won't. It was pretty good navigating to make the island as you did, running before the wind; but going back is another matter. You'd have to make a reach of four hundred miles nor'-nor'-wes' before you could put about for Guajan, and you couldn't go forty-eight hours without sleep. Of course you could get the sun and figure about where you were; but it might take a week, standing off and on; and we can't afford either the risk or the time. As it happens, there are two Pouynipete Spaniards aboard who want to reach Agana this voyage; but under the circumstances I'd run you up there regardless of consequences. I reckon the letters from Sebastiano and De Garma will smooth over the irregularities of this trip, and when we own the Countess I can do as I please with her."

Here the conversation was drowned by the whistle, as we signalled for a pilot off Tomil Bay; and by six bells we were anchored opposite Rul, inside the reefs. The cura Juan was almost paralyzed when I shook hands with him. How my presence on the steamer was possible, when he had last seen me rowing ashore at Apra, he simply could not understand; and when Diaz told him of my being picked up at sea, he crossed himself several times. That the natives sailed from one island to another, in the Carolines, he knew, but the trips were seldom long ones, and very rarely beyond sight of land.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next three days passed very pleasantly. The time had not yet arrived for explanations to either McPherson or the Sefiorita Gracia; but we gave him thirty of the doubloons as an evidence of the progress we were making, and discussed various plans for the future with both, on the way back to Guajan.

We were all very anxious that the padre—or, rather, His Eminence the Bishop—should have no opportunity to come aboard at Apra. So, as the two passengers had but little luggage, it was arranged that we should be dropped, in the proa, somewhere off Cocos Island, the steamer then heading for Manila without further loss of time. This arrangement was carried out, and the people at Agana had no suspicion of the Countess's visit until after we landed. The Pouynipetites, having been occupied with their own affairs, were not positive as to just when, or how, I had come aboard: so the impression got about that, having been blown out to sea, I had been picked up a long distance from land and conveyed to a safer neighborhood merely because the two strangers were going that way.

Inquiring for Sebastiano, that evening, the gobernador told me he was suffering from a severe attack of gastric fever, which seemed likely to keep him in bed for some time: so I paid him a visit of condolence: it was the least I could do. Then I took advantage of his indisposition to get the treasure above water while safe from interruption.

First, I spent a couple of nights in removing the silver, already secured, from Tarofoto and stowing it away in the copra-bags at Apra.

Then I made regular trips, every second day, to the reef, returning with a long reach to the north-northwest which brought me into Apra Bay about midnight, and working at the stowage until after three. This, with staying under water at the wreck, was pretty exhausting work; and but for the rest on the odd days I couldn't have kept it up. To have slept all day at the gobernador's house would have aroused comment very shortly: so I spent the time upon the water with Dorotea, napping in the bottom of the proa, while she fished and kept watch, as soon as we were well away from land.

* Sebastiano's illness was the thickest streak of all my luck. I was beginning to feel careless because of our uninterrupted good fortune, when, returning from the last trip but one, a shadowy proa followed me into the bay. I held off toward the Agat road until two figures landed from her and walked to the copra-shed; then I steered out to sea as fast as the wind would take me. Before rounding Punta Orote, I thought of and discarded a dozen different plans. I had taken great pains to stow the treasure in the very centre of the bags, so there was nothing but innocent copra for a thickness of several rows around and above it; and I knew if the strangers examined each bag as they went along they would scarcely reach the stuff before morning. It then occurred to me that Br'er Miguel's ghost wasn't earning its salt as guardian of the empty fissure at Tarofoto, and might be employed to advantage nearer home: so I sailed around after him as fast as possible. I had reached Apra a little early, that night, so had time to return before daybreak; and, running ashore near the watering-place, about three-quarters of a mile from the shed, I hurried toward it, holding my apparition before me.

The intruders had evidently investigated until they were tired out, and were sound asleep on top of the pile of bags. This was just the opportunity I wanted. Propping the figure up under the roof, about ten feet from them, I crawled out of sight on the opposite side and turned the ray from my lantern upon it. Then I dropped a piece of copra upon the stomach of the man nearest me. He was sleeping so soundly that I had to try a heavier piece, which started him with a grunt of surprise and pain. In about three seconds his eye fell upon that faintly illuminated wax figure, and, with a howl of terror that made my own nerves jump, he ran for his boat as if he were trying to break a record. His companion wasn't more than five seconds after him, and the two fought like madmen in their attempt to shove off and get away. To make the effect permanent, I grabbed my dummy, and, holding the lantern so that its rays would be reflected back upon it, glided swiftly after them. The horror of the thing had reduced their cries to inarticulate gasps, and they worked like demons to get out where the wind would fill their sail: so, as it was low tide, I waded after them, holding Brother Miguel high enough to give him the appearance of walking upon the water. I never knew who the men were, but the story was all over town before noon; and for more than a week the entire native population was afraid to stir after dark.

When I finally waded back to shore, it was getting gray behind Tiniquio, so I lost no time in stowing my friend under several layers

of copra-bags, where he was likely to be undisturbed, but where I could get him in short order if his services should be required again. Then, hurrying back to my proa, I dumped the cargo of specie overboard in four feet of water, where it could easily be found whenever there should be an opportunity for secreting it.

This affair so thoroughly awakened me to the danger of delay that I removed all the remaining treasure from the wreck in one big load, next trip. Standing for the last time in the lazaretto of Nuestra Señora de Sevilla, four fathoms under the Pacific, I felt as though I were saying good-by to an old friend; for I shall probably never see her again. There was something wonderful in the way she had guarded those millions for me all the years since they first disappeared under water, and I speculated a little as to whether strict honesty wouldn't require my searching for heirs of the original owners. This didn't trouble me very long, however. The risks Halstead and I had undergone, and the way we had worked the problem out to a successful result, seemed to give us a better claim upon the money than any one else,—even our fat and scheming friend Sebastiano.

So the days slipped along through April into May, while I rested and learned what it was to have a beautiful woman's personality creep into the deepest corners of my heart. Then one morning there came a cloud which threatened disaster to all our hopes; and but for Dorotea's position and ready wit this narrative would be merely one of fruitless adventure. A schooner came sailing into Apra—one of the island schooners which trade in cocoanuts, beche-de-mer, and other products—in search of water, poultry, and any cargo there might happen to be in the place. Noticing the bags of copra under the shed, her captain offered the harbor-master a higher rate than that which obtained at Manila, and was told that, as the gobernador would undoubtedly be glad to sell at such a price, he might send ashore for it whenever he pleased. We were just coming in from a sail, and saw the schooner's men loading some of the bags into a jolly-boat as we skirted along outside of Apapa Island. My face must have been absolutely colorless, for Dorotea laid her hand upon my arm and exclaimed,—

"Madre de Dios, querido, what is it? qué tiene V.?"

"No tengo nada; but look! They are taking away the copra in that schooner! The treasure! It is packed away in the bags. I never dreamed they would be disturbed until Halstead came for them. Oh, good Lord! how on earth can I stop them without giving the whole thing away?"

"Steer inside Apapa and land at the pier. I will stop it very quickly."

"But how? What can you say that will not arouse suspicion that there is something more valuable in the bags?"

"I cannot tell until I ask of the harbor-master why he does permit it; then will I think of something. Does el Capitán Halstead know?"

"Of course he does, and expects to take them next trip."

"Then he would surely give more than other men for them?"

"Yes, yes. So will I. Only keep them where they are until he comes. I have it! Say that I spoke to you of a new chemical dis-

coverly which Halstead told me about,—one which increases the value of copra, and which made him think of buying this lot on speculation. The treasure will need chemicals to get the corrosion off, anyway.”

“Ai, that will do. But you must not so alarmed appear, Enriquito. Do you light one of your cigarros. Smoke as if it did make no difference to you. Leave the rest to me. Now—vivo—take the frown from your forehead. Come, there is el oficial.—Señor Legaspe! Señor Legaspe, why do los hombres remove the copra?”

“El capitano gives two dollars more than the Manila rate, señorita. I knew el gobernador would accept such an offer, so I have given him permission to load.”

“You have made a mistake, señor: the gobernador will be greatly displeased. The price of copra has risen very much, and the stranger capitano thinks we have not heard of it. Stop them instantly. I should regret to see you in trouble, Señor Legaspe.”

“A thousand apologies, señorita: it shall be as you say. I knew nothing of the rise in value, and I but thought el gobernador would be pleased to sell.—Hóla, hombres! The copra is not for sale. Take those bags out of your boat and bring them back.”

The sailors looked at one another and then grumblingly began to do as they were told. The schooner's captain must have been watching us through his glass, for inside of five minutes he dropped another boat into the water and came ashore as fast as his men could row. Hailing the harbor-master in bad Spanish when he was within ear-shot, he asked what the devil was the matter, and why his men were taking the stuff out of the jolly-boat. Legaspe was smarting a little under the sharp trick he thought the captain had played upon him, and was very short in his reply that “the gobernador would not sell, and that was all there was about it.”

“Who says he won't?” shouted the captain. “I've had my glass on the shore for half an hour, and no one has spoken to you but this yellow-faced chap and the girl yonder. *He ain't* the gobernador, I'll take my oath; and as for the girl, I don't allow no damned native women to interfere in my business.”

It took all the self-control I had to keep from knocking the man down. His cool appropriation of our millions was a serious enough offence, without the gratuitous insult to the girl I intended to marry. I stepped in front of the fellow and looked him over. Then I said,—

“This lady, sir, is the Señorita de Garma, only daughter of His Excellency Colonel de Garma, gobernador of the Ladrones. I supposed from your colors that you were a German, but I am ashamed to see that you come from my own country. You will doubtless see fit to apologize to the lady at once.”

The man's cold, fishy eyes met mine for a second or two before he spoke: he seemed to be sizing me up. Finally he drawled out,—

“Waal, perhaps I war a leetle hasty. I dunno who you mought be, stranger, but yer kin tell thur leddy I didn't mean no offence: wimmin's a good deal alike out here'n thur islands, an' I didn't jedge her right, that's all. But about that thar coppa: I want a cargo of it, an' I'm willin' ter pay er fa'r price. I'll give the gobernador

four dollars more'n thur Manila rate, an' he kin pocket thur difference; but I don't cal'late ter leave Apra without it."

"I'm afraid you'll have to. I happen to know the stuff is worth a good deal more than the price you name; and, rather than let you have it, I'll buy it myself on speculation."

"Oh, ye will! Waal, what's ter purvent my layin' down my money here on thur sand an' tellin' my men ter put it aboard? I reckon you an' that dago ain't goin' ter stop me."

"That's where you make another mistake. Señor Legaspe sent for the gobernador an hour ago, and he'll be here with the officers of his staff very shortly. In the mean time, if you or your men lay a finger on those bags, I'll shoot you without a second's warning." (I was playing for millions, and I meant what I said.) "More than that, as you have grossly insulted the señorita, I'll kill you if you stay another five minutes on shore."

I thought the man would have a stroke of apoplexy: even his vast store of deep-sea profanity failed him for the moment. His crew were Germans, but enough of them understood English to keep the run of what was going on, and I could see they were rather enjoying the situation: evidently the skipper was a thorough brute at sea. He was speechless with rage; but, as I had the advantage of him, there was nothing to do but pull off to his schooner and sail away. She was just standing out past Orote when the carromata jolted up with the colonel and his two lieutenants. Dorotea saw that Legaspe was likely to get a wiggling for allowing the visitors to leave before her father saw them, and shrewdly put an entirely different light upon the affair by saying,—in English, for my benefit,—

"Padre mío, you the Señor Enrique must thank for protecting me at the risk of his life. Un bruto capitano did land from la goleta and did order his men to take away the copra, telling the Señor Legaspe that he would pay but a mere nothing; and when I did say that he could not have it, he insulted me. Then the Señor Enrique did give him five minutes to go away before he killed him, though the bruto did have seven men from his goleta."

Well, that settled the stranger, and made me the biggest man on the island. The gobernador's right arm went over my left shoulder, and his left under my right, in a twinkling; then, after three pats on the small of my back and a moment or two of ecstatic silence, he reversed the arms, left over my right shoulder, etc., three more pats, more silence, kisses on both my cheeks, then an endless string of extravagant protestations concerning his life-long obligation to me. I had seen the thing done many times before among people of the Latin races, but being kissed by a man was, to say the least, a novelty. Even Legaspe expressed himself in exaggerated terms concerning the way in which I had called the captain's hand; and, as no mention was made of his supposed mistake, he was our very humble servant. Lest other dangers of a similar nature should threaten it, however, Dorotea mentioned to her father Halstead's assumed intention of buying the copra at a high figure, on speculation, and suggested the advisability of placing a guard over it at night. The colonel's cupidity

was aroused, and the guard was set; but, owing to Br'er Miguel's ghostly influence, the most he could make his men do was to patrol the shore each night in a proa. As it was likely to be a three-months' job, the soldiers didn't relish this; but they had to obey orders.

It was the 6th of May when we came so near losing the copra. On the third morning after, Halstead was to appear, if everything had gone right with him; and as the time approached I became strangely apprehensive,—so much so that I found it difficult to maintain an air of careless ease. In fact, had it not been for Dorotea, I might have betrayed my real interest in Guajan a dozen times. But with each day that passed it became more evident that I had no rival in her heart. Sometimes she would speak with dread of Halstead's return, and breathlessly ask me to promise that I would surely visit them in Granada the following spring. Still, July was yet so far away that my departure seemed only a dim possibility to her,—a something which she must not even think about. I wondered a little what she would say when she knew, and how the colonel was going to feel.

Sebastiano had fully recovered by this time, and had resumed his investigations. Bearing the old fellow really no ill will, I one day suggested to him the possibility that Santa Rosa might be eight or ten miles to the eastward of the charted position; and on the evening of May 8 he burst into the patio, where we were at dinner, with his oily countenance fairly shining. He had been out in his big proa all day, and at last had been successful. There were exultation, greed, many things, in the look he cast upon me; but the man had suffered disappointment and illness, and the Lord knows I didn't feel like begrudging him this bit of good luck. I listened to him, congratulated him heartily upon his great discovery, and prophesied great things for his book, until midnight,—a child could have seen that I had no personal interest in the reef,—then I said good-night and went up-stairs.

Stepping quietly along to the door of Dorotea's room, I gave a few faint taps upon it, and in a moment her voice asked,—

"Quién llama?"

"Soy yo,—Enriquito. Open the door for a moment." In a second she stood before me in a loose wrapper that made her look wonderfully pretty. "Dorotea, querida, I'm going for a long sail before daylight. Will you come with me, about half-past three?" The request would have been a severe test of any woman's love, but, with her arms upon my shoulders, she whispered,—

"I will go anywhere, at any time, with you, Enriquito mfo."

So, while the stillness was unbroken save for the rustling banana leaves, we stole away to the beach and put to sea in the proa: it was to be for the last time. I wanted to remove my friend Br'er Miguel in time to prevent complications next day: so, gliding along in the wake of the guard-boat until it almost reached the head of the bay, I landed and hastily dug the figure from its concealment among the bags. Wrapping a piece of matting about the thing, so as not to frighten Dorotea, I lugged it along to where she sat waiting for me. She had heard all about Br'er Miguel as we came along, and, though frightened at my temerity,—to call it by no stronger name,—her sense of humor

afterward got the better of her fears. Having decided that our waxen companion could find no better final resting-place than the big proa,—the padre certainly owed it a “*requiescat*,”—we floated cautiously along to where it lay, near the landing-pier, and left our friend with the tiller under his arm. Then we headed out to sea.

The first streaks of red were silhouetting the peak of Tiniquio against the eastern sky when we left Orote behind us, and in a few moments it was light enough to see the horizon. Moment after moment I strained my eyes to the westward until, finally, I saw a tiny black mass that grew more distinct as I looked. The relief was so great that I felt chilly. Dick was really coming, at last,—coming precisely when he said he would,—and the suspense was almost over. How I blessed McPherson and his faithful old engine! How I wanted to get Dick’s honest hand between my own fingers! Then a sudden thought occurred to me, and I looked at Dorotea. She had seen the smoke; and if ever a woman’s face expressed the grief of approaching separation, tormenting fears and doubts concerning the future, hers did at that moment. Her dark, melting eyes were swimming in tears; and with her arms tight about me she hid her face in my breast, sobbing out,—

“Is it true, querido mío, that—you—are to—leave me? *Ai, santísima Maria! I shall die!*”

“No, you won’t, Dorotea,—Dorotita. Listen. Halstead is on that steamer: he and I own her now: we are going to ship the copra to-day, and leave Guajan this evening. But when we go away la Señora Stevens—la Señora Dorotea Catalina de Garma Stevens—will be with us.”

Friends, have you ever seen the sunshine break over a beautiful woman’s face? Have you ever seen the love-light in her eyes struggle for mastery with speculations about her trousseau at the end of fifteen minutes? Have you ever been half strangled by warm, bare arms, as red lips whispered shy, tremulous questions, which your imagination must supply? Because, if you haven’t, it will be impossible for you to appreciate what occurred that May morning, twenty miles from shore, while the sun reddened every stick of the proa, and the good old Countess steamed nearer and nearer and nearer, until her anchors towered over us and Halstead’s own hands dropped the ladder by which we climbed on deck.

Another beautiful girl stood with outstretched arms in the doorway of Dick’s cabin when we mounted to it,—a girl whom Dick introduced as La Capitana, la Señora Halstead,—and who embraced both Dorotea and myself with delightful impartiality.

So we sailed into Port San Luis d’Apra under English colors, and with a most original house-flag at the fore peak. It bore, upon a white field, the perfect representation of a Spanish galleon, such as sailed the Pacific a hundred years ago, and was the joint handiwork of Mrs. Halstead and McPherson.

Repeated blasts of the Countess’s whistle brought the gobernador hurrying over from Agana without his breakfast,—though his daughter and prospective son-in-law were careful to see that he suffered nothing

on that account,—and, by his orders, the loading commenced before we rose from the table. He was a most delightful man, as simple and easy-going as a child. He couldn't account for the steamer's sudden re-appearance; the fact that his daughter was going to be married and leave him that evening was inexplicable: so he gave up trying to puzzle it all out, and smoked and drank wine with us in the best of good fellowship. The only question he asked of me—and it was asked in a gentle, apologetic way—was whether my position and prospects were such that I could undertake to support a wife.

I answered cautiously that I didn't quite know how far a million would go in that line, so much depended upon the girl and her requirements, but that I thought of risking it if he were satisfied. The million he regarded as my little joke, one of my American figures of speech. He had read of millions, of course, but that he should ever be related to one was a delicious bit of humor which he often related to his friends over coffee and cigars until we took him back to Spain in our own ship, the following year: then he began smoking cigars at twenty dollars the bundle, as became a man of his dignity and connections. He also developed a fondness for Chambertin and grandchildren which I hope to humor as long as he lives.

Dorotea and I were married in the saloon after dinner, His Grace the Bishop of Mindanao—otherwise Sebastiano—and the Padre Bartolomeo officiating, as was eminently proper (one isn't married every day by a real bishop, at the end of the world), and just as they were going ashore I handed them their fee. It was heavy, though not very handsome at first glance. There were a hundred and fifty rusty old coins in the lot, and I had to rub one with brickdust before I could persuade them that it wasn't all a joke. I explained that their acquaintance, and the service they had just rendered me, were worth all of the twenty-three odd hundred which the blackened old curios represented, but that if there were any change coming to me they might invest it in services for the final repose of Br'er Miguel, who would undoubtedly appear to them before long.

Bartolomeo didn't understand it at all. Sebastiano did, and, like the astute Churchman he was, gave me his benediction before he walked down the accommodation ladder. But if ever he gets me in a corner! Ah, well, let us hope that he never will. I should hate to have anything unpleasant occur to mar our friendship.

That night, as the Countess steamed away from old Guajan, her nose pointed straight for Hong-Kong, a happy family party gathered in the captain's room. An enormous bag of copra, taken hap-hazard from the cargo, lay broached upon the table; and nestling among the bits of dried cocoanut kernel were doubloons, globe dollars, bars of pure silver. The treasure was safe on board, and we were rich,—rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE AUTHOR.

IN arranging Mr. Stevens's narrative for publication, I find he has neglected to state the amount he and Captain Halstead actually realized from the galleon's treasure: so, thinking that this may be of interest to many of his readers, I venture to add a few details supplied from our conversation at various times.

The steamer made a quick passage to Hong-Kong, where the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation readily undertook to handle all the silver, both in coin and ingots, giving Mr. Stevens drafts on London to the amount of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. The two gentlemen, with their wives, Mr. McPherson, and Don Silvestre Palacios, then made a most delightful voyage, by way of Singapore and Suez, to England, where they were successful in disposing of the gold, at an average price of three pounds six shillings to the doubloon, realizing upwards of three hundred thousand pounds more.

After giving McPherson forty thousand pounds, and paying Ramirez & Co. in full for the Countess, Mr. Stevens and Captain Halstead finally netted, in round numbers, one million six hundred thousand dollars each. They then went into partnership as steamship-owners, building four triple expansion steamers, and refitting the Countess of Devon with quadruple expansion engines. This fleet has been steadily making money for them, and they have each built luxurious homes, where they live most of the time when ashore,—though several months of each year are spent by both families upon the Countess in cruising all over the world, sometimes carrying full cargo and sometimes merely in ballast, for pleasure.

Halstead's home is on the coast of Cornwall, near St. Ives; and Stevens owns one of the most beautiful places on the Californian coast, near Santa Barbara. Señor Palacios and General de Garma divide their time between the two families; while McPherson, a confirmed bachelor, can always be found in luxurious quarters on the Countess of Devon, of which he is part owner.

Sebastiano is now an archbishop; and, though he occasionally accepts the hospitality of his friends Stevens and Halstead, they are careful to avoid passing through his part of Spain when travelling in that country.

The Stevens boys are born sailors, inheriting much of their father's love of adventure. The youngest one, when visitors come to Santa Barbara, will drag them into the great hall, and, pointing to a rusty diving-suit over the fireplace, say,—

"Those are pa's fishing-clothes, that he used to wear in the Pacific Ocean; but he's getting too fat to wear them any more."

As for his mother and Gracia Halstead, they are sisters in everything but blood. Sometimes they take from an old camphor-wood chest three dresses which were Worth masterpieces not so very long ago, and are still serviceable, while they talk of the night Dorotea was married, the stories suggested by every fold of the gowns, and the wreck on the Santa Rosa Reef.

THE END.

SOUTH FLORIDA SINCE THE FREEZE.

TO understand present conditions in South Florida, some retrospection is necessary. It is adapted to an astonishing range of products, from dates and olives to locusts and wild honey; yet, until recently, a disastrous one-crop policy has always prevailed.

The early inhabitants raised mounds; the Seminoles "raised Cain;" the pioneers raised cattle; their successors raised oranges,—and nothing more.

The first died out; the second were killed out; the third were pushed out; the orange-growers froze out Anno Domini 1895.

If they had never seen an orange-tree, the cattlemen, whose cows furnished the toughest beef ever offered American consumers, might still be doing well, in quiet possession of ten thousand acres or so of land per capita; but they planted a few,—for marmalade, perhaps,—and these, when they grew up, adorned tales that, in effect, routed the cattle.

The name of the man who accidentally discovered South Florida is preserved in a million-dollar pile of masonry at St. Augustine, while the name of the one who arithmetically discovered millions in South Florida orange-culture has been lost; but he ciphered as follows: "One hundred and sixty acres to the homestead, one hundred trees to the acre, twenty-five boxes to the tree, one dollar a box on the trees; net annual income per homestead, *four hundred thousand dollars.*"

When this was published, one hundred thousand people, more or less, hurried to Florida to investigate. They found trees yielding more than twenty-five boxes each standing as indisputable facts, and the rest was a mere matter of the multiplication table. Evidently, if figures did not lie, a bonanza richer than gold or diamond diggings had been found, and there was a hustle to stake off claims and plant orange-trees, without the loss of a precious minute.

True, from lack of age, the country being new, trees yielding twenty-five boxes each were exceptions; but they proved what would be the rule—in time. And the whole process, according to the formulas of that date,—“Clear the land; plant the trees; hoe and plough occasionally for a few years; ship the fruit; pocket the money,”—seemed so entrancingly simple and easy that all classes hastened to invest all they had, whether of labor or money.

Few of them, however, ever covered one hundred and sixty acres, or half of it, for by the time a temperate-zone man had cleared a few acres of forest under a semi-tropical sun he was inclined to think, “After all, a steady income of twelve thousand five hundred dollars a year from five acres will be as much as I’ll need,” and he would stop at that, or ten or twenty acres. Capitalists planted more; and lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, merchants, and mechanics applied their savings or earnings in planting all they could take care of,—giving employment to thousands of artisans in axe- and spade-

plough- and hoe-work. Moreover, many non-residents and winter residents made groves through resident agents.

Thus it will be readily seen how all prosperity, collective and individual, came to be founded on orange-culture, though the stability of that, unfortunately, depended on a degree of cold more or less.

It was well understood, of course, that the trees would not stand anything like Arctic weather, but that, originally, only enhanced the attraction, for in the narrow confines of South Florida—the only part of the United States wholly exempt from boreal rigors—the culture would be a monopoly. Trees had been frozen at St. Augustine, in North Florida, in 1835, but that, of course, would be quite impossible below the “frost-line,” where the oldest living inhabitant had never seen snow and ice,—“not as he remembered on.” So, instead of being uneasy, the early orange-growing South Floridians simply congratulated themselves on being south of a near-by though somewhat indefinite safety-line, beyond which, soon or late, all venturesome growers would “sure be frosted.” A most fatal error had been made, however, in the location of this boundary, and when the growers least expected it, when their largest crop was hanging ripe on the trees, the degree more of cold came, like a thief in the night, robbing them of all available resources and the total result of many years’ hard labor.

In December, 1894, and again in February, 1895, the temperature fell to eighteen degrees, breaking all records,—not only in severity, but as occurring twice in one season. In either instance alone, the duration being short, damage to the trees would have been temporary; but the first, by denuding them of leaves, left them naked to the last, and that brought death to everything above ground.

The growers were caught with nothing laid up for a frozen day; and it took stout hearts to face a situation which can be understood only by remembering that the dead orange-trees had given food to the people, employment to labor, sustenance to cities, and freight to the railroads, so that disaster to them meant present collapse to all prosperity,—and, more, it meant that new prosperity, if achieved at all, must be on wholly different lines, and this for men already worn and weary with waiting.

Barring freezes, new trees could be grown from the old roots in four, five, or six years; vegetables could be grown, but not in a day even under a Florida sun; a great variety of valuable crops might be produced—in time; but how to live, even exist, pending the production of the quickest crop, was the question, and a serious one. It is being answered, somehow, though how in many cases it is difficult to say; but men are holding on with dogged resolution and are rebuilding the groves, which, if the “frost-line” gets thoroughly re-established and anchored, will again be things of beauty and wealth. Meantime, or rather at the same time, the growers are branching out in more general agriculture and horticulture.

In this new race for wealth or competence by new routes, newcomers can start even with old, who, to all intents and purposes, are starting anew, handicapped by debt and wasted years. It may be worth while, then, to inquire what real advantages South Florida possesses;

for it has many thousands of unoccupied acres, and under proper cultivation can easily support many times its present population.

It must be understood, first, that in climate and seasons, and consequently in productions, it is different from any other part of the United States. The climate, indeed, is peculiar to the long, narrow peninsula lying between the gulf and the ocean, and constantly swept by breezes that temper both heat and cold. Light frosts occur, and sometimes thin ice forms, but the "cold snaps" are rarely severe enough to injure half-hardy vegetation like orange- and lemon-trees. On the other hand, though a thousand miles south of Italy in latitude, the heat is never so intense as it often is in New York or Illinois. Sunstroke is unknown, and work goes on through the hottest weather with less discomfort, probably, than harvesters often experience in Indiana or Ohio. The rainy season is from June to October, when there is a shower, often a half-dozen, daily, cooling the atmosphere and making vegetation exceedingly rich and luxuriant. In the other months the days are mostly bright and sunshiny, with only occasional rain, not always enough for the gardens, though a drought wholly fatal to crops is unknown.

The climate, too, is peculiar in its remarkable healthfulness. The death-rate is lower than in any other State, and the people are freer from serious ailments. Yellow fever has prevailed sometimes at the seaports, but never in the interior, where epidemic diseases are practically unknown. When illness occurs at all it is usually a light fever, probably malarial in origin, that yields readily to treatment. Nowhere in America, perhaps, do doctors find so little professional business as in the piney woods region of South Florida.

One of the causes conducive to this remarkable healthfulness, however, is a serious drawback to the general prosperity, or rather to the easy and profitable production of crops, it being the sterility of a large part of the available land. If this were different, if all the peninsula was covered with the dense and wonderfully fertile hammocks found in some sections, malarial fevers might make it almost uninhabitable.

Hammocks, or "hummocks," are lands covered with hard-wood and deciduous trees,—oak, hickory, gum, holly, magnolia, etc.,—and usually border streams and lakes or rise in "hummocks," like islands, in swamps and everglades. They are "high" or "low" with regard to elevation, and are more fertile than the pine lands, through ages of decaying vegetation. Not subject to forest fires, as are the pine woods, the annual deposit of leaves goes back to the soil, while the pine lands, burning over annually, gain nothing in fertility, and are little richer than when they emerged from the ocean depths. Many of the hammocks are too low and wet for oranges and other fruits and are unhealthy for residence, but are very productive in sugar-cane, corn, and vegetables.

In recent years thousands of acres of sawgrass marsh have been drained, making valuable sugar-cane and garden land, being free from timber, like the Western prairies, and of almost inexhaustible fertility. Its capability in the matter of production has been evidenced by pig-weeds thirty feet high and fifteen inches in diameter grown in a single

season; but it is colder and more subject to frost than the adjacent pine land.

The greater part of South Florida, and that which is the most available and best suited for homes, orchards, and gardens, is, or was, piney woods. It, too, is "high" or "low," "flat" or "rolling," and differs greatly in quality; but all of it is poor, much of it, indeed, sterile, compared with the hammocks or drained lands. It can be made highly productive by fertilizing, but fertilizer has to be applied constantly for every crop, unless the grower owns a herd of cattle, in which case he can enrich more permanently by "cow-penning." In good seasons the results are often large, sometimes enormous, for the outlay; but ability to purchase and apply fertilizers is a prerequisite the grower must possess, or his returns will be *nil*.

To undertake a full enumeration of the things that can be grown would make a long and tedious list, but the following, in field crops, fruits, and vegetables, are grown to a greater or less extent: cotton, sugar, tobacco, rice, corn, oats, cassava, potatoes, oranges, lemons, limes, grape-fruit, pineapples, bananas, guavas, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, strawberries, melons, cantaloupes, and nearly all kinds of vegetables. Seeds of one kind or another can be planted in every month of the year, and in each something can be had by way of harvest from field or garden.

While rebuilding their groves, many of the growers are engaging in truck-gardening for the Northern markets,—that is, the production of winter vegetables, or vegetables for shipment in the early spring. Besides melons and strawberries, the vegetables chiefly grown for shipment are peas, beans, cabbage, potatoes, cucumbers, squash, egg-plant, tomatoes, and celery; the shipping season being from February to May.

Two things, frost and drought, make the business uncertain and hazardous,—the growing season being in the driest months of the year and the ones in which frost of greater or less severity is always possible, if not probable. The growers, however, make a succession of plantings on the same land, so that if one is killed or injured another is coming on to take its place. In this way there is never a total failure, though the crop may be so retarded as to be practically valueless for shipment,—the profit consisting in being early and reaching Northern markets when South Florida has a monopoly in the particular vegetables then in season, or rather out of season in the place of sale. When the South Georgia crop is going in, returns to the South Florida grower will hardly pay freight; but in seasons when he is "lucky" and first in the markets, the profits are large,—sometimes running up to hundreds of dollars per acre.

Next to oranges, pineapple-culture is attracting more attention than any other one product as a money crop. Pines, usually of inferior varieties, have long been grown on the southern coast and keys, and with little attention have given very satisfactory returns, the cost of production being small. The plant, however, is liable to injury by frost, and on that account requires shelter in the "orange belt."

A few years ago, by chance, at Orlando, it was discovered that

fruit grown under a shelter giving a half-shade was superior in size and quality. Experiments on this line showed that a permanent shelter—rough strips three inches wide, running north and south, three inches apart, and raised seven feet above ground—would not only give protection from all ordinary frosts, but that the fruit produced was larger and finer than could be grown anywhere in the open air,—a fact now so well established that many growers are providing shelters in localities exempt from frost.

Several covered pineries at Orlando were proving exceedingly successful and profitable when overtaken by the freezes of '94-'95. The shelters were not intended to withstand such weather as that, and the plants were killed to the ground, giving pineapple-culture, also, a very "black eye." But, as soon became evident, the roots were uninjured; and the same plants now, eighteen months afterward, are paying so well that all the pineries are being enlarged, and others are being planted to the extent of the ability of people to invest.

Unfortunately for many, considerable money is necessary to plant even one acre; but that makes it all the better for those who can, by limiting the production,—though it will be hard ever to overstock the market, the fruit being so superior. Plants cost from three dollars to thirty-five dollars a hundred, according to variety,—the finest being most in demand. Six thousand are put to the acre, and sheds cost about five hundred dollars an acre. A grower can start on a much smaller scale; many do, and gradually extend from the increase of plants.

Plants are reproduced by shoots or suckers. The original plant fruits in from twelve to eighteen months after planting, a single apple crowning the central stalk, and then dies. It is replaced by suckers springing from the roots, the sides, and the top of the fruit, all of which, if stuck in the ground, will produce new plants and fruit. Some varieties are very prolific in the production of suckers, giving several dozen each; others, particularly the finer kinds, do not make so many. The smooth Cayenne, now the most popular and profitable, does not average more than a half-dozen. The fruit of this variety, grown under shelter, weighs from four to twelve pounds each, and finds ready sale at twenty-five cents to a dollar, while the plants are in active demand at twenty-five to thirty-five cents each, even by the thousand. An acre of smooth Cayennes is expected to yield annually

6000 pines, worth, say, 25 cents each, =	.	.	.	\$1500
18000 plants, " " 25 " " =	.	.	.	4500
				<hr/>
				\$6000

This can be discounted largely, and leave profit enough to satisfy any reasonable man; but it is not an over-estimate, if growers can be believed. The pioneer in the industry at Orlando is still enlarging his shelter, having now more than ten acres covered and planted, and even at thirty-five cents each, a price readily obtained, would rather use his best plants himself than sell them. So with other growers; they prefer extending their plantings to selling the plants, and to supply the demand plants are being imported.

The growing of Cuban tobacco is also attracting much attention, stimulated now by the war in the island cutting off the supply from that source and giving a high price to the Florida product, much of which is equal to the Cuban in quality. The industry promises to be permanent, and will grow in importance as planters become acquainted with methods of cultivation and, especially, of curing.

The most serious drawback to the profitable cultivation of pine land, aside from the occasional frosts that knock out calculations on early vegetables, is uncertainty in the water-supply. The average rainfall is about fifty-six inches, but the greater part of that comes when least required for garden and field crops, and in seasons when most needed there may be damaging intermissions.

This difficulty can be overcome by a small outlay of capital. Irrigation is not essential, and has not as yet been applied to any great extent, but can be had at a small cost compared with its value, making the grower independent of the natural rainfall. The water-supply is very abundant, South Florida being dotted over with lakes from a few feet to miles in diameter, and everywhere, in the absence of lakes, wells can be had reaching exhaustless sources. All that is necessary for irrigation is a pumping outfit and a system of pipes and hose to deliver the water. A windmill and an elevated storage-tank answer admirably for small places, though at present prices more effective steam plants can be put in at small cost.

Herein, and in many ways, the new-comer bringing some capital will have advantages over the old settler who has exhausted himself, or at least his money and credit, in making an orange-grove. He cannot irrigate; he hasn't money to clear land for new crops; he has to work at anything he can find to do for an immediate living, and must cultivate his land in any way he can.

To the home-seeker who asks, "What advantages would I have in South Florida, and what could I do?" it can be said, "You would have a climate without extremes of heat or cold, where no day in the year is too hot or too cold for out-of-door work, where the ground is never too wet to hoe or plough, where something can be planted and something harvested in every month of the year, and where, withal, the doctor's bills will probably be smaller than anywhere else in the United States.

"You will not need a costly house or expensive clothing; your fuel will cost little; you can buy land, improved or unimproved, at very low prices; you can get an old orange-grove, now struggling back to life, or rather to trees, at a tithe of what it cost, and if you want to compete with the old grower in orange-culture, you will have the advantage if you have a few hundred dollars to apply in feeding and nursing the trees.

"If you have some capital to begin with, you can take ten acres of land, build you a house in the centre, and surround yourself with an almost infinite variety of productions, giving something to eat and something to sell every day and at all seasons. If you haven't capital, and have health, it will be best not to come, for there are enough strugglers now. If your lungs are gone or going, however, it may be

better to come,—that is, if it is worth while to prolong life for a few more days or years.”

By way of illustration, the following list of fruits and flowers growing in a one-acre South Florida garden, at Avon Park, may be interesting: “19 orange-, 22 grape-fruit-, 2 lemon-, 5 lime-, 4 fig-, 1 persimmon-, 40 peach-, 3 pear-, and 2 apple-trees; 2375 pineapples, 6 Chinese and 22 Brazilian guavas, 30 Orinoco, 6 Hart’s, and 12 Caven-dish bananas, 8 egg-plants, and 31 tropical yams; 12 rose-bushes, 2 beds of chrysanthemums, 4 beds of geraniums, 1 bed of tuberose, 1 century plant, 1 Sisal hemp, 1 great cactus, 1 oleander, 1 Australian oak, and 2 royal poincianas.” That is all: it is just a small garden. Ten acres can be made a miniature farm, with barns and barn-yard, horses, cows, pigs, and poultry, orchards, gardens, and fields, and will produce a greater variety of crops than the best thousand acres north of Florida.

If a home-seeker prefers a location farther south, below the “orange belt,” he will still find it unequalled in healthfulness and climate, and along the coasts and bays cocoanuts, mangoes, sapodillas, avocado pears, sugar-apples, plantains, and other tropical fruits can be added to the productions already mentioned; besides, in the matter of food, an inexhaustible supply of fish can be had in great variety, and oysters, turtles, and crabs. There, too, in advance of electric lights, street-cars, and opera-houses, the fish-supply can be supplemented with wild turkey, venison, and bear meat.

The time will come, no doubt, when South Florida will be thickly settled, and when it is, it will furnish fruits, flowers, and succotash, in season and out, in lavish profusion; and if its people then are not the richest, they may be the happiest and most contented, in the world.

R. G. Robinson.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

DEATH came to me and said, “One day
Is given to thee to live:
Ask what thou wilt for thy last hour,
And I that gift will give.”

I did not dare to ask that I
Might claim a farewell kiss:
I could not bear to see thy face
In such an hour as this.

“Grant me, O Death, a simple boon,
All other gifts above,—
Grant me sweet sleep, and let me die
Dreaming of her I love!”

Clarence Urmey.

THE DIGNITY AND HUMOR OF SIGNS.

THERE must be considerable vitality in a custom which has survived for two thousand years. As far back as the beginning of the Christian era, symbolic signs were adopted in Rome and other Italian cities to distinguish the various trades and crafts; for, when the art of reading was by no means general, an emblem above a booth was a much better advertisement than a name.

Thus, discoveries at Pompeii have revealed bas-reliefs of a mule in a section of a mill, on the wall of a bake-house, and of a goat on the front of a dairy; while a shoemaker of that olden time made an artistic bid for custom by a floating Cupid who with one hand gayly balanced a half-boot on his curly pate and with the other waved its fellow in the air. Two slaves supporting an amphora on a pole across their shoulders delightfully indicated the mart of a wine-merchant.

The picturesque square swinging signboard was the outgrowth of the symbol developed by civilization; and this flourished in its greatest glory during the Middle Ages of merry England, when hall and hostelry alike were made interesting and beautiful by carving, forging, and limning, and crests and armorial bearings were the natural fruit of the days of feudalism.

At first these, for the most part, bore heraldic and emblematic devices of animals, birds, fish, and flowers, or figures of a religious character, as saints and martyrs, and sometimes, among mechanics, the tools of the artisan.

Gradually, however, these became corrupted or changed for others of a political nature or more in touch with the sentiments of those in power, while in many cases they were punning, humorous, or comic. The bizarre combination of names, too, especially over inns and coffee-houses, has excited the researches of antiquarians for many years. As the "British Apollo" sings in 1710,—

I'm amused at the signs
As I pass through the town,
To see the odd mixture—
A Magpye and Crown;
The Whale and the Crow;
The Razor and Hen;
The Leg and Seven Stars;
The Axe and the Bottle;
The Tun and the Lute;
The Eagle and Child;
The Shovel and Boot.

Yet there is no doubt the Axe and the Bottle was a corruption of Battle-Axe; while the Leg and Seven Stars is thought to have been an illiterate deviation from the League and the Seven Stars, or seven United Provinces. Many arose, too, from a newly married innkeeper quartering his father-in-law's arms upon his shield. Thus, probably,

came such a partnership as the Magpie and Crown, objects which long graced, very realistically, a little public house at Aldgate, famed for the quality of its ale. There the bird appears to have been the mascot, for the story runs that when the landlord waxed rich he deemed it more dignified to efface the plebeian "pie" from his sign and retain only the royal crown. But patrons, finding that their nut-brown draughts came not from the "Magpie and Crown," fancied the ale was not so good, and business at once fell off. Mine host sold out to his head waiter, who, being wise in his generation, restored the magpie to his old station in front of the door. Immediately custom floated back again, and the waiter died a wealthy man.

In the days of the Commonwealth we can imagine Praise-God Barebones and his cronies quaffing their daily tankards of ale at the inn piously named "God Encompasseth us" or at the sign of the "Alpha Beta." Yet it was not long ere both of these had fallen from their high estate, the one being known far and wide as "The Goat and Compasses," with a prancing beast and mathematical instrument conscientiously depicted on the signboard, and the other as the Alphabet, with all the letters, from A to Z, printed above the door.

An exceedingly popular hostelry at a point from which several mail-coaches formerly started was originally named Boulogne Mouth, in honor of a British victory gained at the mouth of Boulogne harbor in the reign of Henry VIII., but, the waterscape or battle-scene having, after a while, become effaced by time and weather from the signboard, some stupid Boniface thought he was doing the proper thing when he had painted an enormous mouth with a jocular little bull beneath. From that day on the place figured as the Bull's Mouth.

The time was when artists of note scorned not to try their prentice hand at the painting of signs, and many a Royal Academician gave the public a lion or a unicorn, a magpie or a cockatrice, the last fabulous animal, supposed to have been hatched from a cock's egg by a toad, being for some unknown reason quite a favorite, and represented as a serpent with a rooster's head. Among these painters were Charles Calton, one of the original Royal Academicians; Samuel Wade, who delighted in figures of Falstaff and other Shakespearian characters; Hogarth and Richard Wilson; while the vintner's inn at Hayes, Kent, boasted a grape-bordered "St. George and the Dragon" executed by Millais.

In this they but followed in the footsteps of some of the old masters, since in the Basle Museum may be seen two pictures by Holbein which he painted when a youth as signs for a school-master's house; while Correggio's "Mule and Muleteer," now in the Sutherland Collection, was, it is asserted, first done for an inn, as was also Paul Potter's "Young Bull" in the museum at The Hague.

I wish, too, we knew the artist of that quaint sign of St. Dunstan tweaking his satanic majesty by the nose with a pair of hot tongs, which long marked the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, made famous by the patronage of facetious Ben Jonson, Goldsmith, and others of their coterie, and by the pranks of one merry Duke of Montague.

Much of the picturesque departed from old convivial England

when the swinging signboards were declared dangerous and prohibited by law, being replaced by flat, stationary ones; but figures and a few live signs continued to flourish. Every one is familiar with the striped barber-pole commemorating the fact that the hair-dresser once also practised the simplest forms of surgery, the three gilt balls of the pawnbroker, and the "tobacco boy" at the portal of shops where the narcotic weed is retailed. A cage containing a climbing squirrel adorned with bells was formerly the indispensable mark of a tinman.

One of the most original of barbers' signs appeared on the London road, and represented Absalom hanging on a tree, with these lines:

Oh, Absalom, my son, my son,
If thou hadst worn a wig,
Thou hadst not been undone.

Nor is France slow in the matter of signs. That was a clever if not over-truthful Frenchman who announced at the entrance of his café, "Within is to be seen alive the celebrated fabulous animal, the offspring of a rabbit and a carp." Allured by this, many entered, to behold a carp gayly disporting in a tub of water and a jack-rabbit placidly regaling on carrots and leaves. But where was the offspring? Nowhere visible; and it was with a regretful though grand air that Monsieur stepped forward and explained, "Ladies and gentlemen, the wonderful animal is not to be seen at this moment. The great M. Cuvier borrowed him this morning, to exhibit him to the learned members of the Royal Academy of Medicine; but there are his father and mother."

This may have raised a laugh, but, as P. T. Barnum said, "The public is easily humbugged," while it is, withal, very good-natured. Numbers, then, viewed the fish and rodent curiously, while some went away muttering, "Well, they certainly are different-looking from other rabbits and carp." Who has not heard of "le Chat Noir" of Paris, with its black puss for a sign? And a worthy forerunner of this resort of artists was the "Lapin Blanc," which existed until the early sixties and was brought into prominence by the "Mystères de Paris." There, until the end, the stuffed White Rabbit held his post, growing dilapidated with the lapse of years and losing his red eyes, but still keeping watch and ward over the bottles of absinthe, parfait amour, eau-de-vie, etc., with an old bust of Brutus adorned with spectacles on his nose and a garden-hat set rakishly on his thin locks. They were as much a part of the place as the "ogre and ogress" who dispensed hospitality and pointed out the prints, images, and verses upon the wall, productions of Eugène Sue, Pierre Dupont, Taglioni, and others, and all in honor of the White Rabbit.

The colonial days of America were too serious to permit of much humor in the matter of signs, and primitive New England was particularly barren in this respect. What there were were probably of a moral character, since an old chap-book of the time of Wesley and Whitefield ungrammatically tells us that "signboards are spiritualized with an intent that when a person walks along the street, instead of having his mind fill'd with vanity and their thoughts amus'd with the

trifling things that continually present themselves, they may be able to think of something profitable."

The Middle and Southern States, however, were broader. In Philadelphia particularly, signs, ere long, became almost works of art, —especially those painted by Matthew Pratt, many of which were likenesses of the distinguished men of the day. Baltimore, too, was graced by the sign of the "Golden Hare," the "Seven Stars" sparkling in a blue sky, the "May-Pole Inn," and the "General Wayne," with its full-length portrait of Mad Anthony in full continentals.

Traditions of New Amsterdam have preserved only a notice of the "Crowing Rooster," which served as a weathercock and also guided the Knickerbockers to their beloved schnapps; but later there was a spice of wit in the sign of the old New York coffee-house which displayed a sirloin steak with the appropriate Shakespearian quotation, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

To America, however, has been given the credit of originating the "tobacco boys" mentioned above. So numerous were these wooden manikins at one time, it is scarcely surprising that a foreigner on our shores should have asked if they were the statues of our great men. In these trade-marks the three uses of the weed were represented by the smoking Dutchman, the Highlander with his "mull" of snuff, and Jack Tar with his quid, as well as Indians, negroes, Turks, and beruffled Sir Walter Raleighs. These last, particularly, were prime favorites in England, when the idea found its way over the water, and one figure of the nobleman appeared with this inscription:

Great Britain to great Raleigh owes
The plant and Country where Tobacco grows.

Thereupon some malcontent scrawled below,

To George and North Old England owes
The loss of Country where Tobacco grows.

Oddly enough, a dairymaid is the tobacco sign *par excellence* of Holland, and the tobacco-vender's motto is "Troost for Zuigelingen" ("Consolation for Sucklings").

Were we all versed in the Mongolian tongue, it is in the Chinese quarters of such cities as San Francisco and New York that the greatest dignity and poetry of our signboards could be found; while it may add to the interest of some to know that these are never put up without profound consultation with some wise man and elaborate religious ceremonies. For instance, "Shun Wo" above a laundry does not indicate the name of the proprietor, and, far from warning you from the spot, it assures the Oriental that that is the seat of Faith and Charity. In the same way Wa Yun is the sign of the Flowery Kingdom, and Yan On Chëung bespeaks Benevolence, Peace, and Affluence. The vertical signs of apothecary-shops announce them as "The hall of the approved medicines of every province and every land," as the "Hall of Harmony and the Apricot Forest," or as the "Great Life Hall." Restaurants, too, revel in fanciful names, such as the "Fragrant Tea-Chamber," the "Almond Flower Chamber," and the "Gar-

den of the Golden Valley;" while one and all advertise in crooked hieroglyphics "Manchou and Chinese animal and vegetable food by the meal, with wine, diversions, and entertainments."

"Lucky and Happy" is the more or less appropriate title of a Fan Tan saloon or a "White Dove Card Depository," these being gambling and lottery places; and it is novel to read on a butcher's sign, "We receive the golden hogs; that is, we take whole hogs to roast," meaning the fat porkers intended for sacrifice, which are cooked in their yellow skins. The two Chinese theatres of the Western city where the followers of Confucius most do congregate are known as the "Newest Phoenix" and the "Ascending Luminous Dragon."

Grandiloquent as this seems, does it not lend a halo of grace to the common things of life? Signboards are the signs of the times, and in their history can be traced the history of civilization. Gone are the rough attempts at carving the emblems of trade on mercantile walls; gone the crude, creaking, but picturesque swinging signboards; while rapidly following in their wake are the manikins of business, the tobacconist's aboriginal American, and the "King Gambrinus" of the beer-seller.

But the need and the crafts that created these still live in the more artistic modern poster. A movement started only a short time ago in France to raise the character of the often eye-offending *affiche* has met with warm support and spread far and wide, until recent competitions held on this side of the Atlantic have shown that art-students of two continents are ready and eager to furnish designs and win laurels in this commercial field.

The poster has, doubtless, a great future before it, and is the fresh young phoenix rising from the decadence of the ancient signs and symbols.

Agnes Carr Sage.

OLD TOM OF NANTUCKET.

ABDALLAH BEN JUSSUF did not seek to conceal the trouble which lay heavy upon him, and as he strode about the deck of his ship the sailors took care that they never came within reach of the long, beautifully curved yataghan with the silver hilt that he wore in his belt. Abdallah ben Jussuf's right hand wandered more than once to his favorite weapon, and the brown sinewy fingers fitted themselves lovingly around the silver hilt, but there was no need for the sailors to fear him. Wrath he had a plenty, but it was stewing and steaming for the Christian dogs, and not for the Faithful, the pious followers of the greatest of the prophets. Abdallah ben Jussuf had made the pilgrimage, and it would ill become a devout Mussulman to raise his hand against his brethren.

But there was good cause for the wrath that consumed his soul. Abdallah ben Jussuf was known as the boldest and aye, hitherto, the luckiest of captains that sailed out of Algiers. Many a time had he

returned to port with a shipful of treasure and Christian slaves, the spoil of his hand. Many a time had the Dey commended him as one who increased the wealth and glory of his master and who won favor from Allah by his faithful service in the cause of the true religion. He even remembered the Dey's words when he set out in the *Hafiz* upon his cruise. Nor did he forget how the hope of bountiful spoil and many captives had flamed high in his breast when he heard those words.

For the first time the wind of favor had failed to fill Abdallah ben Jussuf's sails. Allah had turned his face away from him. He and his crew seemed alone upon the sea. Sail where they might, they could find no sight of Christian vessel. Day after day the *Hafiz* sailed forward and then back, then tacked and cruised here and there and crossed the lines of travel which Abdallah ben Jussuf knew the Christian ships were accustomed to take. But the crew of the *Hafiz* saw nothing save the blue sea under them and the blue sky overhead.

The devout Mussulman forgot none of his duties. In vain did he pray four times a day and turn his face toward Mecca. Still not a sail. Allah sent neither spoil nor captive into his hand. He looked upon his ship, and the sight was good. Not a finer corsair floated the crescent flag. And his crew? There they were, a numerous and hardy band, bare of foot and arm, dark of face, strong of muscle, and bold of heart. Some polished guns, others toiled at the spars and rigging: all carried wide-mouthed pistols and keen-edged yataghans in their belts. The eyes of Abdallah flashed with pride as he looked upon his dusky horde. He knew them. He had seen them, knives aloft, swarm over the decks of the Christian ships and slay the infidels who dared to oppose them. But Abdallah ben Jussuf also knew that, like the lions, they must be fed, or by and by when hunger gnawed they would turn and rend their keeper. He knew, moreover, that the Dey, his master, back in the city, was waiting for the treasure and slaves he expected his faithful servant Abdallah ben Jussuf to bring to him, as he had done many times before. But now he had neither the treasure nor the captives; and how could he return to his master and face him empty-handed? The Dey was seldom merciful to those who brought him nothing.

Thus the reasons were many and good for the discontent that preyed upon the vitals of Abdallah ben Jussuf. He took his strong marine glass which had come in the French tribute and which his master, the Dey, in a moment of high approval, had presented to him, and swept the wide circle of the sea in a prayerful search for a Christian sail. But he saw nothing to rejoice his heart. Overhead the little white clouds floated peacefully in a sky of blue; the sea, a bed of turquoise, tinged with lighter streaks where the waves broke, lapped lazily against his ship. The glare of the red sun beat down on ship and sea. Save for his own vessel, the ocean was silent and lonely. Abdallah ben Jussuf's heart sickened. He walked back and forth for a little while longer, and then called a sailor.

"Ibrahim," said the captain, "go thou below and bring before me the Christian dog, my slave."

Then Ibrahim went and brought Old Tom of Nantucket.

Years ago, perhaps half a dozen, perhaps eight or ten, the corsairs had taken Old Tom out of a merchant schooner. He was a stout, likely fellow, and they made of him a slave to toil and to moil and to serve the children of the Prophet. Do not think that Old Tom of Nantucket, who had been a man-o'-war's-man in his time and had fought hilt to hilt on a bloody deck, submitted humbly to such a fate. But in the old African city to which they took him they had persuasive ways with their slaves. If there had been any Christian to listen, Old Tom of Nantucket might have told tales of the bastinado and the torture, and then again he might have said nothing, for, like many another of his kind, Old Tom was a man who loved not a long tongue.

But here he was, bent and brown and looking meek and obedient enough when he came before his master, Abdallah ben Jussuf, captain of the good corsair Hafiz.

There was a frown on the face of Abdallah, and his fingers lingered on the hilt of his yataghan, as he said to Old Tom,—

"Dog of a Christian, thou knowest that we have been sailing hither and thither for a long time and we see not a sail. The Christian ships are in the habit of passing this way, but we cannot find them. We have neither booty nor captives, and my men murmur. We are like unto those who wander in the desert and search for sweet water and find it not. Why is it? Hast thou bewitched the ship with thy Christian prayers?"

Old Tom, having a great fear of witchcraft himself, and not being a man of free speech in the best of times, was taken much aback, and looked around at the sea and the sky before replying.

"Answer!" thundered Abdallah ben Jussuf, as his fingers clasped over the hilt of his yataghan. "Thou art my slave, and if thou hast thrown a spell upon the ship thou shalt die under the torture for it."

"Nay," said Old Tom, "I am an honest man-o'-war's-man fallen into an evil plight, and I know naught of such things."

"Is it not here, or near here, that the ships from thy country going to Italy and the lands beyond are accustomed to pass?"

Old Tom said that it was. Over there, just beyond the horizon, where the Spanish coast lay, he had been taken himself, and that was not an event he was likely to forget.

Abdallah ben Jussuf meditated awhile, with his hand still on the hilt of his yataghan. Then he told Ibrahim to take Old Tom below again, and when he had gone he resumed his discontented watch over the ocean, looking and longing for a sail.

Old Tom felt some relief when he had been escorted below, for he did not like the manner of Abdallah ben Jussuf. Life was not of great value to him, but somehow he clung to it still, and he dreamed of a day when he should be again a trig man-o'-war's-man aboard the good sloop *Eagle*, with Boatswain Ben Collins, his trusty chum, by his side. Many was the time Old Tom had lamented his folly in leaving the *Eagle* and sailing in a merchant-ship, to fall into the hands of the corsairs. Then, as his visions of Boatswain Ben and the *Eagle* faded

and hope waxed weak, he would wonder if the stanch sloop still sailed the ocean. One night he dreamed that he had seen her lying on the bottom of the sea, with dead men on her decks. The white face of his chum, Boatswain Ben Collins, stared up at him.

For days after he dreamed that dream Old Tom was so slow in his work that Omar more than once prodded him with a knife to make him more lively. Omar was the chief cook of the *Hafiz*, and it was the business of Old Tom of Nantucket, once a man-o'-war's-man, to wash the pots and kettles. Old Tom was glad there were no other Christians on board the ship to see him in his humiliation and behold the state into which he had sunk. Even should he escape he doubted if he could ever hold up his head again before his chum, Ben Collins, the boatswain.

The *Hafiz* sailed about for two more days, and all the while the wrath of Abdallah ben Jussuf increased. And something like fear mingled with his wrath, for he knew that his master, the Dey, was not wont to be appeased with vain tales and excuses, and when the spoil and the captives were not forthcoming would treat him as Abdallah ben Jussuf himself had treated more than one slave who had fallen into his hands. Moreover, the dark faces around Abdallah ben Jussuf grew darker, and the murmurings grew louder. Sidi Mohammed, the second in command, came to him and suggested a dash upon the coast of Spain.

"We can fall upon a village at night," he said, "and carry off the women. The Spanish girls are fair, and would bring a fine price in the slave-market."

But Abdallah shook his head. Upon the sea, where blood left no stain, he was ready to dare anything, but he cared not for adventure upon land. He feared that his master, the Dey, would not approve, for the times were not as they were of old, and some of the rights of the Faithful had been abridged.

While Abdallah was in this mood Old Tom of Nantucket was not a pleasing sight to him. The sailor's face reminded him too often of the object of his cruise and his failure to attain that object. He thought several times that the application of the bastinado to Old Tom would divert his own feelings and those of his crew; but on second thoughts he would let the matter pass. The slave's work was of value, and, as Allah held out no prospect of more slaves, it was not worth while to injure him.

But on the third day there came a change of fortune. Allah could not be forgetful always of his children. The sailor at the mast-head, peering out over the ocean, saw a brown speck on the rim of the horizon. Though but a common sailor and entitled only to a common sailor's share, his heart thrilled at the sight, and he returned thanks to Mahomet, for he knew the brown speck was a ship, and he believed that it would be a prize. But he looked again and still again, in order to be sure that his joy had not been premature, and then he hailed Abdallah, who stood on the deck below, and told him of the ship.

The joy of Abdallah was not inferior to that of the man at the mast-head, but it did not become one of his gravity to show it in his

face and manner. He turned and looked at the brown speck upon the horizon, which was now visible even from the deck, and presently he called out,—

“Canst thou see the vessel well enough, Hamet, to tell what she is?”

“She looks like a trading-ship, my lord, but I can tell nothing more as yet,” replied Hamet from the mast-head.

It was the habit of Abdallah to prepare for all things, and he would not be guilty of any neglect which might let a rich prize slip through his fingers. The men were summoned to quarters: a fierce crew they were, with their muskets and pistols and crooked knives, and their eyes gleaming with the lust of blood. The cannon were loaded, the ship was trimmed for action, and every man was ready for the fray which was to bring him booty.

“Allah has been kind to us at last,” said Abdallah to Sidi Mohammed, who stood at his side; “for, see, the stranger ship comes nearer, and she will surely fall into our hands. Verily the Prophet watches over the true believers and delivers their enemies unto them.”

Then he watched the ship through his glass, and by and by he told Sidi Mohammed that he believed she was Amerikano. At this Sidi Mohammed rubbed his hands and remarked that it was well, for it was a long way to the land of the Amerikano, and the ship would not make such a journey without being well loaded. A pleased expression came over Abdallah’s face, but it was followed by a frown, for he looked around at his ship and he saw that the appearance of the Hafiz was likely to give alarm in those suspicious days to any peaceful merchant-vessel. Some of the Amerikano ships were very swift. This, perchance, being one of them, might outsail the Hafiz and escape, to the great loss of Islam, and especially of Abdallah ben Jussuf and his crew, than whom there were no more devout followers of the true faith.

Abdallah walked the deck for a few minutes, and then the right course came to him. He ordered the men away from the rail and made them conceal themselves about the deck of the ship. Some lay behind the boats or in them. Others crouched behind heaps of cordage or lurked at the head of the stairways. The ship bore a hundred cut-throats with arms in each hand, but they were visible only to those who stood upon her own deck. Her masts and rigging looked like those of a Spanish or Italian ship. Before sailing away from port Abdallah had been wise enough to provide for that.

When everything had been arranged to suit his critical eye, Abdallah had Old Tom brought before him. He pointed to the distant ship, and asked of the American,—

“Dost thou see the ship yonder?”

“Ay, ay, sir,” said Old Tom; “I see her. What is she?”

“That is for thee to say. Is she not one of the ships of thy nation? Is she not Amerikano?”

There was a queer sensation at the heart of Old Tom, which surprised him. He believed that he was long since dead to sympathy and all kindred feelings; but the ship was now near enough for him to see floating over her a flag which he knew and loved. The two vessels

were sailing down the sides of a triangle, and unless one or the other altered her course they would meet at its point.

Old Tom gazed long, and the queer sensation came over him again. There could be no mistake. Through the glass which Abdallah had forced him to use he could see every star and stripe on the flag when the wind unrolled its folds. There was the ship, sailing peacefully on and bearing her unsuspecting crew into certain death or slavery. Old Tom looked around at the lurking devils on the *Hafiz*, and the queer sensation at his heart grew stronger.

Abdallah whispered to Sidi Mohammed, who went below and came back presently with an old violin and bow that had been saved from some former prize. Abdallah tapped the silver hilt of his yataghan, and, pointing to the violin, said to Old Tom,—

"Thou knowest the use of the instrument, for we have heard thee. Sit upon the boat here, where thou canst be seen from the other ship, and make thy Amerikano music. We would let them know that friends are near who would bear them company."

Abdallah's smile was full of satisfaction, and Sidi Mohammed nodded approval. Old Tom looked again at the distant ship and the flag he loved, and shook his head.

"Mebbe I've consorted with robbers and pirates so long that there ain't much of human natur, leastways of the human natur that is good, left in me," he said; "but I'm darned ef I'll draw my countrymen into your bloody hands."

It was said in Abdallah ben Jussuf's tongue, but that is how it would have sounded in Old Tom's own dialect. The corsair's eyes flashed, and he drew his yataghan. Then he thought better of it and thrust his weapon back in his girdle.

"Dog of a Christian," he said, "thou art my slave and must obey my commands. Thou refusest? Well, I have ways to make thee."

Abdallah called to his men and gave them some orders. Four stout fellows seized Old Tom and threw him upon his back.

"Carry him behind the boat there," said Abdallah, "and try the bastinado."

Old Tom resisted and struggled in the grip of the men, but his efforts were of no avail. His feet were bared, and a fifth man came with a club. Abdallah stood over him, and asked,—

"Wilt thou obey my orders and make the music?"

Old Tom sullenly shook his head. Abdallah gave a sign, and the club descended upon the soles of the bare feet. The whole form of the prostrate man shrank and shivered, but no sound came from his lips. The club descended again and again, and the blood broke through the bruised flesh and stained the deck. Human endurance was passed, and a groan broke from the lips of Old Tom.

"Wilt thou do as I say?" asked Abdallah.

Old Tom still shook his head, and the club descended again. Then the old sailor fainted with pain and exhaustion. A dish of sea-water was thrown in his face, and he revived.

Abdallah then commanded them to lift him up until he could see the strange ship.

"Thou seest the ship yonder," said Abdallah. "We would make a prize of her. Do as I bid thee, or thou shalt be put to the torture again."

The ship was now much nearer, and Old Tom looked at her long and keenly. He stroked his bruised feet, and then he said to Abdallah ben Jussuf,—

"It's a hard thing that you ask of me, to draw my own countrymen into a snare, but that club of yours is more than I can stand. Give me the fiddle, an' I'll do it."

"Sit upon the boat there, where they can see thee plainly," said Abdallah, "and do thou be sure that thou dost not give them warning, or by the beard of Mahomet I will cut thee to pieces myself."

Old Tom climbed painfully into a conspicuous position on the boat, and fixed the violin under his chin. Abdallah crouched behind the boat, and drew his yataghan.

"Play, play, thou dog of a Christian!" he exclaimed, as he reached up and prodded Old Tom in the calf of his leg with his yataghan. Old Tom drew the bow across the violin and began an old tune, "The World's Turned Upside Down." His fingers were somewhat stiffened, but he drew fair music from the violin. While he played he watched the other ship, and Abdallah, crouched behind the boat, did the same.

The Hafiz looked as peaceful and harmless as an ordinary Spanish or Italian trading-vessel. A few men strolled lazily about the deck, and, perched high above the concealed crew, Old Tom of Nantucket sawed industriously upon the fiddle. Sails were spread over the cannon. The tompions were in the port-holes, and there was nothing visible to arouse even the fears of the most suspicious on the other vessel. It was merely a lazy ship with a lazy crew floating placidly on under a summer sun.

The American ship seemed to be lulled into perfect confidence and security; but she looked like an untidy vessel at best. Some of her sails hung awry. There was a litter about her decks. A man with a straw hat sat on a stool by the rail, lazily smoking a pipe. Another man swung in a hammock, and three or four sailors slouched about the deck.

"Do they appear to suspect us?" asked Abdallah of Old Tom.

"I can see naught to show that they do," replied the seaman. "It looks like a lazy, sleepy crew over thar. You might sail right through 'em before they knowed it. God forgive me for drawin' 'em on to destruction!"

"Allah himself wills the punishment of the infidel," said Abdallah. "Play on, thou dog, and beware that thou sayest and doest nothing to alarm them."

The two ships slowly neared each other. It was not Abdallah's plan to sail directly for the American, for fear of alarming her. He kept on down his side of the triangle; the prize remained true to her original course, which would be sure to bring them together.

Out over the waters floated the queer old tune that Old Tom played on the violin. On the American ship they could hear the strains, for one of the sailors danced a few steps, and the man in the hammock sat

up to listen. He looked intently at the Algerine, gave some orders to the sailors, and in a few minutes the ship sheered off a bit.

"He suspects us! Play faster! Play faster!" exclaimed Abdallah, as he prodded Old Tom again in the leg with the keen knife-point.

Old Tom plied the bow with a vigor worthy of his younger days. Abdallah altered the course of the Hafiz a bit, until she was approaching the American as fast as before. But the prize seemed to have got over her alarm. The man lolled back in the hammock again. The other on the stool still stolidly smoked his pipe. The light-footed sailor began to dance again.

When they were within hailing distance the man on the stool pulled his pipe out of his mouth and called out,—

"What ship is that?"

"Do not answer," exclaimed Abdallah to Old Tom. "Let them think we are Italian or Spanish and do not understand their tongue. Play on."

Old Tom shook his head. The man hailed a second time, and when Old Tom shook his head again, he put his pipe back to his mouth and resumed smoking as calmly as if it made no difference to him whether he got a reply or not.

"The prize is ours! The prize is ours!" exclaimed Abdallah, exultantly. "See, Allah bringeth him into our hands."

Sidi Mohammed, crouching near, nodded approval, and scores of fierce black eyes gleamed with joy. Abdallah gave a signal to his helmsman. The course of the Hafiz was altered, and she bore down directly upon the prize.

"Now, my children," shouted Abdallah, springing to his feet, scimitar in hand, as the two ships almost touched. "Forward, by Allah, and the ship is ours!"

The pirates rose up in a swarm, but at the same moment the man on the stool uttered a cry in his strange tongue and leaped back. The black muzzles of a dozen cannon were thrust suddenly through the port-holes of his ship. There was a tremendous rolling broadside, a sheet of flame, and the huge balls of iron crashed and tore their way through the Hafiz and beat down the men on her decks. There was an awful moment of suspense, then the Hafiz shivered, reeled far over on her side, filled with water, and went down in a whirlpool.

"How on airth did ye know us, old partner?" asked Boatswain Ben Collins an hour later of Old Tom of Nantucket, who leaned, exhausted but happy, against a coil of rope on the deck of the stanch sloop Eagle, where the sailors had put him when they dragged him from the water.

"Did you think I'd ever forget the old ship?" said Old Tom. "She was too far away for me to know her the first time I saw her. But when they fetched me up for the second look I knowed her in a second. I guessed what ye was up to. So I jest drawed them blood-hounds on to their death, when they thought I was drawin' you to yours."

Joseph A. Altsheler.

IRRIGATION.

IT is fair to presume that the popular conception of irrigation and its possibilities is vague and indistinct with the mass of people living east of the Mississippi River, although it is the oldest system of agriculture known to the human race. The richest and most productive portions of the earth have been cultivated in this manner for thousands of years and yet maintain the densest populations: in India two hundred to six hundred to the square mile, in Italy two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty, in Egypt nearly five hundred, and so on.

This oldest of arts was practised by the ancient Arabians, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Chinese, and has always formed a part of the agriculture of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. The plains of Oman in Arabia are watered by subterranean canals supplied by reservoirs in the mountains, and a vegetation of rare luxuriance, consisting of most of the fruits and grains of Persia, is produced in consequence. The plains of Assyria and Babylonia are covered with an immense system of canals, some of them hundreds of miles in length, intended partly for irrigation and partly for navigation.

On the American continent the ancient inhabitants of Peru were found by their Spanish conquerors in the use of the most costly works for irrigating their lands. Prescott says, "Canals and aqueducts were seen spreading over the country like a network, diffusing fertility and beauty around them." The Aztecs of Mexico also made use of similar means to counteract the dryness of their atmosphere; and in the beautiful gardens of Iztapalapan, watered by canals and moistened by the spray of fountains, was exhibited to the astonished Spaniards a perfection of horticulture at that time unknown in their own country.

Of late years what are called water-meadows have become a common feature in some of the best cultivated shires of England, and also in the southern part of Scotland. Some peculiar methods have been introduced, as that of irrigating with currents of liquid manure: the sewage of Edinburgh is distributed on the same principle, with the most beneficial results, over the meadows that lie below the level of the city.

It would seem as if some of our American cities that are contending with polluted drinking-water, due to the introduction of sewage into streams, might draw a lesson from this instance of advanced sanitary practice and turn to good account the waste land near their borders, where sewage could be deposited and the municipal potato-patch plan worked to perfection. When engineering difficulties can be overcome, this should be done.

Up to the present time irrigation in the United States has been almost exclusively confined to the arid portions west of the Mississippi River. This region embraces two-fifths of the area of the country, and includes 616,000,000 acres of land that can be benefited by water.

In addition to this there are wide districts in the East where droughts prevail at critical times. Only those who understand and appreciate these facts are aware of the importance of irrigation and of its connection with the development of the country. In due time the government will no doubt see the advisability of undertaking a share of this work; and it is certainly as much within its province as the improvement of rivers and harbors.

The efficacy of applying water to dry lands is amply proved by the success which attends it wherever tried. Northern Nebraska furnishes a typical region for example. Here a body of nearly one million acres of sandy loam land that produced enough in favorable seasons to delight its occupiers, and in dry seasons reduced them to beggary by refusing to put forth anything, has been made to blossom with uniform plenty by the construction of canals fed by water from the Platte River.

Irrigation is the basis of a form of agriculture as scientific as mathematics, and the certain and diversified production it insures means the industrial independence of the family unit. The proof of this claim was seen in the fact that there was little hunger or hardship in irrigated districts during the severe depression of 1893.

Irrigation means a larger percentage of land-ownership. In Massachusetts between seventy and eighty per cent. of the people are landless tenants. In irrigated Utah ninety per cent. of the people are landed proprietors. These statistics appear bold, but facts bear them out.

It also means small farms and neighborhood association. We cite the colonies of Southern California, where the owners and tillers of the soil live close to the schools, the church, and the public library, and in some instances enjoy the convenience of free postal delivery. It is not too much to say that this condition will obtain widely in the East at no distant day. Older farmers will not forsake the ancestral quarter section with culture thinly spread on, but sons and daughters, alive to the possibilities of their position and anxious to put away the drudgery of present farm life, will seize upon this idea as a means of escape from the loneliness and unprofitableness of big farms.

A break was made looking to the better understanding of irrigation in Eastern communities in 1895, when representatives from Illinois, Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Minnesota attended the National Irrigation Congress held at Albuquerque, New Mexico. A still wider representation from Eastern States was expected at the following Congress, which convened in December, 1896, at Phoenix, Arizona.

Enlightened cultivators of the soil generally concede that whatever may be done without irrigation can be so far surpassed with it that no one can afford to be without it where it can be had, a belief endorsed by all who have witnessed the reclamation of the arid portions of the Middle West from the thralldom of intermittent sufficiency of rain. It has not only been shown that crop-failure can be entirely overcome where water can be raised from wells by windmills or other cheap power, but also that irrigation makes small and lively settlements, while farming on rainfall alone makes large holdings with slow and sleepy neighborhoods. Under irrigation nearly every one who owns

more than forty acres of land wants to sell part of it; without it the tendency is to accumulate large areas and become land-poor. And the reason lies in the fact that irrigated land produces two or three times as much as dry land, with less expenditure of labor.

Irrigation has proved a gratifying success in Michigan, and has many staunch advocates in that State of great lakes and water-ways. By way of showing what can be done in any of the Middle or Atlantic Coast States, I will insert here the results of a few trials at the Lansing experiment station. With beans the returns from an irrigated square rod of ground were seventy-six pounds against seventeen and a quarter pounds on the same area without water. The returns from the first were much earlier than on the other, and brought better prices. Twenty-seven pounds were picked from the irrigated patch before any were fit to be gathered from the dry one. The effect of irrigation was also tried on a timothy field, with the result that three irrigations caused a yield at the rate of five thousand three hundred and sixty pounds per acre; one irrigation gave two thousand two hundred and thirty pounds per acre; without any water the turn-off was eight hundred pounds per acre. Three applications of water produced stalks of timothy from three feet nine inches to four feet three inches in height. Localities with richer soil would surpass these figures.

Farmers in some portions of Illinois have also been well pleased with experimental irrigation, and, having learned the value to wet lands of tile drainage, are awakening to the advantage of having them wet when they want them wet. Indeed, good underdrainage is indispensable to successful irrigation in heavy soils.

It is maintained by scientists that an annual rainfall of twenty inches or over is sufficient for crop-development if precipitation is properly distributed throughout the germinating and growing seasons. But clouds are unstable and governed by atmospheric conditions, not by crop-requirements; hence double this precipitation may take place during a year and still leave plants without enough water. In Eastern agricultural districts hardly a summer passes that the cry for rain is not a serious one. Yet the farmer here bows to fate and pockets diminished returns with grim resignation.

There is a cure for this, and it lies in irrigating reduced holdings. Even in so humid a country as India irrigation is practised to supplement rainfall. The lower Ganges canal irrigates one million one hundred and eighty-seven thousand acres with a rainfall of thirty-one inches over the area controlled by this system. Irrigation is also widely followed in France and Spain, where the annual rainfall is forty to fifty inches. Thus we see that artificial distribution of moisture goes hand in hand with cloud precipitation. In our own country it will be practised more extensively in what are called the humid regions as its beneficial effects become better appreciated.

No Eastern cultivator of the soil is chimerical who essays irrigation. He is following a sensible method that has been instrumental in turning failure into success in ancient and modern times. The fertility of the Nile valley lies largely in the frequent deposits of silt which the overflowing waters leave. Irrigation filled the granaries which

attracted Joseph's brethren from the parched fields of Canaan. The canal of the Pharaohs connecting Pelusium with the Red Sea was constructed for purposes of irrigation. The Nile water carries large quantities of organic matter, together with salts of potash and phosphoric acid, which serve a useful purpose in the production of crops. This is true of most river-, spring-, or pond-water, and makes it better than well-water for carrying fertility to land; but where well-water is the only kind to be had the user need not fear that it will be unavailing. It will provide timely refreshment to growing crops, and proper cultivation and fertilization must be carried on just the same. Irrigation cannot be prescribed as a cure-all for crop-failure, but must be considered as a tonic to be administered in drougthy seasons.

On the thousand-acre farms of the West irrigation by flooding is prevalent. This method is called catch-work, the ground being laid out in checks or basins following contour lines, each chain of checks retaining its own level. The checks at the head of a system are fed by a spur from a main canal, and deliver the water to the chain next lower, thus quickly covering hundreds of acres.

This is not the usual method of irrigating small tracts. The common way on these is to run the water through furrows between the rows of trees, potatoes, or other crops, economizing the liquid as much as possible.

Several sources of supply may be suggested to those desiring to try irrigation where no large system of ditches is feasible. The means most easily provided for getting water into a position ready for use is a windmill and small reservoir, which can be had at moderate cost. For a ten-acre tract the largest-sized mill is indicated, with a reservoir occupying probably half an acre. The reservoir is an indispensable part of such a system, for unless enough water is held in readiness to cause a good flow when needed the pump cannot do much.

In planning a reservoir the highest land adjacent to the tract to be irrigated should be selected, so that a slight fall may be had to all points. Shallow wells yield a cheap supply of water, but in many instances favorably located springs of copious flow may be tapped and discharged into the reservoir. Storm water may be impounded in ravines by a series of dams. Natural ponds may be robbed by pumping their contents into the constructed reservoir. The ingenuity of the individual interested will devise other means peculiar to his own environment.

To make a success of irrigation it by no means follows that water should be available for a whole farm. With ten acres of assured crops and the rest dependent upon rainfall, the farmer, no matter what his location, will be better off than he is now. The future will undoubtedly see irrigation spread all over the East. When it does, regular crops and certainty of income will be the order. Skilful irrigators will then conclude that the cost is not so important an item when benefits are considered. The first to try will get the usufruct from good prices in times of partial crop-failure, though they may get the laugh when rain is plenty.

Albert G. Evans.

A VANISHED CIVILIZATION.

THE pioneers of civilization in South America were the Jesuits. Although their influence in many respects may not always have been what was most conducive to the prosperity of the new settlement, yet their mode of treating the natives was more humane and their plan for the development and progress of the country more advanced than any other attempts of that period. They sought to establish a permanent home for their sect with a wealth and splendor that would equal that of the Old World, and their work was characterized by prudence, industry, and wisdom. Other settlers came only as fortune-hunting adventurers to enslave the natives, pillage the country, and then return to their own land with ill-gotten gains.

Monuments of the Jesuits still remain in churches, aqueducts, cities in ruins, and the history of a hundred prosperous missions: from the Amazon to Brazil's southern borders we see their signs. The aqueduct of Rio de Janeiro, the hundred churches of Bahia, the stone dams on the rivers of Goyaz, the crumbling ruins of almost every state of Brazil, tell of the Jesuit occupation. Other settlers of that period left almost nothing behind them; their mission was to destroy, tear down, and drive out the only element of good the country had, that they might establish the reign of terror, slavery, and rapine that cursed the country so long.

The first Jesuits came into the north of Brazil about 1549. In 1602 the first seven Jesuit priests were sent from Peru to Paraguay by land to begin the subjugation and conversion of the Indians in that section. From 1555, the date of the first colonization of Paraguay by the Spaniards, to 1602, the subjugation of the Indians had been accomplished without the aid of the priests. The invaders entered the territory of the Indian tribes by force or persuasion, established posts of trade, and exacted tribute, while they aided the friendly natives against other tribes, or used them to extend their dominion by any means, fair or foul.

More than twenty tribes were thus brought under control before the arrival of the Jesuits, but after 1602 this work of subjugation or conversion was left almost entirely in the hands of the religious order. From this time on progress was rapid until 1631, when the Portuguese and the Tuby Indians advancing overland from San Paulo devastated the country, captured and made slaves of sixty thousand Indians, and drove the remainder far south from the now disputed territory between Brazil and the Argentine and the northeast of Paraguay, where they were located. The refugees settled between the rivers Paraná and Uruguay, and finally extended to the eastern banks of the latter, all of which territory has since been known as the *Misiones* of the three republics of Brazil, Argentine, and Paraguay. The first possession and this invasion were the causes of that long-disputed territorial question of limits still pending between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

On the Brazilian side of Uruguay San Nicolas was the first settlement, about 1631 : in a few years afterwards the other six cities and settlements followed. This territory, a small section of the three republics, constituted one of the most popular kingdoms, or strange republics, that the world has ever known. An advance guard of civilization in a wild and savage land, the enterprise flourished in splendor for over one hundred and thirty years, until it was suddenly and overwhelmingly brought to an end by the decree which expelled the Jesuits from the country in the year 1768.

Thirty-odd cities and settlements constituted this community. It was governed by a few hundred priests and laymen, who held in a kind of voluntary bondage upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand Indians, nominally free, but to all intents and purposes slaves. The climate was as healthful as could be found anywhere on the continent, and the temperature was so mild that few clothes or home comforts were required. Seasons were regular, the soil was virgin, and territory was limited only by the desires of the pioneers. It was a community strong enough for self-protection, if necessity required, but left in peace by the outside world, with means to purchase all that was desired from other nations, and with a ready market for exports of its own. The settlers occupied the best camps of South Brazil, North Argentine, and Paraguay, convenient to virgin forest that was prolific in game and rich in timber of every kind. Streams and rivers teeming with fish, water-power for every purpose, "maté," the Paraguayan tea, in profuse abundance for home consumption and foreign export,—all this and much more they possessed for the small tribute of a poll-tax of one dollar a year upon men between eighteen and fifty years of age.

These priests were frugal, laborious, and intelligent, conducting their administration with a systematic order and discretion that have never been excelled, combining religion, superstition, fatherly love, good discipline, and despotic power in such form as to gain respect, exact reverence, and enforce a just fear of their displeasure. Willingly the wild children of the forest came among them and gave their souls and their little ones into the keeping of the Church. They worked their task-hours each day, ate what was issued to them, attended the church and the festivities that were provided for them, listened to the trained bands of music and bell chimes that made joyous their hours of rest after the day's toil, enjoying comforts, pleasures, and a security never dreamed of before. No lawyer, shopkeeper, politician, or tax-collector had a home with them ; not an inn, drink-shop, or country store was in all the land ; to work, eat, sleep, and praise God was there the whole duty of man.

Agriculture consisted in cultivating rich fields near the towns and cities, where all resided save those who looked after the breeding of cattle, horses, etc., or were on special service under the direct command of the priests or their assistants. They produced an abundance for their own consumption,—rice, beans, corn, mandioca, and vegetables and fruits of all kinds. Cotton and hemp they raised and spun and wove into cloth for the community, while "maté" and hides were ex-

ported to pay the taxes, to buy a few articles to adorn their churches, or to supply any special need.

The camps in the vigor of their freshness, stocked with horses and cattle that were nursed with the care of industrious and intelligent husbandmen, in a short time gave great results. To-day these camps would show the same results under the same conditions, which, however, do not now exist. Then the camps were fresh and space unlimited, and there were ever new pastures to which to drive their flocks; to-day the fields are grazed over, year after year, to their full extent, with no new pastures to fall back upon. Soon by the energy of these workers the increase of supply exceeded the demand, and, export being impracticable at that time, they had no recourse save to go on increasing it further and further, until all revelled in the fatness of the land as far as an unbounded supply of meats for consumption or animals of burden was concerned.

Children lived with their parents until they were five years of age. Then they were separated, taught to dance, sing at mass, and perform on musical instruments. Those who were most intelligent were taught some trade, and thus their education was complete. Not even were they taught Spanish; it was the policy of their masters to restrict them to speaking the dialect of the Indians, so that strangers might not communicate with them.

These Jesuit missionaries considered themselves the world's benefactors, the great Christianizers of the blind heathen. They were the champions of human liberty, the strong arm that fought in defence of the Indian whenever another wished to enslave him, and so persistently did they fight that in time they brought about their own downfall.

All the while they were extending their own domain. Year by year they added new converts from the forest. When they conquered in battle they took to their homes the offspring of the savages and held them as hostages. They kept emissaries constantly visiting the wild tribes, begging or stealing children to be a sacrifice to the "Great Spirit." When a hard winter or a scarce year pinched the wild Indians with hunger, the priests invited them to the towns, fed them, and kept them ever afterwards. The wars of the wild tribes drove many a weak nation to take shelter with them, and there they remained ever after.

If these were slaves, the priests were the greatest of sinners, for they practised that which they so severely condemned. If only they were aiming to civilize and convert, who can say but that the ends justified the means and that they did a great work?

Here would seem to be all the elements that could be desired for the creation of an ideal community, and a time sufficient to develop its virtues. From 1631 to 1768 the Jesuits ruled undisturbed over all this vast dominion. They were expelled from Pará and Maranhão in 1661. What were the results, and what did they leave behind them?

When they were expelled in 1768 the leaders thought that only a trip to the Cortes of Spain was needed to cause the repeal of the decree and a speedy restoration. If they possessed treasure, they left it behind. Enormous wealth was supposed to be theirs as the product

of the toil of so many hands and for so long a time, for it was known that, beyond the small tribute they yearly paid to Spain, little went into the coffers of the Old World. But the new possessors who took charge of affairs found nothing more than well-stocked ranches, skilled labor, fields and gardens yielding, not a bounteous crop, but all that high civilization could bring forth from a soil not of the best quality. The towns were situated generally in camps, and the fields adjacent were made reasonably productive only by fertilizing and careful culture.

One of the governors who took charge after the Jesuits were expelled estimated the crop that three hundred laborers, including women and children above twelve years, should produce in one year, with other vegetables not included, as follows:

ARTICLES.	CROP FOR 300 LABORERS.
Cotton	26,400 pounds.
Maté	26,400 "
Tobacco	1,650 "
Honey	1,500 "
Wheat	400 bushels.
Beans	800 "
Rice	600 "
Mandioca	800 "
Corn	800 "
Cloth	15,000 yards.

On theory this amount should have been produced yearly, but reports show that it was seldom attained.

In the Brazilian territory east of the river Uruguay, the seven cities or settlements contained a total of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Seven churches were put under construction, but in one hundred and thirty-odd years only the one at St. John was completed. There were fine quarries of building-stone, endless forests of all kinds of timber, a surplus of labor, and boundless means of transport, yet the work languished. Even the churches that were under construction were crudely built of stone, wood, and sun-dried bricks. St. Miguel, the great cathedral, with a length of two hundred and fifty-two feet by a width of eighty-six, shows some parts where the stones are dressed and elaborately adorned, and others where they are rough and uncut, with a conglomeration of wood and bricks mixed all through.

Not a street did they pave, not a road did they macadamize. Few and unimportant were the bridges constructed. One enterprise of some magnitude they did attempt, and that was the draining of the Ibera, the great lake in North Argentine. Although this undertaking was a failure, yet the long canal is still plainly visible. Churches, school-buildings, convents, and storehouses were begun on a gigantic scale, but seldom finished, and even when completed they were not the substantial buildings projected; continual modifications of plan, architecture, and material made them in the end very common affairs.

All the ostensible wealth that these cities possessed was found in their churches; but even there the tapestries, jewels, crosses, candlesticks, altar-plates, etc., were light and gaudy instead of heavy and precious. The total of silver taken from the seven churches east of the Uruguay when conquered by General Chaves was said to have been

less than fifty thousand dollars' worth, besides a few jewels of more precious stones. The sixty cart-loads of stuff that were carried into the new republic of Uruguay were principally furniture taken from the churches, convents, and private dwellings of the priests, of no great value; what was left was only that which a robber would leave. The reputed buried treasures have been sought far and wide, with no known results of profit, unless the local rumor be true that two men found in the church of St. Miguel enough money to purchase each a cattle farm.

The Jesuits were expelled in 1768 from these missions. From this time until 1801 the colonies, as they were then called, languished under the rule of the Spanish, corruptly administered from Buenos Ayres. At this date all east of the Uruguay was conquered from the Spanish by the Portuguese. The cities were almost completely destroyed, and the inhabitants massacred, taken prisoners, or driven from the country.

During the reign of the Spanish, from 1768 to 1801, their treatment of the Indians was so inhuman that the poor creatures were continually escaping back to the forest, until at the time of the conquest by the Portuguese in 1801 there were not over forty thousand in all the missions. To-day, of the thirty-three cities that were once so populous and prosperous, there are only a very few that have inhabitants at all, and in these the total population would not exceed ten thousand.

Although at present difficult of access, a visit to the ruins of these old Jesuit cities would interest the curious. Large trees are growing in the centre of churches; the domestic shrubs and flowers mingle with the wild forest growth that covers the débris of fallen houses; here is a Corinthian column, and there are fragments of fine carved cornices lying about in profuse abundance.

Henry Granville.

A SECRET.

SUNK deep in a sea,
A sea of the dead,
Lies a book, that shall be
Never opened or read.

Its sibylline pages
A secret enclose,—
The flower of the Ages,
A rose, a red rose.

That sea of the dead
Is my soul; and the book
Is my heart; and the red
Rose, the love you forsook.

Julian Hawthorne.

MARRYING IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

II.

AMONG the many faults of the nineteenth century is often reckoned haste. The world, one says, is full of hurry and bustle; time is outrageously dear. Yet, in the business of courting, men are marvels of patience and leisureliness when compared to what they were in the Middle Ages. They liked then to commence a courtship by what is regarded now as the next to the last word in it,—“Will you marry me?”—and they had little use for preliminaries. If the gentlewoman was wise and virtuous, she of course knew immediately what to say, for she had previously been informed of her suitor’s fortune, as he of her dowry, and a few minutes only were necessary for the young people to see whether they were mutually agreeable or not.

Margaret Mauteby’s marriage with John Paston (father of Sir John Paston) had already been arranged between the fathers and mothers when she first met the young man. “She made him gentle cheer in gentle wise,” and said he was verily his father’s son. Her demeanor so encouraged her future mother-in-law that she wrote, “And so I hope there shall need no great treaty betwixt them.” It was not necessary for the suitor to waste time in *tête-à-têtes*; whispers and glances and misunderstandings might be dispensed with. The only thing which was essential, and which would indicate a good practical affection, was a present of a gown,—“a goodly blue or else a bright sanguine,”—for which the girl’s mother promised to provide a trimming of fur. What Margaret’s “gentle cheer” emboldened John to say is not recorded. He probably went blithely to the heart of the matter at once, and said, like Petruchio at his first interview with Katherine,—

“Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry ’greed on;
..... I am a husband for your turn;
..... We will be married o’ Sunday.”

Engagements were not entered into lightly in those days. It was a queer, barbarous time, and a man’s or a woman’s word was considered binding. One did not promise “for life” meaning “for a few months.” Words were taken at their face value, and full payment was expected. To people who were thoughtful and honest the rule was a benefit, but to the careless and capricious it must have been often very irksome: so it can be seen that it was a shockingly bad principle, for it was inconvenient to the majority. It also interfered greatly with the authority of parents and guardians,—another fault which totally condemns it.

In Margery Paston’s case this rule, that a verbal engagement was binding, actually made it possible for a headstrong girl to marry a poor man simply for personal affection, and prevented a mother from disposing freely of the hand of her own daughter.

Margery was the only one of the Pastons who disgraced the family by having a real love-affair. When she was first grown she was "a goodly young woman," and a marriage was proposed for her with a hero who had an income of three hundred marks to render him irresistible, and also with an Apollo who charmed with a forty-pound settlement.

"He . . .
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love,"

said Baptista; and likewise Margery's love seemed to her family a thing that was theirs to offer or withhold.

When the girl went to London for a visit, her brother recommended that she should pray for a good husband at the most celebrated shrines. While, however, she was supposed to be looking to heaven and her family searching on earth for a man with just the right "livelihood," Margery's heart chose a husband for her, and her heart made the fatal mistake of choosing without any thought of the real merit conferred by real estate. The foolish girl engaged herself to Richard Calle, a bailiff in the service of her eldest brother. Her family were indignant at the idea of such a marriage. Practical John the younger wrote scornfully that if all the others gave their consent he would never give his that his sister should sell mustard and candles at Framlingham, which would probably be the elegant occupation of Dame Calle.

However, if the girl had really promised, the match could not be broken off. If she had given her word to Richard Calle, she was bound to marry him. Everything depended on what she had said, and her lover besought her to repeat it boldly. Calle felt sure that when the girl's family knew she had promised, they would not dare to interfere. "I suppose they will not damn their souls for us," he wrote, calling her his "true wife before God." The bishop consented to examine Margery to see if her words had really "made matrimony." The girl plucked up courage at the examination, and, after repeating what she had said to her lover, added that "if those words made it not sure" she would make it surer ere she went thence. That settled the matter; her mother could do nothing; Margery had promised, and she must be allowed to fulfil her words.

Sir John Paston, though a man of the world, and one who had some wit and wisdom regarding women, managed to get himself into an entanglement from which he could not extricate himself for years. Sir John was more anxious to amuse himself than to settle down and found a family, and preferred to court for others rather than for himself. Society was pleasant and easy in those days, and a gay young bachelor like Sir John could lead a merry life. A traveller, describing the charms of English social intercourse about this time, wrote, "To mention but a single attraction, the English girls are divinely pretty,—soft, gentle, pleasant, and charming as the Muses. They have one custom which cannot be too much admired. When you go anywhere on a visit the girls all kiss you. They kiss you when you arrive; they kiss you when you go away; and they kiss you again when you return. Go where you will, it is all kisses."

This kind of amiable freedom made society attractive, and Sir John had no desire to bury himself in the country and manage his estate. His friends were ever chaffing him about his love-adventures. One, who was copying Ovid's "*De Arte Amandi*" for him, suggested that Sir John would probably prefer "*De Remedio*," as more appropriate. The knight, his friend hinted, had best study how to recover from love, unless there had been some sudden change in the demeanor of a mysterious Lady Anne P——, who was described as being "as white as whalebone." Sir John's taste regarding women was discriminating, and his ideal of beauty was sufficiently refined for him to appreciate that a severe illness had improved the appearance of a pretty Flemish girl, whom most men would have preferred red and fat. "Mistress Gretkyn is fairer and slenderer than she was," he wrote from Ghent to John the younger. The Flemish coquette had teasingly made him "no cheer," but always her sauce was, "How fareth Master John, your brother?" Whereat the knight became "wrothe, and spake a jealous word or two, disdainig," that when he was present she should care so much for his brother. Sir John was a gay Lothario, and he liked to astonish fine ladies with his gallantly worded phrases, or to trifle with the maid at "The Bull," who was so poor that she had to borrow a ring to send him as a token. He loved his freedom, but he came very near losing it, because of this inconvenient rule about engagements.

During one of his journeys abroad in the king's service, Sir John met a Mrs. Anne Haute, to whom he made a proposal of marriage. After leaving Calais he wrote to her, beseeching her to give him an answer as soon as possible, and in the mean time not to forget him. "I am proud that ye can read English," he wrote, "wherefore I pray you acquaint you with this my uncouth hand, for my purpose is that ye shall be more acquainted with it." Shortly after this Sir John's mother inquired of him whether he were really engaged, reminding him that, if he had given his word to the lady, before God he was as greatly bound to her as if they were married. The engagement was indeed by that time fully concluded, and Mrs. Haute's kinsman, Lord Scales, was on that account lending his influence to Sir John in a suit at court. Yet the marriage was not hastened; the bridegroom was not very eager. Perhaps he who was "the best chooser of a gentlewoman" was not wholly satisfied with Mrs. Haute. After several years both parties became anxious for release, but they were bound to each other, and a dispensation from the Pope was necessary to relieve them of their reciprocal promises. The lord chamberlain, Cardinal Bouchier, and the queen, who was a cousin of the lady, interested themselves in the matter, but it was ten years before Sir John was finally "delivered of Mrs. Anne Haute."

The marriage of a widow or widower was considered a sort of bigamy in the Middle Ages, and the benediction was omitted from the ceremony in such cases. The fact that a woman had been married before gave her friends and enemies the right to indulge in all manner of rough, embarrassing pleasantry at her second wedding, and "a werry nice notion o' fun" they had in those days. The new couple were

usually treated to a charivari, or concert of pans and kettles, on the night of their nuptials. At these entertainments the guests frequently indulged in great freedom of behavior, as at the court of France in 1393, when the celebrated masquerade was given by Charles VI. in honor of a widow who was marrying a third husband. The king and five other young men disguised themselves in hairy suits as savages and joined in a dance disgracefully wild. By some carelessness the torches were brought too near the dancers, and the inflammable stuff in which they were clothed caught fire. Only the king and one other gentleman were saved from being burnt to death, and the tragedy was generally considered as a providential judgment on the character of the entertainment.

He had to be a bold man who married a widow, for a few rude jokes and a clattering serenade were not the only punishments awarded him. He was deprived of benefit of clergy. Benefit of clergy was the privilege claimed by priests to be tried before the ecclesiastical courts, in which offenders were nearly always sure of acquittal. Laymen also enjoyed the privilege if they possessed the extremely small amount of knowledge requisite for ordination. Reading and writing were at a premium, and a man under sentence of death who could read a psalm might plead his clergy and escape the penalty of having his "height shortened by a head." In the ages when the custom originated learning was too rare and precious to be destroyed. A man might be a murderer, but, if he were the only man in a town who could read, it was not expedient to kill him. By the abuse of the privilege, however, it came to be that a man in England could commit murder, rapine, or theft, and be absolved from punishment by glibly reading a few words.

This precious privilege, which was a license to crime, was taken away from a man who committed bigamy. A man who had taken a widow to wife could no longer kill or steal with impunity; he had no longer benefit of clergy. The unfortunate fact that his wife had had another spouse rendered the living husband amenable to the civil law.

To "beware of widders" was advisable; yet marriages with them seem to have been general. The Pastons courted and married widows, apparently without any regret at losing benefit of clergy, or any conscientious scruples at dispensing with the blessing of the Church upon their nuptials. Perhaps they held the opinion of Sir Thomas More, that a woman, like a horse, was the better for having been broken in, and that a man was wise who chose a wife whom some one else had first tamed.

There was one kind of trade then which was not considered lowering to a man of rank or wealth; indeed, the king set an example of condescension by being the head manager or director of the business. The merchandise handled was far superior to that bought or sold in any other trade, for it was flesh and blood, and English flesh and blood.

The lord of a manor had the right to give in marriage a ward or an orphan holding property of him. If the ward were rich, the guardian would receive a large sum of money for his consent to the

marriage, so that the marrying of wards became a valuable source of income to the great barons, and especially to the king. The business was, indeed, often too extensive for those interested in other affairs, and so the king and other guardians made a practice of selling the right to arrange marriages for their wards. The purchasers of these rights could in turn dispose of them to others, or, if it suited their own interests better, finally give away the wards in marriage. The only protection the ward had was that after he was of age he could bring suit against his guardian for disparagement, if he had been married to one not his equal in fortune or birth. It was also possible for a man to sell the marriage of his own child. The right to give away the child in marriage was valuable, of course, in proportion to the amount of the child's estate. There was risk in this business, as in any enterprise. A man might pay a good sum to secure the marriage of a rich heir, and if flood or fire happened to injure the property of his ward, he might not be able to exact for the marriage as much as he had paid.

"He bought me and sold me as a beast," wrote Sir Stephen Scrope of his step-father and guardian, Sir John Fastolf. Sir Stephen was heir to a large property, and Fastolf sold the wardship for five hundred marks. The man who bought it intended to marry Scrope to one of his own daughters. As this was considered an unequal match, Fastolf was persuaded to buy back his ward. To reimburse himself again he demanded a large sum as the price of his consent to Sir Stephen's marriage. The lady whom Sir Stephen chose was a widow, and Fastolf offered, if she were unable to pay him the five hundred marks, to take instead the wardship of a child she had had by her former marriage. In the various transactions Sir Stephen's property suffered sadly, but, though he complained bitterly of the treatment he had received, in later life he acted towards his own daughter in a similar way. Being in want of money, he sold her wardship. "For very need I was fain to sell a little daughter I have for much less than I should have done," he wrote, lamenting that he had been obliged to do it when too hard pressed for money to make a good bargain.

The prices of marriages fluctuated. When times were hard and money scarce, a valuable marriage or a good wardship could be bought cheaply. There were no regular quotations showing the rise and fall of the market, but canny people like the Pastons knew well enough when to buy and when to sell. John the elder had a daughter to marry in 1463, at a time when the world was "right queasy" and the Scots and Lancastrians were threatening England. A good marriage should be gotten for the girl "for less money now in this world than it should be hereafter," wrote her mother, anxious to speculate on the political disorders of the country.

Masters and mistresses took a kindly interest in the marriages of their servants. Often a young woman even of the upper classes looked to her mistress to provide a husband, instead of expecting her own parents to arrange the matter.

"I would ye should speak with Wekis," wrote Margaret Paston to her son Sir John, "and know his disposition to Jane Walsham. She hath said . . . unless she might have him she would never marry.

Her heart is sore set on him ; she told me that he said to her that there was no woman in the world he loved so well. I would not he should jape [fool] her ; for she meaneth good faith ; and if he will not have her, let me know in haste and I shall purvey for her in other wise."

So great a man as the Earl of Oxford interested himself in a love-affair of a servant of his named Denyes. His lordship moved others to intercede for Denyes with the young woman, and offered to show his bounty to her if she would accept his servant, even proposing "the coming thither of our person self" to the place where she was, if such condescension would be to her pleasure.

It is possible to teach a lion to walk on two legs and to bow very suavely, but this does not indicate that the beast is tamed ; and so humanity goes through a great many decent tricks while its heart still loves the jungle. Since the fifteenth century men have learned that it is not polite to call a marriage a bargain, or indeed to use any commercial term in regard to that arrangement. Yet this refinement of speech, although a pretty enough achievement, does not prove that there is no longer cheapening or buying or selling in the proceedings that unite two human beings in a partnership that may last as long as life.

Emily Bailey Stone.

A FORESTRY IDYL.

THE wide doors of the Forestry Building at the great Columbian Exposition were hospitably open to the sunshine and winds from blue Lake Michigan ; they entered and played hide-and-seek about the place, not dispelling, but blending with and carrying about that sweet, pungent scent that seemed to discerning "wood-lovers" the spirit-essence of all the free, wild forest-lives concentrated here in this wild-wood citadel, in the city of a city, amid the tramping multitude from all corners of the crowded earth.

Its living fragrance lingered around severed hearts of giant monarch trees, gnarls from misshapen forest gnomes, birch bark fashioned into slender canoes, opulent slabs of warm mahogany or rosewood, polished, satiny surfaces, smooth as the mirroring waters over which the glad boughs once bent, or marked by Nature's subtle mimicry with the bird's eye that peeped through the maple branches, the swirl of the curling eddy beneath the ash, or a hundred kindred traceries ; it stole from the spicy growths of tropic climes, even from the cocoa-woven mats of the French pavilion and the odd little baskets and quaint souvenirs of the Japs.

It had perhaps long died out of the finely pressed, mounted, and encased exhibits of twig and leaf, flower and fruit, from the woods of the different States ; but somehow the man standing spellbound among these scientific dry bones of the "wild-woods of West Virginia" felt it sweep across the senses of his memory with a wave of olden fra-

grance that submerged all his later years, the struggles, the gains, the dignities that had made him what he was,—one you would mark in a crowd as a leader, a man of great affairs.

How he had ever happened to get away from his crowding satellites, to be alone here among these mute reminders of days too sweet to be remembered without pain, he scarcely knew. No one recognized him; nothing broke the spell.

What a bewildering breath it was that blew over him from the old woods, holding the moist, spongy odor of the breaking spring soil, rich with last year's leaves; the strange, exhilarating whisper of growing, flowing life, of hidden violets; the deepening scents of summer; the etherealized airs of languorous fall; breath of spring burgeon and autumn fruitage in one magic, impossible whole!

He saw again the white dogwood blooms, the glory of the frost-kissed leaves, the red spice-berries. He saw them where he had placed them, crowning the dark locks of her proud little head, resting on her breast, encircling her round young throat.

The redbud's early spring glory showered about him again, as soft, as glowing, as her shy, light maiden kisses, but so far more generous!

"Witch-hazel!" Ah, that was his teasing name for her in those past days,—the winning little witch, with her shining hazel eyes and nut-brown hair. And here was the "honey locust," with its soft white blooms, its sweets, and its stinging thorns; that was she, too, he had said angrily, but now he knew he had been a poor fool not to know that sweets unguarded by thorns are cheap; not to know that it had been his to crush those wilful little thorns and store the sweets for all his life's seasons, instead of drawing away petulantly, with a hurt pride that seemed petty vanity now. What was the final quarrel, after all? He could not tell; but, far as were these juiceless, impaled "specimens" from their old exultant, sunny, breeze-fueled lives, so far was he from the sweetness of hopeful youth and love.

There was the knotty "Hercules club" in the corner; here were the still glossy leaves of the laurel. Surely he had wielded one and won the other from the great world beyond the forest, as in those old days he had dreamed of doing. His name was a talisman. In the heat of the struggle and the glow of success his heart had grown callous to aching; he had almost forgotten the old dreams, the old days. Why did their charm come back and make the rest seem nothing? If the wisdom of the world was more than the impulses of youth, why did it drop away as nothing from the unsatisfied heart? Why does the keen essence of our enjoyment linger in the after-taste of the undrained cup put away by our careless hands for others' draught or for the spilling?

He thought of his stately wife's blonde, jewel-decked beauty,—surely he had appreciated it,—her gracious manners that had, people said, contributed much to his success. Why did the poise of that little brown witch's head come back defiantly to his memory, softening into a pliant droop of sweet yielding that his placid wife's had never known?

"Hazel!" he said, under his breath; it seemed to him that he would

give his world to be standing under the old trees in his young manhood again, calling to her to let her know that he guessed her first at the tryst and hiding for maiden pride. Once he had come upon her, wearied with waiting and hiding lest he find her waiting, curled up in the coils of a wild grape-vine, fast asleep, with the tears of tired disappointment on her long lashes. Oh to find her so again, to take her in his arms and kiss away the tears, and then go wandering through the sunset woods until it were time to step together over the edge into the dim world beyond!

"We chose the spot in the old graveyard at the edge of the forest," he recalled, "that should cover us both until the birds sang and the new leaves unfolded on the resurrection morning." Somewhere there was a costly marble that recorded the virtues of his wife's first husband,—the love of *her* youth, doubtless: she would rest better there—but, room for him?

The face of his wife's brother struck on his vision across the crowd. Some men near were talking of a vast concern, enrolling many fortunes, yet whose future he held at a nod. Why should he feel old and as if life were over?

He was waking from his dream that she was near and that he might come upon her at any moment. He turned away, almost stumbling over those in his path. Unheeding his steps, save that he turned in the opposite direction from where his wife's brother stood, he was passing the North Carolina pavilion. Was he dreaming still? Who but one could be that small, brown figure, fallen asleep on the rhododendron settee, the quaint knots and gnarls that mimicked a carven back framing her figure as had the grape-vine coils? Tears glittered on her lashes.

"Tired to death!" some one said, smiling and stepping away softly. He sat down beside her, took her hands in his, and quickly kissed a tear away, just as he had done—why, it seemed but yesterday.

"Another Columbian bride and groom!" tittered a group of young girls, quick to spy romance in a corner. It could not be so many years, after all, he thought.

She stirred and said something in the unintelligible language of the dream-world.

The downcast lids troubled him, as the resemblance of sleep to death sometimes urges us to break the former. When she waked and he looked into her eyes, the past would live again. It would be like looking into one's own warm home-fire.

He kissed away the other tear.

"Hazel!"

She woke, startled.

Oh, the dear, dead dreams of youth! Do they never come back, then? What was it, so like yet different? A fire like ours in a neighbor's house, or a home-fire to which one returns forgotten?

She called him by the empty title men had given him, not by the royal name of the old, young love. She looked, not into his eyes, but at the locks waving above his forehead, and he felt their frosty whiteness against the brown of hers.

"You did remember her? And you knew she called me Hazel? I am so glad you spoke to me; any one who knew her would know me. Or did Don—Mr.—your son tell you who I was? I saw you often, but was afraid to speak to you."

"Where is she?" he asked, his strong dreams and memories crystallizing, but the truth was vague at first.

"Mother"—the girlish brown eyes filled with tears—"is in the old graveyard—you will remember it—on the hill at the edge of the woods. We walked there often. She wanted to lie, she said, where the shadows and the leaves of the old trees would drift over her while she waited. It has been so lonely since she went. You know my father was killed by a falling tree before I was born, and so there were just she and I. She told me of you, but she thought you had forgotten her."

"Mine has been a busy life," he said, "among forests of men, not of trees." And he passed his hand over his brow. "I have forgotten much, but not—your mother."

"She said you had climbed far above her and the old days, and so she would not have me tell your son of the old friendship, since it would but strengthen your decision that a little country girl was no more a fit mate for him than she for his father. I met him in the college town, you know."

"You—you are Hallie Dean? I never knew that Hazel married. And I was spoiling Don's life as I spoiled mine, in its sweetest part! But how did you come here? Does he know?"

"I came with the class from the college: I am teaching there. He found me here, but I—I had just sent him away. I thought she would have told me to, since you wished it."

"No. I have been lonely too, and I think Don has; his mother has been dead for years. Won't you come to us and let us lose our loneliness all together, all three? I—I have not forgotten your mother; I think she would be happy to know of it, as she lies waiting there in the old graveyard at the edge of the wood, with the snows of its winters and the leaves of its summers drifting over her. She would be glad to know that you are my child now."

The air about them was sweet with the subtle, freed essence of those hewn and crushed, drained and dried forest lives of other days, in a new, exultant existence, and with who knows what of some subtler essence of human lives whose blossoming springs and summers were passed, yet for whose hacked limbs of hope and faded, scentless joys there breathed impalpable yet poignant assurance of resurrection promise beyond,—beyond.

M. S. Paden.

A JEWEL.

FOR one bright jewel ever yearns my eye,—
The imperishable sapphire of the sky.

Clinton Scollard.

THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE INDUSTRIAL QUESTION.

IN the North the Afro-American obtains more recognition in the abstract, and in the South more in the concrete: this is the difference in his position in the two sections. South of Mason and Dixon's line harangues of agitators about the "rights of the negro" are seldom heard, but his daily needs are understood and his defects tolerated. Personally he is disliked at the North, as a curio of an unpleasant constitution: in New England, it is said, individuals are to be found with a common school education who even believe that he is born white and turns dark, becoming white again after death. Southerners, on the contrary, are attached to the negro's personality from early and traditional association. They know that he is affectionate, obliging, and unresentful; but they also know that his two hundred years' training has resulted only in a semi-civilization, and they are not surprised when he proves unreasoning, improvident, and immoral. With all aid from outside philanthropy, to the South alone has belonged and still belongs the task of assimilating this element with her people in both a domestic and a legislative sense. Nowhere, unless in Africa itself, have negroes *en masse* such a chance for prosperity, a show and a hearing: their blind instinct to stay in their Southern home is correct. Commercially their chance is small in the North and East, where the powerful trades-unions are opposed to colored masons, builders, and mechanics. In the South a white and a black man are often seen working side by side in shops and fields, and, agriculture being the chief pursuit, the sun and rain visit impartially the fields of the negro and the white farmer. Little capital is required to raise corn and cotton, and the colored laborer encounters neither jealousy nor opposition, except from the lowest class of whites.

Under the changed conditions resultant upon the war many land-owners have abandoned their plantations for homes and business in the cities. Estates are broken up into one- and two-horse farms and rented to negro tenants for a stipulated amount of cotton, tobacco, or other produce, little coin passing between landlords, tenants, and merchants. The mortgage and the "levying" system are a perpetual handicap. Sometimes a negro mortgages his corn crop before it is planted; other resorts failing, he will even put a mortgage on his poor overworked mule.

Many landlords living on their estates have ruined themselves by continual advances of provisions and necessities to their negro tenants in order that these may carry on their farms.

In dealing with this careless, shifting, and irresponsible set of laborers, eternal intelligence must ever be the price of liberty: without it the master and mistress at the "big house" will have their stores depleted in dribblets day by day and their debt to tradesmen by the end of the year will overbalance the profits of their crops. All through the South negro tenants are in debt to their landlords. It is hard to

make them stick to a bargain, and legal pettifoggers encourage them to go to law, taking their cases for five dollars or anything in lieu of cash that the clients may have to offer. In the State of Georgia recently one lady advanced to her needy tenant to the extent of ninety dollars, he agreeing to let her hold his eighty bushels of corn and give it out to him monthly, so that he might not be tempted to squander it while paying her. He soon wearied of the restraint and entered a suit against her, the result of which was that she lost her ninety dollars for a *shote*, the fee the lawyer consented to accept from the negro; and all she could levy on was the corn.

In the same neighborhood a planter was sued and fined a hundred dollars for the luxury of whipping an impudent tenant, a circumstance which goes to prove that the negro's chance of redress in serious cases is by no means wanting. There is no proof, either, that the life of a negro as such is lightly esteemed at the South. The sentiment of one county there is very much like that of another. I happen to know of one in which a double execution took place lately, to the evident regret and horror of the residents, although there was no doubt about the guilt of the wretched murderess and the youth her accomplice. The hanging, the first in a long term of years, was strictly private, and the citizens shut themselves up in their houses, unwilling to look towards the jail-yard, on the morning of the tragedy. The hasty vengeance which mob law sometimes inflicts is not directed against a color, but against some crime of peculiar brutality or the suspicion of it; and a white man is dealt with in the same way under like circumstances.

It is a striking fact without an historical parallel that negroes like to follow white leadership, chosen from the race which so long subordinated their own. Outsiders are peculiarly sensitive about the "influence" the Southern planters exercise over the negro vote. As these have to advise and influence their tenants like children in everything pertaining to the conduct of life, should the crowning act and privilege of citizenship be the only thing deemed unimportant? Many of the land-owning class, however, do not trouble themselves to inquire into their laborers' politics. Individuals may be found in the Southern country who have never been to the polls since they voted for secession and for Jeff Davis. It is safe to state that all feel enough interested to keep the white element at the head of affairs, and strangers who take up their abode in the South become inoculated with the same ambition. Beyond this desideratum, the Southern planter of our day is a good deal more concerned about the price of cotton, sugar, and tobacco than about the President of the United States; his enthusiasm for free silver bears a direct relation to those products, for he is persuaded that the gold-banking power is inimical to them.

When a negro becomes a freeholder of his little farm and raises a crop on his own account, he usually stops voting the Republican ticket and votes the Democratic, because he knows that side represents the native interest in the soil. Now that party lines are breaking up and changing, the negro will cease to be a plank in any platform. In the recent issue of the currency many of the race fought shy of Free Silver, in spite of its alluring sound, suspecting that sixteen to one

meant that the white man would snatch sixteen silver dollars to the black man's one in a big grab game which would take place somehow throughout the country if Bryan were elected.

It is a significant fact that the views of the worthiest representative Afro-Americans respecting the advancement of their race now coincide with those entertained by conservative Southern land-owners, the sons of aristocrats and slave-holders. Such negro leaders as Booker T. Washington, Principal of the Tuskegee Institute, Rev. Dr. Crummell, of Washington, D.C., Rev. W. B. Johnson, editor of the *National Baptist Magazine*, Rev. Mr. Owens, of Mobile, and others look for the success of the colored man through excellence in practical pursuits followed in harmony and coöperation with his white brethren, not in opposition to them, and they would counsel him to leave the dream of social equality to take care of itself. The discovery and occupation of this mutual vantage-ground is a step of immense importance.

In an able article on "The New Negro," by one of the ilk, the writer declares that "the kind of prejudice the negro meets with in the North is more hurtful and humiliating than that found in the South. If he should chance to come into possession of an office in the South, the white politicians do not strike, as do white mechanics North when a colored laborer is given a job with them."

In this connection it is interesting to note that recently in North Carolina a white and a colored candidate ran against each other for a small county office; the negro was elected, and entered upon his duties with congratulation rather than disturbance. Naturally, if he had run for governor, he would never have been seated, even could he have been elected.

There is still room at the South for the colored barbers, painters, whitewashers, laundresses, and seamstresses who have been crowded out at the North. There would also be a good opening for nurses for the sick having enough experience to give intelligent care without the scientific knowledge which commands such high prices in the Northern training-schools for nurses.

The need for book education on the part of the average negro consists of reading, writing, and rudimentary arithmetic, also the chemistry that can be applied to agriculture, the dairy, and the kitchen; Greek and Latin are doubly dead languages for his use. Boys and girls who have graduated from the literary curriculum of the public schools exhibit a pathetic aversion to working in the fields and in domestic service. The value of Hampton, Tuskegee, Manassas, and other industrial schools is that they turn out competent blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, farmers, cooks, and dressmakers, skilled workmen who have no difficulty in getting independent employment in the South, although white artisans will not take colored journeymen and apprentices. Tuskegee is improving both behavior and architecture in the Black Belt of Alabama. Only two of the numerous Hampton graduates have ever been convicted of crime. Yet, with all the encouraging statistics, it may take a century for the ideals of those institutions to permeate the mass: from Virginia to Florida and Texas the same dark unkempt swarm appears at the doors of the one-roomed

cabins along the roadside, and to the student of sociology it is a perpetual interrogation-point.

As a general thing, the best negroes are the middle-aged and venerable survivors of the old slave issue. Aside from these, it becomes evident that two distinct classes exist at the South, the home-makers and the law-breakers, both of them increasing as opposing currents bear them along.

The home-makers consist of farmers, domestics, mechanics, shopkeepers, builders, teachers, and ministers. On the other hand, drifting farther away from white influences all the time, are lazy occupants of rotten shanties on ruined farms, their children clad in corn-sacks. From this state of squalor and idleness there is an easy step to thievery, house-burning, murder, and outrage, the worst crimes being committed by tramp negroes who have grown up uncontrolled since the war.

The negro naturally respects the white owner of the soil, and turns to the Southern gentleman in every emergency as to an old acquaintance. What all classes need is to be let alone by politicians, in order that mutual kind services may have a seed-time and a harvest, in which the weaker brother will ultimately recognize that the need of order, decency, and good government is also mutual. It is as cruel now as it was in the slave times for demagogues to lessen his confidence and to foster antagonism, for on such lines must come ruin to him, extinction in conflict with the higher and winning intelligence.

An African bishop remarked lately that "there is only one man in front of the black man, and that is the white man." This condition will always obtain in the mass, but it will not prevent individual thrift, honesty, and capability from coming to the front and from pushing aside a white man who does not possess those qualities.

If some future political economist is destined to bring land, capital, and labor at the South into more stable and satisfactory relations, he may be born a white man or born a black man, but one thing is certain, that he will be born and dwell on Southern ground, for an elect leader of thought and action always arises out of a conjunction of the hour and the place, not from the conjunction of an editorial office and a benevolent meeting that are a thousand miles away.

Frances Albert Doughty.

TO A MIRROR.

HAUGHTY glass, be not so vain,
 So superb in thy disdain,
 Deeming that she doth adore thee
 Over all the world of men!
 If the splendid sun were not,
 Who would give the moon a thought?
 And without her face before thee,
 Where would be thy beauty then?

Charles G. D. Roberts.

GLOVES.

GLOVES have breathed defiance from knight to knight; have served as pledges of love between cavaliers and ladies fair; have hung upon the altars of gloomy mediæval churches, mute witnesses to the vows of pious devotees; have been fastened upon church walls as challenges to mortal combat from foe to foe; have embellished the pages of history, the annals of romance, the flights of poesy, and more than once have borne in their perfumed palms the seeds of death.

Whence or where gloves originated is unknown. A plausible theory suggests that the early man invented them for use in his slow and painful labor among the bushes. A very rough, homely glove it must have been, of untanned skins or coarse fabric, and fingerless.

They are mentioned in Homer as having been worn by Laertes in his retirement, and Xenophon makes mention of Cyrus's gloves. Their use was held up to scorn by both these writers, and among Orientals was considered a mark of effeminacy. They were worn by the Greek pugilists and wrestlers, and when introduced in Rome made rapid progress in popularity among men of wealth and nobility. Under the emperors they developed fingers, called *digitalia*.

Athenæus relates a story of a celebrated glutton who used to wear gloves at the table in order to finger the meat while it was hot, and so devour more than his companions.

It is not known how they reached Britain, but it must have been at an early period. Mention is made of them in the poem of Beowulf. As the word is of Saxon origin, from *glof*, they may have been introduced by that people; but their use was never common until after the advent of the Normans, and then it was restricted to the gentlemen of the noble and royal families.

According to Vitalis, the young Norman nobles covered their hands with gloves so long and wide that they were unable to do anything useful.

Professor Thorold says that in days gone by the proffer of a bare hand was a symbol of hostility, that of the gloved hand a token of friendliness and peace,—a custom now reversed. Yet the removal of a glove to shake the hand of a friend doubtless had its origin in this indication of amity or enmity.

Gloves were manufactured at an early period in the monasteries. In 790 Charlemagne granted to the monks of Sithin the right to hunt in the forest for deer, whose skins were required for their book-covers, girdles, and gloves. They were sometimes worn before the consecration of the Sacrament. The gloves of the clergy were usually of white silk or linen, elaborately embroidered. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, declared that white linen should be chosen, because the hands they were to cover should be chaste and clean.

The gloves in which Boniface VIII. was buried were of white silk, exquisitely wrought with the needle: the top had a deep border, studded with pearls.

Gloves lavishly ornamented were a part of the church furniture in the Middle Ages, and when the clergy's love of splendid dress began to sap the life of the Church in the fourteenth century, colored gloves were forbidden them, "either red, green, or striped." The monks had long before been restricted to sheepskin.

There is an old saying that a glove should be dressed in Spain, cut in France, and sewed in England; but France long ago demonstrated her ability to perform successfully all three of these offices.

Italy, France, and Spain excelled in glove-manufacture in the fourteenth century. They were fashioned of sheepskin, doeskin, wool, silk, etc., and were highly perfumed.

Towards the close of the thirteenth century women began to wear gloves. Their excessively long sleeves and profusion of rings had doubtless prevented the earlier adoption of the fashion.

As soon as art had lifted the glove from its early clumsiness, it found favor in the eyes of royal personages, and began to rival in splendor their jewelled robes. According to tradition, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was recognized in Austria on his return from the Crusades by his jewelled gloves, for these denoted high rank.

The dowager queen of Navarre was persuaded to visit Paris on the occasion of the marriage of her son Henry by the embassy of a pair of gloves, and on the morning of the marriage was done to death, it is said, by a pair of poisoned gloves sent by the court perfumer. Her death was a prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Poisoning by means of clothing was not unusual at this period, even rings and necklaces being employed for the purpose.

The first king of Britain to evince a fondness for gloves was Ethelred II., who, in regulating commerce with a German society of merchants, provided that he should have yearly five pairs of gloves as part duty for protection.

At one time royal gloves were dyed purple: during the Middle Ages they were white, with wide pointed cuffs, on which the maker lavished his skill in embroidery and precious stones.

We are told that the hands of the French king Henry III. were covered every night with gloves, and a cloth dipped in essence was laid over his face to preserve the beauty and delicacy of his complexion.

The Earl of Oxford brought from Italy on his return to England some gloves, scented, and trimmed with roses of colored silk, as an offering to Queen Elizabeth, who was proud of her hands. Du Maurier declared that he had heard his father say that at every audience she had repeatedly pulled off her gloves in order to display her hands, which were, indeed, very white and well shaped.

Either Elizabeth's hands were very large or her gloves too loose, for the pair in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, said to have been worn by her, measure, according to Beck, three and a half inches across the palm, thumb five inches, middle finger five and three-fourths. The glove is half a yard long, with a gold fringe at the top two inches deep. It is made of fine white leather, with a deep cuff lined with colored silk.

The fashionable glove of the sixteenth century was magnificent with embroidery, raised gold-work, and gold-thread stitching grounded

on white satin. The side-bands of the cuff were often of ribbon of cloth of gold, edged with gold fringe. The purpose of the side-bands may have been to hold the sleeve in place and thus allow the glove to be observed. All manner of rare and costly perfumes were employed in scenting them, and the Glover who could advertise a new perfume was for the time the most popular.

Gloves became very popular as New Year's gifts; or, in their stead, glove-money was offered. This story is related of Sir Thomas More: as Lord Chancellor he had decided a suit in favor of Mrs. Croaker, and this lady, desiring to give him substantial proofs of her gratitude, on the following New Year's Day sent him a pair of gloves containing fifty gold angels. Sir Thomas made this reply: "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift. I therefore accept the gloves; the lining you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere."

Readers of Shakespeare are familiar with "cheveril gloves." The clown says to Viola, "A sentence is but a cheveril glove to good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!" Cheveril, from the French *chèvre*, a goat, denotes kid leather, much more pliable than the skins formerly in use: so that it came to be said, "He has a cheveril conscience,"—i.e., one that would stretch easily.

Gloves of warriors were of mail, attached to the hauberk, and the extremities were sometimes divided into separate parts for the thumb and fingers. "A scaly gauntlet now with points of steel must glove this hand." Gauntlets, however, fell into disuse with armor.

About the year 1600 peddlers included gloves in their wares, and hawked them about the streets, roads, and country fairs.

The following is quoted from "The Peddler's Sorrowful Lament on the Hardness of the Times," and would seem to indicate that hard times have their antiquity as well as gloves:

We travail all day through dirt and through mire,
To fetch you fine laces and what you desire.
No pains do we spare to bring you choice ware,
As gloves and perfumes and sweet powder for hair.
Then, maidens and men, come see what you lack,
And buy the fine toys I have in my pack.

Shakespeare makes numerous allusions to gloves, and in "Coriolanus" sets forth a curious custom, when maidens shower gloves upon the hero.

Ben Jonson thus apostrophizes a perfumed glove:

Thou more than most sweet glove,
Suffer me to store with kisses this empty lodging.

There is a familiar story told of a beauty of King Francis's court, who, to test her lover, threw her glove into the arena among the wild beasts. De Lorme jumped in and raised it from the dust:

The leap was quick, return was quick,
He soon regained his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love,
Right in the lady's face.

To strike one with a glove has been a mark of degradation, a pitiful instance of which was given when Edward IV. struck Margaret's son in the face as a signal for his murder.

Gloves have been placed on the still fingers of the royal dead. The effigies of Henry II. and Richard I. at Fontevraud display jewelled gloves; and when the coffin of King John was opened in 1797 the gloves upon his hands were intact.

Probably no period has shown more lavish expenditure of glove-money than that of the French Restoration, from 1815 to 1830. According to Challamel, no well-dressed woman appeared ungloved, nor hesitated to put on a new pair every day. The popular color was a pale tan.

At no time in the history of gloves have they been more generally worn or more cheaply furnished than at the present day. The gorgeous jewels and embroideries of the past faded from sight with gold lace and knickerbockers, and with quieter colorings in dress have come the plain brown every-day gloves of this utilitarian age.

For the sake of those knights of old who wore on their hats the "gloves of their dearlyngs" and defended the tender tokens with their lives, in memory of those lordly, royal ones who held dainty, beautiful, and splendid gloves to be their special heritage, the world to-day bends low over a well-gloved hand and ranks its owner one of gentle breeding.

Elizabeth Ferguson Seat.

DEATH AN EPICUREAN.

DEATH loveth not the woful heart,
 Or the soul that's tired of living.
 Nay, it's up and away
 With the heart that's gay
 And the life that's worth the giving.

Seldom he stops where his welcome's sure,
 Where age and want are sighing.
 Nay, it's up and away,
 For he scorns to stay
 With the wretch who would be dying.

Ah, it's youth and love and a cloudless sky
 The Epicurean's after.
 Nay, it's up and away
 When the world's in May
 And life is full of laughter.

Jean Wright.

OLD FRIENDS.

THEY were very old friends and very good ones, although one of them might have been the other's grandfather. Disparity is a matter of souls, not of decades. These two had known each other always. Before Wyn could walk two steps at a time, he used to crawl over to Mr. Wethered's through a hole in the fence. After his mother had the hole boarded up, he escaped by the front way, rolled himself down the green bank by the roadside, and entered "Weddy's" enchanted domain through the great portal, gentleman fashion.

Oh, the wonderfulness of the beautiful white house! Its porch pillars came down to the ground and rested upon stone slabs. Here Weddy would be sitting in pleasant, and often in unpleasant, weather, unless he was in the garden.

The garden was Wyn's heaven. When he spied Weddy there he would lie down and roll towards him, rolling being the swiftest method of locomotion while you are still in danger of bow-legs. As soon as Weddy saw Wyn coming he always called out "Hello, Wheels!" and rejoiced over him like an angel over a sinner-saint. He would place his visitor in the soft middle of a pile of weeds, or lift him upon a rustic seat, and then the two conversed together.

Wyn told all his earthly experiences, actual and non-actual, Weddy making sympathetic replies at stated intervals, not comprehending a word of what he heard; but sympathy is sometimes more than complete comprehension. If ever it came Weddy's turn to talk, he told stories about the good worms in the ground and the bad worms on the rose-bushes, and about every growing, blossoming, flying, buzzing, singing creature that lived in the garden. These tales were wholly credible—to the listener; he scarcely breathed with their fascination upon him. He would lean forward, clutching the edge of the seat, his feet dangling, his toes turned in, his eyelids stretched open beyond the winking point, and "red lane" well exposed.

Best of all was when Weddy called upon his assistant to lend a hand. The assistant's hand resembled nothing so much as a pin-cushion, but it was stuffed with good will and energy, excellent qualities if properly combined with one or two others. Once they caused the assistant gardener to do a dreadful thing. That he escaped getting a dismissal on the spot without a character could have been only because the head-gardener had done a number of dreadful things in his own life, and remembered that he had.

The assistant came over early this morning, rolling all the way to save time, though he was now able to walk pretty well. The head-gardener could not be found. Mrs. Teeter said he must be in the garden; but Mrs. Teeter prophesied falsely, for the flies, the bees, and two robins had the garden to themselves.

A sunniness and sweet-smelling warmth intoxicated the assistant to exhilaration and to nameless desires, to be stilled only by pulling up

something. A large bed that yesterday evening had nothing whatever in it was now covered with strange, sinful-looking growths. These were weeds. Weddy had said weeds grow very fast: they can come up overnight: nothing good grows so fast. Whereupon the assistant gardener fell foul of those wicked weeds with both his pincushion hands, casting them into the path until it was full of them. Those that looked the strongest and the sauciest were torn to bits. Thus perish all the enemies of Weddy!

Having made an end of his job, the assistant tottered home with a sense of virtuous accomplishment. He was eating dinner when Weddy put his head in at the door and beckoned soberly to him. Wyn immediately got down from his high chair with apron about his neck and spoon in hand, and ran joyfully towards his friend, crying something which, being interpreted, meant, "Me pulled Weddy's weeds."

Weddy took the little lad up in his arms, bib, spoon, and all, and carried him out of the house, saying to Wyn's mother, "I'll bring him back presently."

Weddy would not talk on the way over, though Wyn beat him on the arm with the spoon,—which had been in potato and gravy; but when they reached the spot where Wyn had made himself so useful, Weddy talked in a lively manner, pointing meanwhile to the bed full of holes and footmarks, then to the path where fifty coleuses lay withering. He became so excited in explaining the value and preciousness of these plants and his own dismay at finding them destroyed, that he was slow to see the effect his words were having. When he did see, down he plumped on the garden-bench, hugging Wyn the way Wyn hugged the cat, and calling himself a brute beast, a pig, and a villain. He said he would rather have his whole garden pulled up than ever see such a look on Wheels's face again. Presently the lump in Wyn's throat burst, and the air trembled with howls of grief and repentance. Then Weddy wiped Wyn's eyes and his own, and kissed Wyn's potato-and-gravy cheeks, and carried him home; and Wyn finished his dinner comfortably, shortly forgetting about his sorrow and the coleus-bed.

But after this he never felt cocksure about weeds.

Time went at two paces in that garden,—fast for Weddy, slow for Wyn. Yet before the latter knew what was happening, he had gotten into trousers, and before he had learned to regard trousers as nothing out of the ordinary, he found himself in school.

Wyn did not like school. He would have liked it if the teacher had let him alone and not pestered him with books, blackboards, and things.

What he wished was to sit quiet and dream. Most of his dreams had for their *mise-en-scène* Weddy's garden, or the ravine behind Weddy's house, where there would have been a brook, only that it leaked. Weddy said a brook that leaked was no good; but Wyn thought otherwise. He liked a brook with a stony bottom full of cracks,—Heaven knows what caves they opened into. During the

spring and fall rains it could not help being full. Then it roared frightfully, so that the sound reached the school-house. Always under its roaring Wyn heard music. He himself was no mean performer upon the squash horn, the willow flute, and the classic paper-and-comb mouth-organ. Several of Wyn's companions owned "truly" mouth-organs, and Wyn clearly perceived the superior harmonic qualities they possessed over his comb and paper. But the music the brook roared to was finer than Buddy Fenton's double-sided mouth-organ.

Music came out of the garden also. Wyn had only to close his eyes upon the benches, slates, wiggling youngsters, and stern, tried teacher, and call up Weddy's gay garden,—not the distinct plants and blossoms, but merely the coloring of it all,—to have his ears filled with music such as no truly instruments ever produced. The more the pupils shuffled and whispered, the louder they recited, and the harder the teacher scolded, the higher mounted the waves of harmony in Wyn's head.

Before long he found out what his spelling-book was good for. It contained columns and columns of words ending in *ility*. These words suggested melted silver flowing and mildly gleaming, ruffled by gentle winds into long elliptical forms that gave the surface of the mystical stream a scaly appearance. Every silvery scalloped wave or wavelet sent forth the sound of voices. As soon as school had fairly opened, Wyn would turn to a certain page of his speller, place his elbows on the desk, prop his head in both hands, and mumble, "amiability, applicability, impracticability, respectability, versatility," and so on. Instantly the oval silver waves began their melodious flowing. When his class was called, somebody had to shake him, shout at him, or pull his hair, then finally drag him to the reciting-bench. He was the dunce, the butt of the school, the despair of his teacher, the disappointment of his mother.

But Weddy stood by him. Wyn told his friend all about the flower music, the roaring brook music, the school-room bustle music, and the spelling-book music.

"Never mind the books," said Weddy. "Just keep on listening to that music. After a while you'll be writing it out."

So Wyn kept on listening, and minded his books only when compelled to; and in course of time it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should try to write out the ravishing things he heard. He wrote them on his slate, having first deeply studied a chapter on notation in the front of an ancient psalmody-book in his mother's attic. But no sooner did he begin endeavoring to put down what had been in his head than there turned out to be nothing in his head to put down. The lovely music ceased altogether. The spelling-book polysyllables changed into a hideous assemblage of meaningless words; the dreamy din of the school-room no longer brought its own assuagement, but only the hurt of bald noise. He might lie face downward by the hour on his bed or beside the leaky brook without hearing a single strain from the magnificent invisible orchestra of which he had so long been the conductor. The world was disenchanted. Harmony was dead.

Weddy saw that something troubled his young friend, and more than half guessed what it was, but he held his tongue, being on the whole a wise old fellow, though he did sometimes give bad advice from the school-master's point of view.

School closed about the middle of April, and this always enabled Wyn to turn up the earliest garden-soil in company with Weddy. The spring in which Wyn was fourteen came late. Nothing grew as it should that year. Weddy was particularly dismal over his roses. A new bug had arisen to torment them, and the old bugs were no less vigorous than before. The bushes stood rueful in rusty, shrivelled foliage. "After all my last year's labor!" he lamented.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of roses," he had been accustomed to say, but vigilance and no roses was too one-sided a bargain. The bushes should be cut down,—as soon as Weddy could make up his mind to the massacre. "That's the only way to get rid of the bugs," he sighed, for he loved the roses better than anything in the world, next to Wyn. Every time he sighed, a rift came in Wyn's heart, which might soon have resembled fine crackle-ware, only that Wyn invented a healing resolve. He would save the roses by a slow and sure process,—that of picking off the bugs and destroying them one by one. He arose at half-past three each morning through the blessed month of May and toiled until half-past six. Weddy never came out early, on account of noxious vapors, but Wyn held noxious vapors in contempt. For a whole week rain fell incessantly; the mornings were very dark then, and Wyn rose half an hour later.

Long before June came Weddy noticed a difference in his rose-bushes.

"Eternal vigilance does pay, after all," said he to Wyn, who kept mum as to his own vigilance, having a boy's shamefacedness about being thanked. The disappearance of the bugs might have remained an unaccountable phenomenon—since even Wyn's mother had not discovered her son's recent habit of getting up in the middle of the night—except that Wyn fell sick of a low fever, and the doctor's inquiries brought out the truth.

When Weddy learned the truth he went out into his garden, sat down by his rose-bed, and wept. This old gentleman wept very easily: he used to say it was necessary, seeing he had no wife or child to do it for him.

Though Wyn's illness lasted the greater part of the summer, he did not murmur, for his music had come back. It no longer depended upon the garden, the brook, or the spelling-book. Its character had changed, too. The old music, while beautiful, was incoherent; the new music had rhythm and progressive design, and, instead of being suggested by things, itself suggested things, thoughts rather, and things deeper than thoughts.

Wyn had no dread now save of getting well and losing a second time his fairy world of sounds. One evening at sunset Weddy came to see him. Weddy had been coming daily for several weeks, but not until to-night did Wyn speak of the music.

"I hear it all the time," he said. "Whether there are noises or not, I hear it just the same. I hate to go to sleep, for fear of losing it, but as soon as I wake up it begins again. I want to keep it always. How can I keep it, Weddy?"

"You must study, my boy, and learn to write it down properly."

"Then it will go away as it did before."

"Not if you have a good teacher, Wheels. Hurry up and get well, and we'll see about a teacher for you."

So Wheels hurried to get well, and meanwhile Weddy found that the church organist in a neighboring town needed "a blow-boy," and was entirely willing to exchange so much thorough-bass, harmony, and piano-lesson for so much organ-pumping. Wyn was a wonderful blow-boy. The last one used to forget to blow, whereas Wyn forgot to stop blowing: he had to be called off or dragged off, else he would have kept on till the crack of doom. The music he helped to make set his musical invention going: he never knew when he was tired.

The lessons were as delightful to the master as to his pupil, for the lad took to the difficult science as a duckling takes to the pond. He practised his exercises on a frightful old piano of Weddy's, which the organist succeeded in tuning up. Tremendous themes played through his head while his fingers were at work. But composition was pure sport. The day he first got permission to try his hand at an original piece,—“something short and simple,” his master said,—he sat up the entire night in the production of “A Fantizy” (Wyn had never learned to spell): “A Fantizy in C flat Miner, Opas I,” was the title in full. If there had been such a key available as eight flats, he would have used it; but he worked his seven flats to their utmost capacity. The “fantizy,” which proved to be non-performable save by a six-fingered, three-armed person, was cheerfully weird in sentiment, and as exuberant of ideas as a Schubert sonata.

“You put too much in,” said his master,—“a great deal too much. Do you call this short and simple? Here are a score of themes all on top of one another and pitching into each other and running away with each other.”

“But you forget that it's a fantasy,” pleaded the boy.

“I should say it was. Who gave you permission to write such a thing?”

“It came that way,” blubbered Wyn. He was almost in tears; his master had never been harsh with him before. “How could I stop the themes coming? It was all I could do to get 'em down on paper fast enough.”

“I see,” said the master, who was the kindest soul alive, and who had scolded to keep himself from laughing. “They're too strong for you yet. We'll wait awhile, until *you* get to be the stronger. One mustn't dance before he knows how to walk. We'll have to put a ball and chain on that originality of yours for a year or so.”

Soon after this Wyn began to study Bach's “Inventions,” in consequence of which Mrs. Teeter threatened to lose her mind, and even Weddy wished for a temporary stone-deafness. One day the youth smuggled home the “Well-Tempered Clavichord,” though the organ-

ist had forbidden him to so much as look into it. Early next morning he carried the book over to Weddy's and opened it at the first page. At one o'clock Weddy with gentle force removed him from the piano and sent him home.

But the mischief was done. When, months later, he was allowed to be "original" again, he carried to his master a four-voiced fugue!

"*Couldn't* you have been content with two voices," asked the astonished musician, "or even a little canon?"

No, Wyn could not be content short of the biggest achievement; and when his master muttered something about fools and angels, Wyn boldly asserted that he preferred being a fool.

Nevertheless he sobered down for a while and composed what he scornfully called hymn-tunes.

"Now you *are* an angel," exclaimed the master when Wyn brought him an unadorned, stately chorale. "Keep on this way, and in another year you may try a fugue—in *two* voices."

By the time Wyn reached eighteen he had taken in all the organist was able to give him, and began to instruct his teacher.

"That boy's beyond me, Mr. Wethered. The books don't explain things to suit him, and he goes his own way. It doesn't seem right not to go by the books," the poor man fretted.

All the same he was exceeding proud of his pupil who would not go by the books. And so was Mr. Wethered proud of his former assistant gardener.

Nowadays the garden didn't receive very good care. Weddy—he would not let Wyn call him by any other name—was getting a little old,—over seventy; not too old to love flowers, but too old to tend them much himself. He let the choicest go, and enjoyed the old-fashioned, sturdy ones that bloom right on, bugs or no bugs.

Weddy was not without reserve interests in life. In years long gone he had written a book, all about everything, in the form of a novel. It had been seen of many publishers, and its author, having grown tired of paying its travelling expenses only to receive it back empty-handed even of praise, now kept it as a sort of *pot-au-feu* for new ideas.

Whenever he caught one of these rare birds he popped it in among the others, and they all simmered together.

Ever since Wyn could read he had been privileged on special heavenly occasions to dip into Weddy's book, which was entitled "*Quand-Même*; or, A Kick at Fate." It was a romance rather than a novel,—a philosophical romance. Conversation, not conduct, formed three-quarters of the life of the characters, who addressed each other as if from lecture-platforms, and soliloquized for pages at a stretch. This is what made "*Quand-Même*" such charming reading: you could enter it at any point and meander through as one does through a meadow or a forest.

Once Wyn rose to the surface of a fathomless dialogue and said, dreamily, "Do you know, Weddy, I used to think this was a great book? but the more I read in it the littler it grows."

And Weddy, dear soul, smiled, replying, "That's right, Wheels; it's a sign you are growing yourself."

Nevertheless Wyn did not cease to read out of this classic, so unlike other classics in its continual liability to change. Now and then he tucked in a page or two containing his own views on some subject.

When Weddy discovered the interpolations he said to the interpolator,—

"You ought to write a book yourself. It would be a better one than mine."

"I'm trying to," Wyn confessed, blushing mightily. "It's not exactly like yours, though; it's the libretto for my opera."

The opera, whose subject was Myrlin and Viviane, took all his thoughts now.

"The music is in my mind already," he told his friend; "what I'm doing is fitting the words to it."

"Is that the right way?" asked Weddy.

"I don't know. It's my way. If the music is there, how can I help myself? You should hear the song that Viviane sings Myrlin to sleep with. But there's a better one than that; it's where she walks around him nine times and enchants him with his own spells. Oh, Weddy, it's grand! It makes me shudder just to see the notes; they look like magic charms."

Wyn worked upon his opera the better part of a year. The score grew much faster than the libretto, the latter requiring frequent expansions to accommodate the ever-developing tonal parts.

"Myrlin and Viviane" was to make Wyn's fortune; not in money, perhaps, but in fame. It must surely bring him fame, it was so strange, so new, so beautiful. He loved the very manuscript, and grew "that fidgety" as to its safety, so his mother assured Mrs. Teeter, "that she should rest more comfortable with a million gold dollars in the house than with that bundle of old papers."

"I should think likely," said Mrs. Teeter, speaking impressively, for she could have given cheerful house-room to a million gold dollars, and, besides, she had heard "Myrlin and Viviane" with her own ears and judged it.

"It's queer-sounding stuff," she said to Wyn's mother, "though, to be sure, Mr. Wethered he do go nigh wild over it. I like plain hymn-tune style best; you know what's likely to come next and when the end'll be."

Wyn had long ago given up the office of blow-boy, paying for his subsequent lessons by copying music for his teacher, who was band-master as well as organist. Since the lessons had been discontinued, on account of the pupil outstripping his instructor, Wyn received pay in money for reproducing the band-scores. The little sums thus gained he laid up to assist in publishing expenses; though in his heart he believed that the first publisher who saw his work would purchase it on sight.

The opera was now ready for the last touches,—those dainty finishing strokes, the most loving of all, laid on when every one except the

artist thinks the work already done. The polishing took so much of Wyn's time, both out of the day and night, that Weddy became alarmed for his young companion's health. Wyn's mother complained that he neither ate nor slept.

"He's everlastingly fussing over that bundle of papers," she told Mrs. Teeter, who told Weddy.

"I'll stop that for a while," said the old man to himself. "The boy's bewitched with the witches of his own making."

One night after Wyn had started for town to carry home some copy, Weddy trotted over and laid hands upon the opera. Wyn's mother, slight as was her respect for the "old papers," felt uneasy on her son's account about this open burglary.

"What shall I tell him has become of them, Mr. Wethered?" she asked. "The minute he comes back he'll run straight up to find them. He'll have a fit when he finds they are gone."

"He'll have a worse fit if he doesn't stop working over them for a while. Tell him I thought they needed a change of air, so I invited them to visit me for a week or so."

As Weddy left the house, Wyn rushed in, having forgotten something he was to take with him. He stopped short, staring at Weddy and at the manuscript.

"What's the matter?" he stammered.

Weddy walked resolutely past him out the door. "I thought you'd best not have it for a few days."

Wyn followed.

"What do you mean? I haven't finished it yet, you know. I ought to make haste now, I've been so long about it. The libretto kept me back. Oh, have you got the libretto, too? What are you going to do with it, Weddy?" He laid a hand on the beloved roll. "Don't carry it off; let me have it back; please, Weddy. What good can it do you?"

"None, my boy, except that by keeping it awhile I shall see you resting. You are getting nervous; your hand is hot and shaky; at your age one should have a steady hand. You'll do better work on your opera if you hold up for a week. Let me keep it for you; no harm can come to it."

"Yes, yes! harm *can* come to it. You don't know what it is to me. I couldn't sleep unless I knew it was in my room."

The boy was crazy with excitement. The wind tore off his cap, but he was unconscious of the loss. His thick hair blew about his face. "Let me have it back," he cried.

"Certainly not in your present condition."

Weddy tried to speak calmly, but he was alarmed at the change in Wyn's manner. "You shall have it in two or three days, but not now."

"Yes, *now*!" Wyn seized fiercely upon his treasure. The manuscript slipped between the hands of the two, and a sudden mighty gust swooped down as captor. In a second hundreds of loose sheets were flying high over Weddy's house in the direction of the wood. On the dusky background of wind-clouds they seemed a great flock of terror-

stricken white birds whose wings were powerless to help them against the strong breath of the storm.

Wyn shrieked and fell flat upon the ground. For several moments Weddy could not move. Then he knelt by Wyn. The boy was moaning as if in awful physical pain. The old man tried to lift him, but the weight was leaden. He called Mrs. Teeter, and together they managed to carry Wyn home.

Then Weddy started on his search.

He took a bag and a lantern and stayed out late into the night, so late that Mrs. Teeter took another lantern and went to hunt him up. He had a good many sheets in his bag, besides some that he had fished out of the brook (which had not leaked entirely away since the last rain) and left to dry with stones placed upon the corners. Weddy returned obediently to the house with Mrs. Teeter, but refused to go to bed. He lay down in his clothes, arising at daybreak, not having closed his eyes, and going forth again with the bag. The morning was cloudy and quiet, with a dank air that brought out strange odors from the rotting leaves in the wood. "If only the rain will keep off!" he kept saying.

Daylight showed many more of the sheets he was in quest of, though some of them were lodged high up in the trees. A small boy would be necessary for the rescue of these.

The small boy was both agile and fearless, but never had his fearlessness and agility been put to a severer test. Four boys were sacrificed to the cause of those wicked conjurers, Myrlin and his Mistress, on the first day; three on the second. Then one of the boys took a fall, and the mothers protested. But the wood covered ten acres, and had not been half explored.

Weddy hired a young man of attenuated frame and compressed intellect to complete the job. The poor ninny did his best, but gave away physically much sooner than the little boys.

Larger boys were hired to search the fields on all sides, limits not set; the boy who brought back the most papers received the most pennies.

On the second afternoon a thin cold rain began falling. Before long it changed to snow, and that was the last seen of brown Mother-Earth for months.

Towards evening of the same day Weddy ventured to ask after Wyn. Mrs. Teeter had said nothing, knowing that he did not like volunteered information, and the boys had said nothing, because his looks and manners since the accident had been of the snapping-turtle order. He was standing by the window, gazing blindly at the snow, when Mrs. Teeter came into the room. He knew she had just come from next door.

"How's Wheels?" he asked, not turning his head.

"He's very bad to-day, sir: he——"

Weddy whirled around. "Do you mean to tell me he's sick? Speak the truth."

Mrs. Teeter felt considerably startled, but she felt more indignant. "I ain't in the habit of makin' up, Mr. Wethered——" she began.

He grasped a chair to support himself. "W—what is it?" he asked, gently. "Tell me."

"He ain't been just right in his head, sir, since—since——"

"Go on." The chair shook under Weddy's hand.

"He raves all day and all night about them papers. He'll reach out as if he was tryin' to grab 'em, and then he'll scream and fall back kind o' dead, like he was that night. Then when he comes to, he goes all over it from the beginnin'. The doctor says he's got the brain fever, a-workin' too hard and worryin', and then the shock top o' that. He says it's a terrible bad case——"

Weddy raised one hand feebly. "Stop," he said: "don't tell me any more—about that. Does he—does he ask for me?"

"He don't just ask for you, Mr. Wethered, but he's all the time a-callin' out to you that you mustn't take none o' the blame onto yourself. He keeps sayin' you mustn't feel bad about it, 'twas the wind did it. That's what he says: "'Twas the wind, 'twasn't you, Weddy,' time and time again."

As Mrs. Teeter recounted this interview to Wyn's mother, she added, "And when I come to tellin' him what Wyn said, he seemed to be stranglin' in his throat, and he motioned for me to go away, not bein' able for to speak a word. The minute I'd shut the door he burst out a-cryin' loud; I never heard a man cry so. But I guess it done him good, for he ain't been like himself these two days."

When Mrs. Teeter returned at bedtime Weddy asked, "Does he appear to know what goes on about him?"

"No, sir, he don't know nobody, nor see 'em. He just sees them papers flyin' about."

All that night Weddy sat by Wyn's side, watching him reach after the vanishing papers and listening to his endless cry, "*It was the wind, Weddy, not you!*"

Towards spring Mr. Wethered began to look with nervous eagerness for the snow to disappear. During a slight midwinter thaw he had sent out boys with orders to bring in to him every bit of paper of whatever sort they might find. He himself had gone through the wood, examining each hollow, and poking under the heavy carpet of matted leaves. Sometimes he came across pieces of the music-sheets crystallized in the bushes, in which case he broke off the branch, or carried the entire bush to the house, where he carefully melted out the imprisoned fragment. Again, the papers would be frozen fast to the ground; then he built huts of wood over them to protect them against a chance foot or the violence of a sudden thaw. He taught the boys to do likewise when they should find papers that could not be easily dislodged. Between all these hunters and trappers of manuscript, an astonishing number of the leaves of "*Myrlin and Viviane*" were rescued.

All this time Wyn never alluded to the immediate cause of his illness. Of late he had regained his old fondness for talking, and held long discussions with Weddy upon all topics save one.

His old teacher came to see him too, but when the conversation

veered towards music—as it continually did, since the good organist could talk about nothing else—Wyn grew excited, and the doctor had to be summoned again.

"He mustn't have another such attack," said the doctor: "it will be a relapse if he does. If we can't get him over this morbidness soon, he'll die."

"I wish I could give my life—what there is left of it—for him," said poor old Weddy, almost sobbing. He was nigh upon seventy-five; "*Quand-Même*" was now an ended, if not a completed, work, he felt, and what should he live for unless Wyn lived too?

One afternoon Wyn turned over in bed and saw his mother sitting beside him. It was not her time for being there.

"Where is Mrs. Teeter?" he inquired.

"She's home," replied his mother.

"Isn't she coming over?"

"I guess not."

"Why doesn't Weddy come, then?"

"Maybe he's gone off somewhere."

"He wasn't here yesterday," remarked Wyn, and said no more. Late in the evening Mrs. Teeter came.

"Where's Weddy?" was Wyn's first question.

"He ain't been right well these two days; he thought he'd best stay home; guess he'll be over to-morrow."

To-morrow Wyn was taken by one of his "bad spells." When he came out from it he asked once more for his friend.

"But how long is it? It must be a week!" He counted the days on the calendar that hung on the wall. "What day is this?"

His mother told him. It was more than a week, then, that Weddy had not come!

If a ghost had risen before him, Weddy might not have jumped as he did when Wyn entered his bed-chamber. The young man walked quite firmly, though his face was white and his body wasted. The old man thought, "*I am saving his life*," but he smiled and welcomed the dear boy, who could not smile, seeing Weddy laid low,—Weddy who had boasted of never owing a penny to doctor or druggist.

"Time's up, Wheels, time's pretty near up for me," he said, in a jocund way, for he saw a swelling of the waters behind Wyn's eyes. "I've been living on borrowed time, you know, these few years back. They've been mighty good to me, whoever they are,—given me a generous allowance; three-quarters of a century and never a sick day! What more could one ask?"

"I'd ask a century for you," cried Wyn,—"*two centuries*. You ought never to die. I shall die if you do."

"No, you won't," said Weddy, still speaking in an airy tone. "You'll get well, and then you'll want to live. That's in nature, just as it's in nature for me to die now that I've had my day. See here, I've got something for you." He motioned towards a table near by, whereon lay a rough-looking pile of papers. "See, there's something to live for. A youngster like you hasn't written down all the ideas

he's got in his head. If some are lost, there's more and better yet to come. And they weren't quite all lost, you see."

Wyn took the pile on his lap and turned over the leaves. It was like going through an amphitheatre of martyrdom strewn with mangled, mutilated, unrecognizable bodies. On page after page the ink-marks were nearly washed out; those most grievously torn had been pasted upon sheets of stout brown paper. Many of these sheets were dotted with odd bits of score containing a line, a bar, a single chord. On others were random fragments of the libretto. Wyn kept on fluttering the leaves, although he could see nothing now. Suddenly his head fell forward on the bed. He cried as girls cry, for he was very weak. Weddy caressed him with mother-like touches and patings.

"I knew you loved me, Weddy dear," Wyn began, almost inarticulately, "but I didn't know how much before." Then, lifting his head, "Weddy, you hurt yourself doing this, I know it; no, don't say it wasn't so; I know it was. You went out in the cold and the rain, and you worried and worried about it,—and about me. It made you sick. To think—and for me!"

"We two couldn't possibly live in the same world and not do for one another, dear Wheels. Haven't we always done it, since the day you weeded my coleus-bed for me? and before that, too? It's a mutual law of our natures that we couldn't get away from if we would. I can't do much more for you now. I'd leave you this place and the little I have besides, if it were mine to leave. But you are to have my books, and '*Quand-Même*'—if you care for it. You can store away your odd thoughts in it as I have done mine. And you can do something for me, Wheels, that will make me go to sleep quite content (even if I shouldn't happen to wake up anywhere in the universe), knowing you are keeping your promise to me. What promise? This: that you will write '*Myrlin and Viviane*' over again."

Straightway Wyn's hand was laid on Weddy's.

"I will," he said. "I'll do it. Maybe it will turn out better than this one."

"The boy is well," said Weddy to himself, "and I'm the doctor that saved him."

Wyn went on. "I'll begin it immediately. In six months I shall be twenty-one, and on my birthday I will show you the new '*Myrlin and Viviane*' complete. You'll get up the sooner, knowing that I'm working at it."

Weddy laid his other hand on Wyn's. "Don't deceive yourself," he said. "Long before you are twenty-one I shall be 'over the border.' But there's nothing dreadful in that. I hope you'll miss me; I'm sure you will. But you'll live and make a name; and perhaps I shall hear of it."

"Now kiss me, Wheels: you know there's no one else to kiss me. Thank you, bless you, dear, dear boy. Now take your '*Myrlin and Viviane*;' I'm glad I had a sort of a hand in it. Come to see me in the morning."

In the morning, when Wyn went over to show the first pages of

his fresh score, Mrs. Teeter met him with an expression on her face that he at once understood.

Weddy lay on his side, his eyes closed, looking so benevolent and grand that Wyn felt, for the time, naught but a sense of completion. "He is like a finished work of art," he thought. Weddy had lived long and lived well. "What more could one ask?"

The new "Myrlin and Viviane" was never brought before the public, though many other compositions of the young master were; but when he became an old master, rich in medals and fame, nothing among his treasures gave him such tender pleasure to look at or such loving pride to display as the ragged, defaced fragments of his first opera.

Edith Brower.

OVERDOING THE PAST.

ARE we not overdoing history and neglecting the present moment? Periodical literature is overflowing with dilutions, more or less weak, of the elaborate biographies of great men. There is no time allowed us to consider the living present because of the claims of a dead past. We have ceaselessly rung in our ears the wonderful doings of this or that hero: how this one, being successful, saved his country; how that one being defeated, the occurrence of continental disaster was prevented. This is all rank rubbish. The world is too powerful for any one man to control absolutely any important portion of it. Even the present Czar has his limitations. It is mere assumption to say that England would have crushed this country had the Revolution failed. We are taught to despise the Tories of 1776, but their arguments were worth listening to, and the loyalist who doubted the loud-mouthed patriotism of Sam Adams was not wholly a fool. England, later, would not have disappeared from the map of Europe had Napoleon gained Waterloo. There is no man living who can prove that the world was the gainer by the actual results of the world's great contests. It is not impossible that we might have gained more had results been different. It is a matter of speculation only. What our forebears did, if delayed, might have been better done by their descendants; and their failures have never resulted in the direful conditions they predicted. The world works on in a pretty even way, though millions of fretful creatures hurry to and fro as if its weight were on their shoulders. What the man of to-day exults over we may deplore to-morrow, and that condition of affairs over which he grieves to-day we may look upon to-morrow as a blessing. We overrate the importance of individualities; we underrate the world in its entirety. We can draw endless conclusions from the lessons of the past, but we cannot truthfully proclaim any one of them as a demonstration. We can amuse ourselves with peering into the future, as the belated traveller peers into the darkness before him, but we cannot speak with accuracy as to what we see.

To return to current literature. Should we not concern ourselves more with what is daily occurring, and less with what has been or might have been?

Is not the importance of history overdrawn when it is held up so closely to our faces that we cannot see what a bright world there is behind it? Does it not begoggle our eyes so that the present is robbed of its beauty? The value of history is unquestionable, but its overvaluation is a greater misfortune than that our yesterdays should forever be utter blanks in our lives. Then, too, the manner of these historical presentments is open to criticism. Their authors are too much given to distort a fact for the sake of rhetorical flourish, and every picture of their favorites—without one single exception—is painted in the most glowing colors. Their heroes verge on the angelic, and yet not one of them but was somewhere, somehow, at some time, miserably weak. The human frame is no fit cage for an angelic spirit, and the historical essayists of to-day, who hint at such things as of the past, force Candor to exclaim, Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying!

The correction of all this is the art of appreciation of our immediate surroundings, and an avoidance, as of a pestilence, of depressing retrospection. As it is the atmosphere that is now entering our lungs that gives us life, so let it be the sights and sounds and deeds of the passing moment that give us joy. It is the rose on the bush this bright morning and the song of the wild bird that sounds across the fields, that bid me pause to look and listen. Two centuries ago my people saw and heard the same flowers and birds; but does such a thought really add to the present pleasure? If you permit yourself to drift with the backward current of retrospection, that moment you become blind and deaf, or catch but a fleeting glimpse of some poor ghost, or hear perchance the faintest echo of some dead song. Why press your ear to the ground to fancy you detect the footfalls of preceeding greatness? What matters it whether Washington's boots creaked or not? Is there not more in the tramp of the millions who are battling as nobly to-day? It is not belittling the heroes of other days—and it matters nothing if it is—to claim for the present equally heroic men.* The condition may not arise to bring them to the fore, but who shall say that that they do not exist and merely wait the trumpet call of opportunity? Never a hero fell but an equal was ready to replace him. What is a hero? A man equal to the hour's emergency; and how many emergencies have not been met? There is no such pernicious twaddle as the fulsome laudation of those who have been borne to high places by circumstances they could not control, and are gazed upon by all mankind. This is idolatrous, and therefore degrading so far as it leads to the belief that among ourselves there is no such greatness,—that the glory of humanity waxed in this or that hero and has since been waning.

* These are Dr. Abbott's opinions, which any one is at liberty to adopt. If there are any Washingtons and Lincolns about now, they keep themselves exceedingly close.—ED.

But this is base ingratitude, some one cries out. They fought and bled for our liberties. Let us think a moment. Is this charge of ingratitude as serious as it sounds? How do we know the heroes of other days did anything of the kind? They have left no record of great concerns as to their great-grandchildren. They did concern themselves with their children, for the latter were then very much in evidence; but here is an ugly fact that confronts those who talk of ingratitude. Never a hero but was concerned more about his own neck than about the necks of those to come after him. The men of troublous times in years gone by had their own immediate interests, and were necessarily moved by personal considerations. In a certain sense they were selfish. What they felt called upon to do required courage, but it was nothing reckless. They were shrewd. They acted upon the outcome of calm consideration, choosing what they believed to be the lesser of two evils; and it is sad to think that had not success attended our favorites, few of them all would be remembered from year to year.

Much as we know, we have yet far more to learn, and this condition of ignorance, which dates from the appearance of man upon the earth, will remain until the last human being in the world stands wondering what is before him. This prosy fact binds us very closely to the present. We have, or ought to have, enough to do with the demands that each day makes upon us; and what leisure is permitted us is most wisely spent in the study of what our contemporaries are doing. If they are outreaching us in any endeavor, we need greater energy and have less time to dream; if they are outspeeding us, what do our own limbs need to give them equal agility? We need the gold being dug to-day, more than the speculations of archæologists concerning prehistoric miners. The pearls that are concealed in the river mussels to-day are worth more than mere knowledge of the caves of Golconda.

The past can claim, with reason, grateful remembrance on our part, but continually to dream over it, and worry even that we cannot unmake some of it, is worse than folly. It can afford us little aid, the world's conditions change so rapidly and radically, and he who, whether by acts or by suggestion, by example or by the writing of a book, leads us to be up and doing, not prone and dreaming, does the world a service. Such a one becomes the successful general of a battle of farther-reaching consequence than he wots of. Whether heroes or the humblest of all humble folk, it is well to be up and doing,—caring less for the past, and concerned more with the present. Make history, not idly worship that which has been made by others. Be not mere hero-worshippers, but content to know that, while we cannot all be heroes, no life is so lowly placed that it may not be heroic.

Charles C. Abbott.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



Glamour. A Romance. By Meta Orred.

It is rare indeed to pick up nowadays a romance of the thorough-going order which Hawthorne, and before him Monk Lewis and Hoffman, brought into fame. But the book under notice, *Glamour*, by Meta Orred, author of *Avé*, *Berthold*, and *Dream Alphabet*, is much akin in aim and treatment to the romances of a generation ago, and combines so many excellent qualities of a more modern interest that it is hoped it may herald a new advent of the absorbing kind of fiction which mingled the ideal and the real to the intensification of both.

Glamour begins with a Prologue in which its two principal characters, Gabrielle and Maurice, are found together at Lord Noell's Great House. They are his nephew and niece, and are boon friends in all the pastimes of the long summer days. Maurice offers one night to get Gabrielle's bracelet, which she had left in the gallery, and when the door snapped to upon him he saw a vision which colored all the rest of his life. He resolved to go forth and seek experience, and the tale divides his career into three episodes, named Premonition, Impression, and Consummation.

Maurice really loved Gabrielle, but he was driven from her side by vague desires and premonitions, and at last in Italy met the fate which was foretold him by the apparition in the dark gallery. The Princess Salluce proved to be a very counterpart of the portrait which had made such a wonderful revelation, and finally the family ring which the portrait exhibited came to him as a wedding gift for his wife Erminia, a noble young Italian girl whom he was forced to marry by the sorcery of the Princess Salluce, and further developed the evil spell which enshrouded him. At last when the ring fell from his worn finger the spell was broken and his life was made whole; but the history of his career is a fine study in supernatural influences, and the author has kept so well in touch with actual life that what is not real seems credible and profoundly significant.

The book is a handsome addition to the Lippincotts' list of standard fiction, and, if we mistake not, will win a wide and favorable notice from critics and readers alike.



The Fault of One. By Effie Adelaide Rowlands.

For downright love-stories which end as one hopes and which interest from title-page to finis commend us to Effie Adelaide Rowlands, who is widely known by her three novels thus far produced by the Lippincotts,—*My Pretty Jane*, *The Spell of Ursula*, and *A Faithful Traitor*. The last tale of this gifted story-teller is called *The Fault of One*, a capital title, which embodies the story in itself.

Sir Richard Thurso, a wealthy and elderly nobleman, had married the

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beautiful Sheila Reynolds, and they have lived in apparent happiness for three or four years, when Sir Richard suddenly dies without having provided for his wife. The estate goes by entail to George Thurso, Sir Richard's nephew, a young fellow of rather a morbid turn, who has just decided to give up the struggle for existence in England and take a post secured for him by his friends the Crawshaws in Egypt. He has been lodging with Mrs. Westlake, an impecunious widow, who has just succeeded in entrapping him into an engagement with her daughter Zillah Westlake. George's sense of honor impels him to fulfil his engagement with Zillah, and the idle and shallow girl becomes Lady Thurso, taking the beautiful Sheila's place. Here begins the pain, for Zillah is not formed for the mistress of a great house, and when she has wheedled Sir George into renting a house in London for the season, she begins a fast life, falling into the entanglements of Lord Courtfield's advances, and finally eloping with him. This leaves the way open for many things which should have been arranged by fate earlier and better, and the story ends, as all stories made for amusement should do, in abundant joy for all the actors in its little drama.

The writing here is excellent, the plot is clear and good, and the characters are well-embodied types. No novel of its class can hope to surpass *The Fault of One*, and few approach it in art and interest.



How to Live Longer.
By J. R. Hayes, M.D.

With the law evolved by Bichat, governing the duration of the life of animals, as his text, Dr. J. R. Hayes has produced a little volume of the utmost interest to the whole human race, in that it deals with the problem which has agitated every age and every people,—how to live longer. The full title of the work is *How to Live Longer and Why we do not Live Longer*, and, starting with the hypothesis already mentioned, that the animal in its natural state lives six times the period of its growth, Dr. Hayes puts forth some facts and theories which will astonish readers who are not in touch with contemporary statistics on this point, literally so vital. It is our excesses in living which take us off at an average of fifty years. Were we in a normal state to begin with, and did we live comfortable and untroubled lives with wholesome diet and appropriate raiment, we should doubtless endure for our natural period, which the author places at six times twenty years, or one hundred and twenty years.

Dr. Hayes, who is the medical examiner of the Bureau of Pensions at Washington, is an interesting writer, fertile in suggestive quotation and familiar with the far-reaching literature of his subject. As an example of his wise observations we quote the following, which well sums up a weighty issue of life: "The Bible tells us that the transgression of the law is sin. The Creator of the universe has so arranged his natural laws that they execute themselves. Human laws must have courts and officers of the law to enforce them, or they become dead letters; while the laws of nature silently but surely inflict their penalties upon all offenders. Obedience to these laws brings its reward, and disobedience its punishment." Should we obey them, we shall have prolonged life; and how best to obey, what to do under the besetting trials of life in health and in sickness, is the theme of this capital manual. There are chapters on Inherited Diseases, Consumption of the Lungs, Sanitary Marriages, Mental and Physical Activity,—Dr. Hayes holding that the nervous force of our age is a

healthful offset to sluggishness, which is a detriment to long life,—The Stomach, The Heart, Baths and Bathing, Obesity, Rest, Sleep, and Sunday, Christian Science and related theories, Alcohol, American Beers, Tobacco, and, finally, How to Maintain Health and Beauty.

The volume, which is issued by the Lippincott Company, closes with a comprehensive summary, thus rounding out a good and helpful treatise on a living topic.

**The Coming of
Chloe. By The
Duchess.**

With each new novel *The Duchess* exhibits a new quality which her throngs of readers on both sides of the sea never dreamed that she possessed. It is now a sprightly variety in language, now the introduction of a type quite unique.

This time it is a variation in plot which will give a keen edge to the pleasure of even the old habitués of *The Duchess's* ball-rooms and house-parties.

The Coming of Chloe is an Irish tale, wherein the Fitzgeralds, mother and daughters, who are impoverished gentlewomen, decide to accept "a paying guest" in the person of Chloe Jones. There is a mystery about Chloe, who is supposed to have been oppressed by a ruthless guardian, and who is running away from home to this "little cast-away corner of the universe" to escape oppression and presently to come into an immense fortune. That the real cause of her flight is a brutal husband is revealed later in the story, and the conclusion will satisfy everybody who takes his fiction lightly, because Chloe gets what she has always desired, and so do Mrs. Fitzgerald and her daughter Olivia,—that is to say, husbands to their liking.

The story is one of the most cohesive of the light and breezy books we have had from the admirable *Duchess*. This cheerful novelist seems to ripen in talent with the years. Her vivacity, invention, and social graces never flag. She is a well-spring of innocent pleasure.

The present volume has been accorded by *The Duchess's* publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Company, an unusually suitable costume of binding and print, and it will fitly grace the table or shelves of a lazy reader.

**Siam. By Maxwell
Sommerville.**

The many good offices for the development of taste in gems which Philadelphia has received at the hands of Mr. Maxwell Sommerville, Professor of Glyptology in the University

of Pennsylvania, have been augmented by the publication of Mr. Sommerville's book, *Siam, on the Meinam, from the Gulf to Ayuthia, together with Three Romances illustrative of Siamese Life and Customs*. This volume, published by the J. B. Lippincott Company with commendable taste, is a record of a trip made by Mr. Sommerville in the field where many of the gems with which he deals have their origin. He is a practised and observant traveller, and he seeks untrodden paths in the Orient, describing them with the force, vividness, and picturesqueness of an author trained to scientific research. In Siam there are all the varieties of every-day existence, commerce, domesticity, religion, sumptuary rules, superstitions, dress, birth, and dying, which characterize more modern lands, and Mr. Sommerville has touched on these with intelligence and acumen. Especially does he draw a forcible picture of the place allotted to cremations and of the ceremonies which accompany the grim dis-

posal of the dead at Bangkok. The vultures hover over the enclosure where the flames of the dead arise, and the attendants feel no aversion to throwing great slices of human flesh to favorite birds.

The legends of Siam appended to the narrative are little folk-tales, clear and significant, and they do much to emphasize the points made by the author in his detailed description.

The University of Pennsylvania has in this new work of its Professor of Glyptology an able addition to its store of scholarly publications.

The Master-Beggars. By L. Cope Cornford.

As a retort to a threatening innuendo of Count Robert De la Marck, his rebellious vassal, the Lord Bishop of Liège, exclaims, "And so inevitable are God's judgments that the Boar's head was stricken from his shoulders thereafter, and

by a Scotch soldier of fortune, one M. Durward by name."

This strikes the key-note of an admirable novel called *The Master-Beggars*, by L. Cope Cornford, author of the successful book *Captain Jacobus*, whose latest tale comes from the press of the J. B. Lippincott Company. Without in any sense imitating the great Wizard of the North, Mr. Cornford has produced a rattling story of adventure quite comparable to Quentin Durward, even in style and character, but naturally not its equal as an organic work of art. We have all read Quentin Durward, and this were a world barren of delight if we did not sometimes come upon a lesser but kindred tale to fill its place. *The Master-Beggars* does this with singular aptness. It has a fine blustering and audacious dialogue, a tender vein of manly love-making, and the clash of steel, nor is the wandering monk or the cloistral episode omitted which Scott knew so well how to draw with enduring words.

The Master-Beggars were the Bosch-Greuzen of the sixteenth century, whose daring patriotism opposed the tyranny of the Duke of Alva in the Netherlands. Of these the leader whom we meet oftenest in these pages was nicknamed the Wild Cat. He led a band of intrepid followers to the sacking of the little Priory of Saint Peter at Bouillon, where were captured the Countess Jacqueline de Mirlamont, niece of the Bishop of Liège, and the Lady De la Marck. The countess was carried off for ransom, but was recaptured by a band of Spanish soldiers, who intended to deliver her into the hands of the Duke of Alva that he might profit by her great fortune. A monk turned Master-Beggar finds means to follow the lady, whom he secretly loves, and, as he is really a noble whose estates have been wrongfully taken by the Church, the dénouement of the stirring tale may be guessed. Suffice it to say that it is robust and interesting to the very end, and that the author has a singularly happy gift of realizing for the modern reader the fashion and speech of the early days which he depicts.

CLEVELAND'S



BAKING POWDER

MAKE EVERY STROKE TELL.—Some time ago a queer story came from one of the English coal-mining districts where some of the mines had been drowned for years and the many attempts to pump them dry had been ineffectual. After many thousand pounds had been spent in pumping, without doing any good, it was found that the water raised by the pumps had been allowed to find its way back into the mines through old shafts, crevices, and other avenues. It made both amusing and instructive reading, but if one simply changed the names the whole account sounded not much different from a hundred and one things within the experience of undoubtedly a great many engineers. Work is performed over and over again to no purpose just because care is not taken to see that every stroke tells.—*Cassier's Magazine*.

LAKESIDE DEFINITION.—Miss Tremont.—“It is your Chicagoans’ ignorance of English that is so distressing to me. Now, if a man moved from Chicago to Boston would you call him an emigrant or an immigrant?”

Miss Wabash.—“I should call him an idiot.”—*Chicago Dispatch*.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.—Muscular Christians not only arrested a tendency toward effeminacy which probably would in any case have been evanescent, but they brought back to Christianity entire classes, and especially a large class of English gentlemen, who, in their disgust at tendencies wholly alien to their temperaments, had begun to think whether a little infusion of “manly heathenism” would not be good for the community. They maintained that piety and joyousness were not inconsistent; that David with his over-vigorous life was a better man than Saul with his melancholia; that the life of the sea and the field and the mine was as good as the life of the parsonage; that there was other Christian work than preaching in season and out of season; that, in short, it was possible to lead the life of an average English gentleman or workman and be a good Christian too.

Some of them went too far in their recoil, as appeared when their controversy over Governor Eyre divided all England; but in the main their ideas acted as a brisk breeze acts upon a sultry day, clearing away the haze, restoring health to the sickly and vigor to the exhausted. Of this movement Hughes was not the soul, for F. D. Maurice, with his saintliness and his sense, must be called that; but he was in a way its life-blood, he so visibly lived the whole doctrine, lived it heartily and enjoyingly long after the force of the movement had spent itself from the absence of resistance. It had suited his inner nature, all his convictions, all his inherited prejudices, all his ideas of the work he wanted to do in the world, and he loved it heartily.—*Spectator*.

HOW ONE PREJUDICE WAS CONQUERED.—Five years ago no well-known woman in the West End would have ridden a bicycle through the streets. This machine was then generally considered to be vulgar. If any clubman had ridden to his club on a bicycle and chained it to the railings, as hundreds do now, the committee would have disapproved of his conduct, and he would have been a marked man among his fellow-members for life. One winter several Parisian women of doubtful status commenced to cycle, and their example was immediately followed by the fashionable women of that city, and to-day seven men and women out of ten in the West End of London ride on this machine through the streets and in the parks.—*London Truth*.

The Divine Melba

AMERICA'S GREAT PRIMA
DONNA AGAIN WITH US,
AND WILL APPEAR IN
ITALIAN GRAND OPERA.

A Word from the Peerless Songstress

Who is there in this country or Europe that has not heard of Melba? Society has raved over her, the musical world is at her feet, and all the civilized world has rung with praise of this lovely and beloved prima donna. Last winter, during the season of grand opera, which was very trying on her system, it was that she had recourse to



Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

and so speedy and effectual was the cure that Melba now declares she is never without it. Hear what she has to say about the best nerve tonic and digestive remedy ever discovered:

"I highly commend the genuine **JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT**. I use it with my daily diet. It improves my appetite and digestion wonderfully."

Ask for the Genuine Hoff's Malt Extract

And see that the signature "Johann Hoff" is on the neck label.

ALL OTHERS ARE WORTHLESS.

THIS IS A MECHANICAL AGE.—Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea).—"Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?"

Tom Brown (aged seven).—"I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking."—*London Fun*.

STABBED WITH A HAT-PIN.—A man was stabbed in the back of the right shoulder with a hat-pin, such as women use. The pin broke when the blow was inflicted, and only the head with the upper part could subsequently be found. The man suffered no inconvenience from the injury, and, this being the case, he thought no more of the matter. However, some months afterward he suffered a good deal from pain in his right shoulder, and this was ascribed to rheumatism. But no relief followed the treatment adopted, and it was not until some weeks had elapsed that the symptoms entirely passed away.

In the course of time he noticed a long, hard substance under the skin in the region of the lower part of the breast-bone, which puzzled him greatly. Suddenly he chanced to think of the stab with the pin which he had received about twelve months previously, and then it occurred to him that the hard substance was the missing portion of the pin. He obtained the services of a surgeon, who cut down upon the foreign body and found it to be exactly as the man had supposed. The portion of the pin extracted was two inches and five-eighths in length, and slightly bent in the middle.—*Chambers's Journal*.

TWICE ONE.—First Author.—"Have you heard that our chum Smithers has married?"

Second Author.—"Yes: he wanted to double his circle of readers."—*Atlanta Opinion*.

THE FIRST TOOTH.—"Orlando," she exclaimed, "the baby has a tooth!"

"Has he?" was the response, in a tone which betrayed no emotion.

"You don't seem a bit surprised."

"I'm not surprised. All babies have first teeth. If this one didn't have any, I'd manage to get up some excitement, maybe."

"I thought you'd be pleased and happy about it."

"No. I don't see that it's any occasion for especial congratulation. The baby has my sympathy."

"Sympathy! What for?"

"For having his first tooth. He has just struck the opening chapter of a long story of trouble. Pretty soon he'll have other teeth."

"Of course he will."

"Every one he cuts will hurt him. Then his second teeth will come along and push these out. That will hurt him again. Some of the new ones will come in crooked, like as not, and he will have to go to the dentist and have a block and tackle adjusted to them to haul them around in line. Then he'll cut his wisdom teeth. That'll hurt him some more. After that he'll have to go to the dentist and let him drill holes and hammer until his face feels like a great, palpitating stone-quarry. I wouldn't want him to go through life without teeth. But I must say that I don't see any occasion for the customary hilarity over an event that means so much in the way of sorrow and humiliation."—*Detroit Free Press*.



NEW AMSTERDAM

PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA

THE INVALID,

Those who lack vitality—the languid, those suffering from some accident which has made them almost hopeless of recovery, those with debilitating ailments, those with an unaccountable weakness and lack of physical force, those with health impaired, or those slowly recovering from disease or fever, *are invalids*.

No gift of modern science is to them a greater blessing than

PABST MALT EXTRACT, THE "BEST" TONIC.

It lifts, strengthens, builds, is vivifying, life-giving, gives vim and bounce—it braces. It takes a subtle hold on disease, wrestles with it, eradicates it, fills the system with warm, pulsating blood, and gives the power to do and dare. For the invalid, therefore, be it father, mother, sister, brother, there is nothing to be compared with Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO



SHE HAD AMBITION.—"Is it true that she aspires to a better walk in life?"
 "I guess so. She has been studying Delsarte steady for two years now."—
Detroit Tribune.

HORSES AND FLUTES.—Born originally in Greece, it had its renaissance in Italy, and Grisoni and Fiaschi must be acknowledged the true fathers of the art, however ready we may be to admit that the courts of Francis I. and Henry IV., by early adoption of the offspring, adorned its development with the courtly grace, lustre, and urbanity of French influence which made the manège the art of princes, as another nation and age made hawking the sport of kings.

"They say," wrote Ben Jonson, "princes learn no art truly but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom."

The Greek theory of education, as we find it in Plato, was of a twofold kind, "one of gymnastics relating to the body, the other of music for the sake of a good state of the soul;" briefly, as Mr. Pater expresses it, "a gymnastic fused in music." This system of education the Greeks applied no less to the training of horses than of men. In the earliest extant treatise on riding, Xenophon pointed out that horsemanship, like dancing, was dependent fundamentally on the play-impulse, that for anything to be done well it must be done for pleasure; "what the horse does under compulsion is done without understanding, and there is no beauty in it any more than if one should whip and spur a dancer." The horse must become an artist, too, in his manner, and use his limbs with rhythmical freedom.

So far was this carried that Athenæus relates how the Sybarites taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute; and on one occasion their enemies put their knowledge of this habit to humorous account, by taking out flute-players to battle and winning the cavalry over to their side by causing the horses to dance to a favorite air, just as the Pied Piper played the rats of Hamelin into the Weser.—*The Quarterly Review.*

INSTRUCTION OF A PRINCE.—"We come now to Privy Councillor von Goethe, with the title of his excellency, cabinet minister at Weimar, member of high orders of knighthood, by birth untitled, but raised to the nobility; also known as a poet."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

READY TO REFORM.—Some writers of dialect stories seem to think it necessary to misspell words which their characters pronounce correctly. The *Washington Star* takes off this absurdity by this fanciful bit of criticism:

"I'd like to see the man ez writ this," he said, holding his fingers over a paragraph in the newspaper.

"That dialect story?"

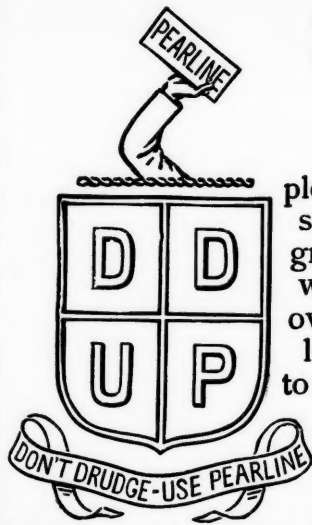
"Yes, sir; I want to ask 'im something."

"He is not here at present. Isn't there anything we can do for you?"

"Mebbe there is. You see, I come from the locality he's writing about. That's my kind of talk he's putting before the public. Whenever he uses the word 'come,' he spells it 'c-u-m.'"

"Of course. That shows it's dialect."

"Well, we're anxious to please up our way. If you'll tell us any different way to pronounce it, so's the spelling 'll be 'c-o-m-e,' same ez yours, I'll warrant that every man in the community 'll practise till he kin do it jes' right."



Don't drudge. Use Pearline.

There is the secret of a comfortable, pleasant, healthy life for women. Don't stand up over the wash-tub, doing that grinding hard work that isn't fit for any woman. Use **Pearline**. Soak the clothes over night, while you sleep; boil them a little; then there's no work to do but to rinse them. Don't make a slave of yourself trying to scrub things clean in the ordinary ways. Use **Pearline**, and make all such work easy and quick and more economical. 537

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

A VERY POPULAR CALENDAR.—Few people in these busy days are willing to live without a calendar to mark the passing of time. This fact, no doubt, accounts for the calendars of all kinds, colors, shapes, and sizes which flood the mails at this season. Among them all the one that best suits us is that issued by N. W. AYER & SON, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia. We have just received our new copy and are fixed for 1897. It is not difficult to see why this calendar is so great a favorite. The figures on it are large enough to be read across a room; its handsome appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best furnished office or library, while it is business-like all the way through. The publishers state that the demand for this calendar has always exceeded the supply. This led them years ago to place upon it a nominal price, twenty-five cents, on receipt of which it is sent, postpaid and securely packed, to any address.

"**EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN**" seems a broad term for any one firm to adopt, yet the widely known seed house of PETER HENDERSON & Co., 35 and 37 Cortlandt Street, New York, supply every want of the cultivator, both for the greenhouse and garden. In their handsome and comprehensive catalogue for 1897 (which, by the way, is their "*Jubilee*" number, the house having this year attained its fiftieth year) will be found offered not only "everything for the garden," but all things needful for the farm as well. Our readers will miss it if they fail to send for this gorgeous catalogue, which may be had of PETER HENDERSON & Co., this their "*Jubilee*" year, *free*, on receipt of ten cents (in stamps) to cover postage and mailing.

STILL DISSATISFIED.—“Well,” remarked the wife of the man who has changed his mind about coming to Congress, “you have a clear conscience, anyhow.”

“I know that,” was the comfortless reply. “But a clear conscience isn’t what I was running for.”—*Washington Star*.

IMATRA WATERFALL IN FINLAND.—The celebrated waterfall of Imatra, in Finland, which was visited, we believe, by Mr. Gladstone during one of his Scandinavian tours, promises to become a source of very large profit to the revenues of the imperial grand duchy. The ever-increasing crowd of summer and autumn tourists visiting the fall already support a special line of railway constructed for their convenience and accommodation. The so-called Historical hotel, which stands above the Imatra, and also the many flourishing settlements on the Saima canal, exist almost entirely on the yearly influx of visitors from all parts of Europe. A Russian company is now being organized for exploiting the inherent force of this magnificent cascade as an electrical motor. A network of wires will transmit the motor power of the tumbling and foaming waters of Imatra in various directions, even as far as the gloomy and misty Petropolis. The new company desires to obtain a driving force of twenty thousand horse-power, and, as the Finnish executive values each single horse-power at five hundred riksmarks, the necessary capital for working the enterprise will be twelve million five hundred thousand of that currency. The lessees will pay for their acquired force by a fixed percentage on the gross capital. It is stated that twenty thousand horse-power represents only one-sixth of the colossal force of the Finnish Niagara.—*London News*.

IN THE FREAK SHOW.—Visitor.—“I notice that you advertise among your other wonders a recently discovered ‘cave of the winds.’ Excuse me, but I have failed to discover it.”

Manager.—“That’s strange.” (Walking to champion pugilist and pointing to his mouth.) “Here it is.”—*Boston Courier*.

AN APT COMPARISON.—The following is an interesting comparison: “Suppose that a farmer raises one thousand bushels of wheat a year, and also sells this to one thousand persons in all parts of the country, a great portion of them saying, ‘I will hand you a dollar in a short time.’ The farmer does not want to be small, and says, ‘All right.’ Soon the one thousand bushels are gone, and he has nothing to show for it, and he then realizes that he has fooled away his whole crop, and its value is due in a thousand little dribblets. Subsequently he is seriously embarrassed in business because his debtors, each owing him one dollar, treat it as a small matter, and think it would not help much. Continue this business year in and year out, as the publisher of a newspaper does, how long would he stand it?”—*Press and Printer*.

TOOK THE LAST.—I have heard about a little girl whose Sunday-school teacher asked her how many sacraments there were.

“There ain’t none no more,” was the child’s reply.

“Why, what do you mean?” queried the amazed teacher.

“Why, Johnny Tuft’s father took the last sacrament yesterday, so there can’t be none left,” was the reply.—*New York Recorder*.

IF TIME IS MONEY LONGEVITY IS WEALTH.

Any doubt about that? Time enables one to get money; more time, more money; long time, much money; much money is wealth. The sequence is orderly and logical and the deduction sound.

What then? Why, the importance of having longevity, that is, a long life. How? This is not a medical essay; let the doctors agree and then counsel. But one does not need a long life to secure wealth for others, and "for others" is usually the motive for acquisition. One may average his life with those of the longest duration, and by so doing have the full benefit of the added years. Thus, at the age of 35 the aggregate man is scheduled to live 31 years or thereabouts; but the individual man—piff, bang, a whiff of malaria, disorganized kidneys, an atrophied liver, pneumonia, any one of a thousand big or little ills, and off he goes long before he has had his legitimate quota of years. Wisdom is coming to him, however, and he now seeks and secures the pecuniary benefit of longevity by stipulating with his associates that they shall make good the financial loss to his family should he fail to attain the average age.

He makes them exactly the same promise they make him. That is life insurance in little. Have you all you ought to have? Is it the right kind at the right cost in an institution of your own making and under your own control? Better consult

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
921-923-925 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

HE WAS DELIGHTED.—There was a little boy whose mother had made a little Lord Fauntleroy of him, training his hair in long curls and dressing him in black velvet knickerbockers and jacket ornamented with white lace. One day a large girl thought to frighten the picturesque little chap by rushing toward him brandishing a large pair of scissors and exclaiming, "I'll cut off your curls!" The little Lord Fauntleroy was not frightened. He merely replied, in a shrill little voice, "Wish you would!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

OLD GRUMBLER TO NEW GIRL.

Bike! Bike! Bike!
O'er the hard street stones, O She!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

O well for the newspaper boy
That he scoots on his cycle away!
O well for the butcher lad
That he pedals—perchance it may pay!

But when stately girls get on
All a-crouch, with the prospect of spill,
It is oh for the touch of a wee soft hand,
And the sound of a voice that could thrill!

Bike! Bike! Bike!
With thy foot on the pedal, O She!
But the girlish grace that the Wheel struck dead
Will never come back to thee!—*Punch*.

HIS REASONABLE REQUEST.—"On what ground," asked the court, "does the petitioner base his demands for changing his name?"

"On the ground," replied the petitioner's attorney, "that he was not consulted when his parents, who were Methodists, gave him the name of John Wesley. He now wishes to have it legally changed to Roger Williams, so that he can join the Baptists quietly and without attracting undue attention."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HE WANTED IT UP AGAIN.—The mother of a little boy who died, as a piece of affectionate sentiment, placed in the coffin a few of the child's favorite toys. For some time after the funeral an elder brother paid daily visits to the church-yard and shed floods of tears beside the grave.

The vicar observed him, and was greatly affected by the spectacle of the child's grief for the loss of his little brother. In kindly tones the reverend gentleman endeavored to comfort the lad, but was rather taken aback by the explanation,—

"I don't mind Johnnie bein' dead, sir, but they buried a top with him. It's mine as much as it is his'n, and—boo-hoo!—I wants to get it up again."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

Letters from the People.

I wish to praise Dobbins' Electric Soap very highly, and it was through my mother, manager of Bethesda Home, 78 Vernon Street, of this city, that I first used this wonderful soap, and, as a labor-saving and clothes-saving soap, I consider it the best on the market, as I have tried them all, and none of them will do the work that Dobbins' Electric Soap will. I recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap to all my friends and acquaintances as I have the opportunity, and give it all the praise I can. I use a great deal of it, as I wash my baby's clothes myself, and give it to my washerwoman to wash the family clothes with.

MRS. GEO. J. ENGLISH,
86 Charles St., Springfield, Mass.

Constantly since 1877 I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and, though I have tried many other kinds, I have never found any that gave me such satisfaction as Dobbins' Electric. I send you 300 wrappers for fifteen volumes of our Sunset Series of books.

MRS. F. J. BOYDEN, Leominster, Mass.

I do not care to use any soap but Dobbins' "Electric." I am very glad that I am able to get it. It is the cheapest in the end.

MRS. P. A. NEBANUS, Chicago, Ill.

I, having used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past twenty-five years, wish to say that I prefer it to any other. It certainly is a wonderful soap. It will do more and better work than any other soap I have ever tried. I have sent wrappers to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, for some of their beautiful premiums.

MRS. N. P. HOLMES, Box 156, Provincetown, Mass.

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out for that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, Nahant, Mass.

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STARVED TO DEATH in the midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

NOW HE'S ALL RIGHT.—New Boarder.—“Madam, is this a sanitarium, or a boarding-house?”

Proprietress.—“What do you mean, sir?”

New Boarder.—“I am not in training for a bicycle race, I'm not trying to take off flesh, and the doctor says my digestion is perfect.”

Proprietress.—“I think I understand you. It was very considerate to mention the matter privately. Just eat at the second table with me.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

A BLUFF THAT WON.—The Earl of March, who was known as “Old Q.,” on one occasion was challenged to fight a duel by an Irish sportsman. Lord March appeared on the ground accompanied by a second, surgeon, and other witnesses. Great, however, was his surprise to see his opponent appear with a like retinue to his own, but increased by a third person who staggered under the weight of a polished oak coffin, which he deposited on the ground end up, with its lid facing Lord March and his party. Surprise gave place to terror when his lordship read the inscription-plate, engraved with his own name and title and the date and year of demise, which was the actual day as yet scarcely warm. The earl at once approached his facetious antagonist and upbraided him with so unseemly a joke, to which the Irishman replied, “Why, my dear fellow, you are of course aware that I never miss my man, and, as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not a shadow of a doubt upon my mind that this open box will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress.” Lord March was so impressed by his antagonist's confident manner that a peace was patched up between them.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

SIMPLE CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.—The appetite for alcohol can be dissipated by eating apples at every meal, says a physician. Apples, if eaten in large quantities, possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all desire for alcohol.

CURE FOR SHIPWRECK.—A certain young woman on the north side teaches a class in a mission Sunday-school. She has a difficult task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils,—

“What did the high-priests do?”

She received the reply,—

“They burned insects before the people,” by which the youngster, of course, meant incense.

But one of the funniest experiences, which well shows the queer ideas which the children receive in their lessons, was given when, after a discussion of shipwreck which followed a lesson three or four weeks previously on the well-known story of Jonah and the whale, she happened to ask,—

“Suppose a big storm arose at sea and it looked as though you were going to be drowned, what would you do?”

“I would throw a man overboard for a whale to swallow,” was the reply.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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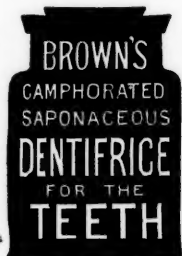
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TO CLEANSE AND WHITEN THE TEETH,

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TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar.

For Sale by all Druggists.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.—Not many years ago, according to the annals of the India Office, a queen's messenger or some other inferior official was robbed, though not injured in any way, on his road to Kabul, and the British government, of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months, but at last the Emir wrote, "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."—*Argonaut*.

PUZZLED.—"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodgings against me."—*Denver Times*.

A METEOR WHEN IN BUSINESS.—We owe our immunity to our atmosphere, which serves as a bullet-proof cuirass for the world. When a meteor enters the atmosphere, the friction produced by its gigantic speed makes it flash up like the arrow of Acastes, only more so. The ingenious experiments of Lord Kelvin have shown that the heat thus produced, just as a brake showers sparks from a carriage-wheel or a lucifer match lights on the box, is sufficient to consume the meteor as if it were suddenly cast into a furnace heated to three or four million degrees. Obviously the smaller meteors are utterly consumed before they have penetrated far into the atmosphere, which their fate has shown to rise to a height of about one hundred and twenty miles.

Only a very large one can descend, as that of Madrid is said to have done, to within twenty miles of the earth before being burst by the expansion due to heat and by the resistance of the air. The fact that fragments do occasionally reach the earth is the best proof of the great size of some of the meteors that we encounter. If it were not for the "blessed air," the explosion of them all, with the accompanying fervent heat, would take place in our midst. It is safe to say that such a state of things would render our great towns uninhabitable. In London we are somewhat inclined to gird at the atmosphere, with its smoke and its fog and its east wind. But none of us can tell how often it has saved him from a terrible and invisible fate, in being, as Mark Twain has it, "shot with a rock." If we are more inclined to recognize the atmosphere's services in future, the Madrid meteor will not have exploded in vain.—*Spectator*.

MISSING.—"So that is the fog-horn!" exclaimed the girl in pink. "How interesting! But where do they keep the fog to blow it with?"—*New York Press*.

WORDSWORTH—AND A COMMENT.—The other day it was my good fortune to lunch in the company of several poets of fame and repute. There was present at this delectable and memorable banquet one of the most charming and witty American women that the world has known. The poets were recording various good stories, and one of them related a tale he had heard of the poet Wordsworth by one who had known him intimately. It seems that this bard was in the habit of writing at night and in the early morning, and that he used to rouse his wife and exclaim, about four o'clock, "Maria, get up! I have thought of a good word!" Whereupon his obedient helpmeet arose, and recorded it upon paper. About an hour after a new inspiration would seize upon the poet, and he would call out, "Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!" We listened to this story with admiration, but the bright-eyed American remarked, with a wave of the red rose in her hand, "Well, if he'd been my husband, I should have said, 'Wordsworth, get up! I've thought of a bad word!'"—*The Lady's Pictorial*.

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